November 25

Scribner's

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PORTRAIT OF A BUYER ★ PA

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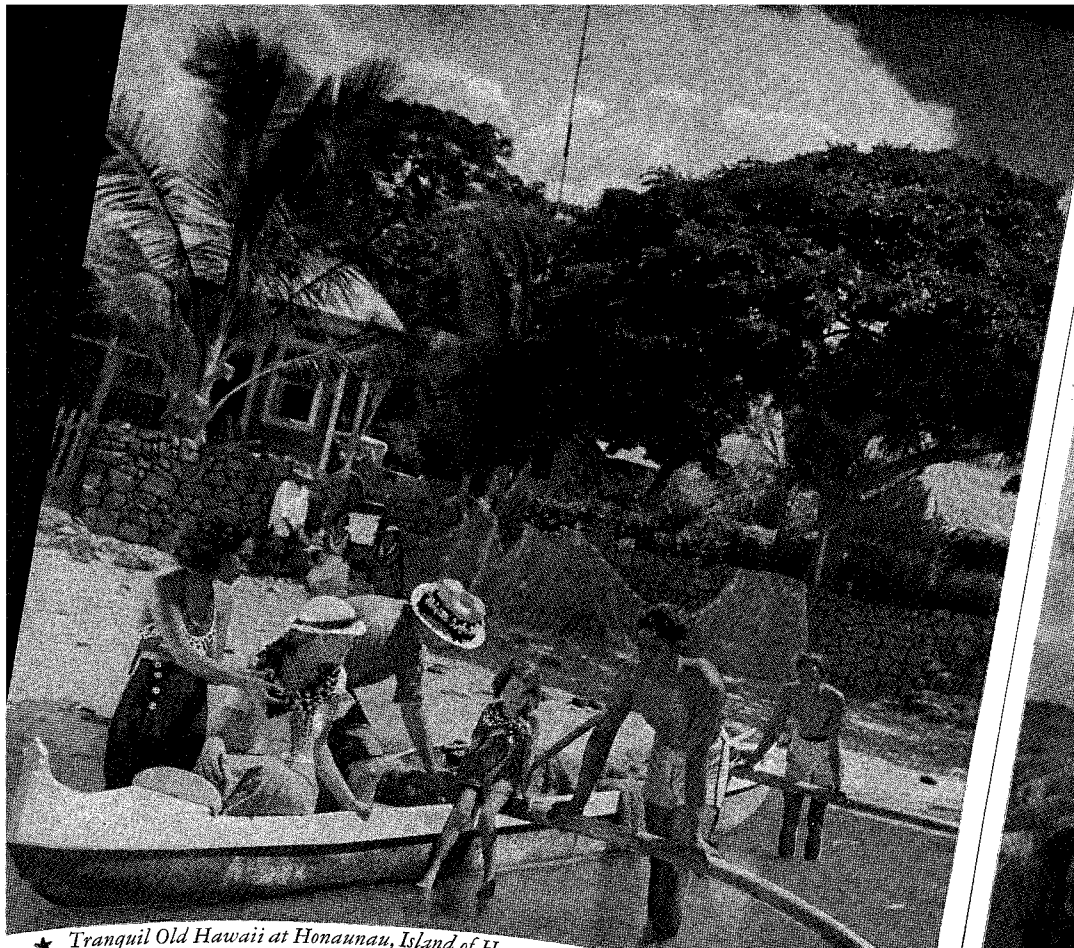
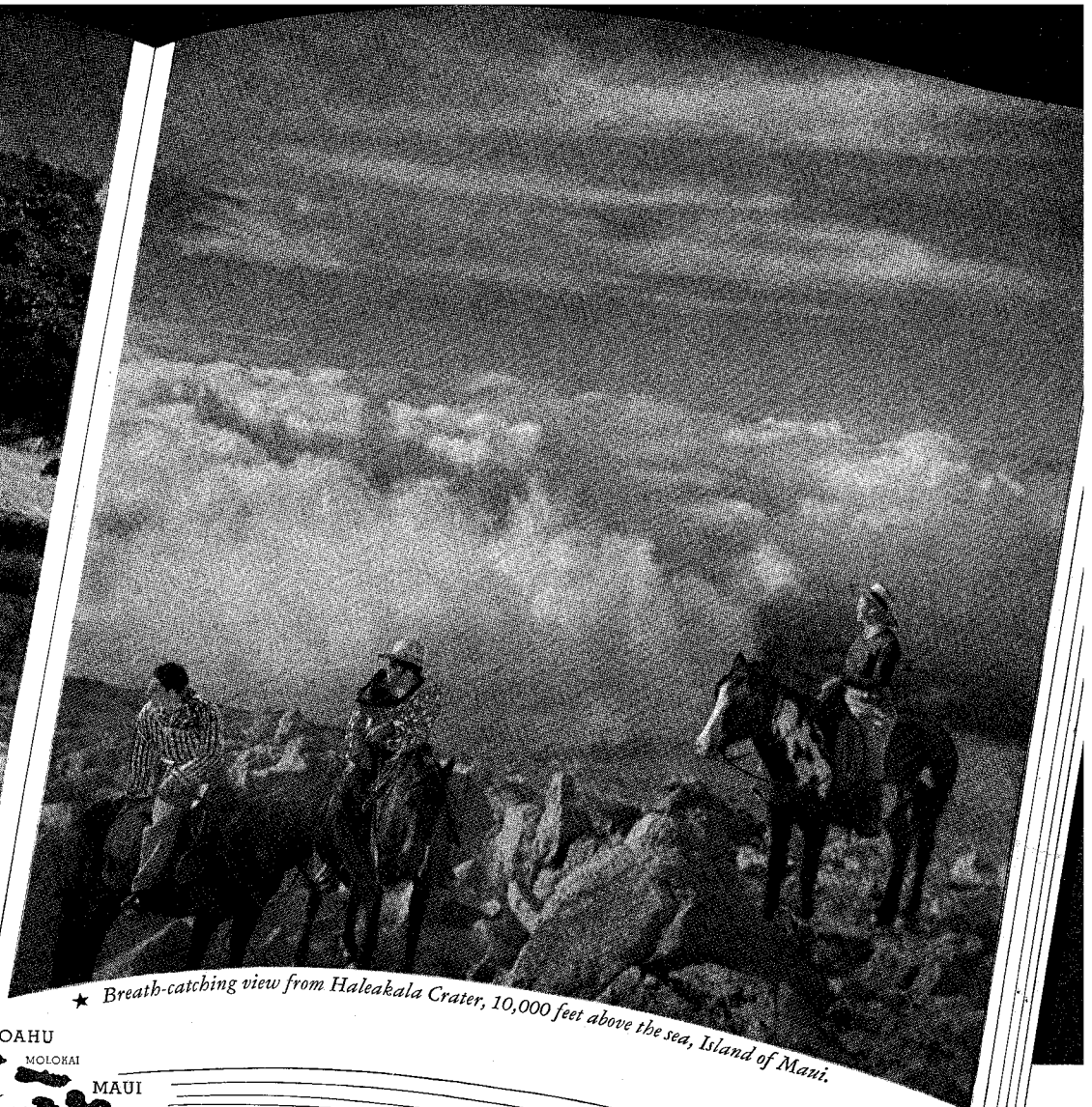
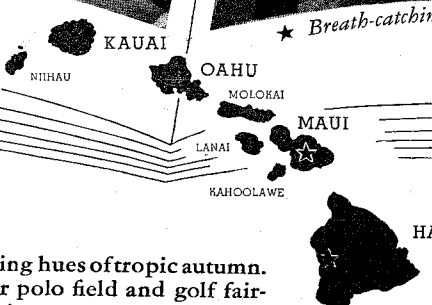


★ *Tranquil Old Hawaii at Honaunau, Island of Hawaii.*



★ *Breath-catching view from Haleakala Crater, 10,000 feet above the sea, Island of Maui.*

THE ISLANDS OF Hawaii



Hawaii! Massive mountains and deep-driven canyons stained with the sparkling hues of tropic autumn. Swordfish battling in the crystal deep-sea waters. White balls soaring over polo field and golf fairway. Sports and scenes invested with a young and eager spirit. ☆ ☆ Time's your own, to fill with new adventures . . . in action, sociability, or the art of leisure. June's your weather, regardless of the calendar. Welcome is your greeting . . . accompanied by song and laughter, flowers and sincerity!

Hawaii's book, from prologue to epilogue, is richly fascinating. It tells of smart shops experienced travelers wait to visit before acquiring their South Sea wardrobes... of world-renowned hotels and different islands, each with its own unique appeal... of friendships and a joy of life—for which words are quite inadequate. ☆ ☆ Leading to America's Paradise is a gay, smooth ocean voyage... from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver, B. C., and less than a day by air on huge new Clipper ships!

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THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII

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Scribner's

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Portrait of a Buyer (*See Cover*)

Eighteen months ago Olivia Thompson arrived in New York from France. She walked into the employment bureau at Saks Fifth Avenue and asked for a job. The personnel manager told her to come back in three days, but Miss Thompson said she wanted the job right then and if she had to wait three days, she'd get on the boat and go back to France. She got the job.

A few days after she began working in the ready-to-wear clothing department of the store, Miss Thompson developed the habit of recommending a particular style or color of hat to go with the dresses she sold. This pleased the customers, for her taste in millinery was excellent. It also, understandably enough, pleased the departmental heads. The manager of the millinery department began reasoning: if Miss Thompson in the clothing department could sell hats, what could she do in the millinery department?

So, four months after she began working for Saks, she was promoted to the Custom Shop, where expensive hats are sold. Not only did she sell hats, but she began suggesting changes in them—new ornaments, new shapes and colors. Unobtrusively, she was changing her status from saleswoman to designer—or, more exactly, redesigner.

This went on for about six months, then one day Mr. Adam Gimbel, president of Saks Fifth Avenue, sent for Miss Thompson. Knees shaking, she went into his office. He asked her one question: "Do you have initiative?" Miss Thompson managed a "yes." The next morning she was directress of the millinery department.

We found her there, looking over a very striking hat she had just brought back from Paris. It is the one she wears on the magazine cover. Compared with the hats being designed in Paris at the moment, she said, it might be considered even a little restrained. Hats in America this fall, she predicts, will be anything but conservative.

An intense person is Miss Thompson, whose portrait is the sixth in our series of professional and occupational covers. As she talks, one has a feeling that she is thinking of perhaps half a dozen other things along with the topic of conversation. She smokes cigarettes endlessly, smiles often, and glances continually at her surroundings. For this latter habit there is a practical reason—she sees hats in stones, brooks, and almost everything. An evening hat, which she will introduce this fall, was inspired by a fountain at the Paris Exposition; a street hat was suggested by the uniform of a North African soldier. She likes people in general, thinks American women are the world's loveliest, but wishes they would use more care in choosing their clothes. Men, she believes, have better taste in selecting women's hats. She has no time for sports, but likes to cook, to read, to dance—in fact, she seems to like almost everything except harsh noises.

Currently, her duties include: managing three millinery shops; directing about a hundred workers; making trips to Paris to pick up new hats and fresh ideas; creating original numbers; and dissuading headstrong elderly customers from buying debutante chapeaux.

Just how Miss Thompson acquired the qualities necessary to handle so diverse a job is difficult to tell. She was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and went to school at Bryn Mawr and St. Mary's where, she says, she learned languages and not much else. Soon after she left school, she went abroad with her family for a three months' vacation. She stayed eleven years. Traveling about on the Continent and in England, she perfected her knowledge of languages, and evidently learned a great deal about clothes. She finally settled in Biarritz and was living calmly and enjoyably when she was struck by the notion to come to New York. Her rise has been swift and sure, and to day Miss Thompson is very glad she didn't catch that next boat back to France.

The Editorial Month

Success is sometimes a problem. When the Editors anounced the Life in the United States Contest, they did not anticipate the flood of fine manuscripts which would come into the office—eight thousand of them. It was first hoped that the winners could be announced in October. When meeting that deadline became obviously impossible, it was necessary to skip the November issue, and announce the winners in December. The judges are still reading the manuscripts, going over many of them for the second and third reading. Even the tumult and shouting of the American Legion convention in New York did not slow down the work. The first series of winning manuscripts will be published and the complete list of winners' names announced in the December issue, which will be in the mails or on the newsstands November 25th.

From the magazine's point of view, the contest has been extremely worth while. The Life in the United States department will have an abundance of fine material to choose from for many months to come. The quality of the manuscripts submitted has been high, and the Editors believe that they have "discovered" many new writers of outstanding ability. Sorry to have kept you waiting.

We wish to announce another reader who wants SCRIBNER'S sent to him for the rest of his days, Mr. B. M. Benson of Fresno, California, who sends in twenty-five dollars for a "life subscription." Mr. Benson writes, succinctly: "Am 55; good health; correct habits; lawyer." The confidence of gentlemen like Mr. Benson in the country, and SCRIBNER'S, is a very heartening thing. Makes us forget, for the moment any-

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"I think you have something there"

Less than two years ago, the modern Farm Journal was only an idea. And a radical idea. For when we set out to give the farmer national farming facts in time to be of use to him, it was said it couldn't be done. It never had been done before.

It meant printing more than a million copies of a complete magazine and getting them into R.F.D. boxes from Maine to Florida, from the east coast to the west... all in four days. It couldn't be done... *so we did it.*

- Farm Journal goes to press on Thursday and farmers everywhere are deep in its interesting pages *the following Monday.*

We believed the American farmer would welcome this new conception of a farm magazine's helpfulness, would appreciate its timeliness and freshness. *He did.*

- Farm Journal is enjoying the fastest growth in its history ... with present net paid circulation of 1,333,000.

We believed national advertisers would recognize the value of this tremendously increased reader interest and responsiveness. *They did.*

- Farm Journal has scored the largest advertising gain in the entire national farm field. On many lists Farm Journal leads all publications, general as well as farm, in keyed returns.

When Farm Journal's new 4-Day Writer-to-Reader schedule was first conceived, sales executives said "I think you have something there!" Now they *know* we have.

FARM JOURNAL

MAGAZINE

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Sells 19 Features In Six Months

"I have sold, up to date, nineteen features to the Detroit Free Press and have been made their correspondent here," writes Mrs. Leonard Sanders of 218 Union St., Milford, Mich., on completing the N. I. A. course. Her skilful handling of feature stories was the reason given by the editor for her appointment. Mrs. Sanders' first feature was sold less than four months after she enrolled with N. I. A.

How do *you* KNOW *you can't WRITE?*

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing — of gathering material about which to write — develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism — continuous writing — the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men, whose combined newspaper experience totals more than 200 years, are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style — undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc. — things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

A chance to test yourself

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing — acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.

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way, about war and taxes, and enables us to look the future square in the eye. We will agree to send SCRIBNER'S to other adult readers during their lifetime —with no *ifs, ands,* or *buts*—for $25.

After reading Milton MacKaye's story of *The Birth of a Nation,* the Editors wanted to know more about the sailor named Freeman, whose lovesick glance at Lillian Gish is to this day remembered with a chuckle. Ted Mitchell, publicity agent for the film, located Billy Bitzer, Griffith's famous cameraman. Bitzer remembered that Freeman's nickname was "Buck," because of his prominent teeth. Griffith wanted a "real lovesick grin," and Freeman's teeth plus his fondness for Miss Gish produced a "natural" (see page 42). After the scene was captured on celluloid, Griffith was so pleased that he ran over to Freeman, and gave him a resounding kiss. As long as Griffith stayed in the movies, Freeman had a job. But when the director left the films, the sailor's luck went bad. At last report, Freeman was working for the W. P. A. in New York.

Another sidelight on the film concerns the sequence depicting Sherman's March to the Sea (page 69). The finest touch in this scene was pure accident. The extras who were to represent the Union Army were late in arriving on location. Griffith and Bitzer were waiting around, when suddenly Griffith saw some people moving about on a near-by hilltop. "Get it!" shouted Griffith, and Bitzer got it. That is how the authentic touch of the starving family got into the film. The family's name was Burns, and the group didn't know they were becoming a high spot in an American classic—in fact, they didn't even know they were being photographed.

Letters

Because of lack of space, it will be necessary this month to print excerpts from letters rather than letters in their entirety. First of all comes a pert comment from Miss Mae-Rosalene De Smet, from the State of Washington:

I like (small d*) don herold*
I like the way he writes;
But if his characters come from life,
His neighbors must be frights!

To which mr. herold replies (rather seriously, for don) that "my drawings are not people. They are, on the other hand, very intellectual, geometrical, diagrammatic abstractions of people. I work this way partly to avoid lawsuits; no drawing of mine is intended to imply representation of or comment upon any person living or dead (take a breath here), and any resemblance to any person living or dead is merely accidental, not deliberate. (I learned all this from those movie titles.) True, I often represent myself, but I am broad-minded and will not sue myself. I picked up my style playing hopscotch on sidewalks, and drawing on barns and back fences."

A year ago Wilburn Cartwright, chairman of the House Committee on Roads, wrote an article for SCRIBNER'S, entitled "The Motorist Girds for War," which dealt with the illegal diversion of motor taxes. Mr. Cartwright received hundreds of commendatory letters. He now writes:

"SCRIBNER'S article apparently opened the eyes of thousands of motorists who had not previously realized that millions of dollars annually of their gasoline-tax and automobile-licence-fee money have been unfairly diverted to uses in no way related to the building and maintenance of their roads.

"It is encouraging to report that within the past year seven states have outlawed diversion either by legislative action, by the first step toward constitutional amendment, or else have paid back to highway funds money previously diverted for other uses.

[Alabama, California, Indiana, Maryland, Nevada, Pennsylvania, and South Dakota are states which took measures to right old wrongs, or to prevent them in future.]

"Diversion has far-reaching effects. Every time you encounter traffic jams, every time you see a highway sign which says, 'Slippery When Wet,' you are seeing the results of diversion, because states wouldn't have to build roads which are unsafe if they used all the tax money the motorist pays in. Nor would there be nearly as many roads with dangerous narrow bridges, sharp curves, poor sight distance and numerous grade crossings."

Mr. Cartwright reports that the fight against diversion is going forward more aggressively than ever. To say that traffic and safety constitute one of the most important problems of modern life is understatement, and in an early issue the Editors plan a definitive article on another phase of this general subject.

"A Fever Patient Speaks" in the September issue brought in numerous letters of comment. Dorothy Hoffman, of Chicago, writes:

"The article was an excellent description of machine fever, but I wish to add that for pure unadulterated punishment one must have had the old-fashioned typhoid therapy which preceded it. Typhoid therapy bears about the same relationship to machine fever that the horse and buggy jogging over rough

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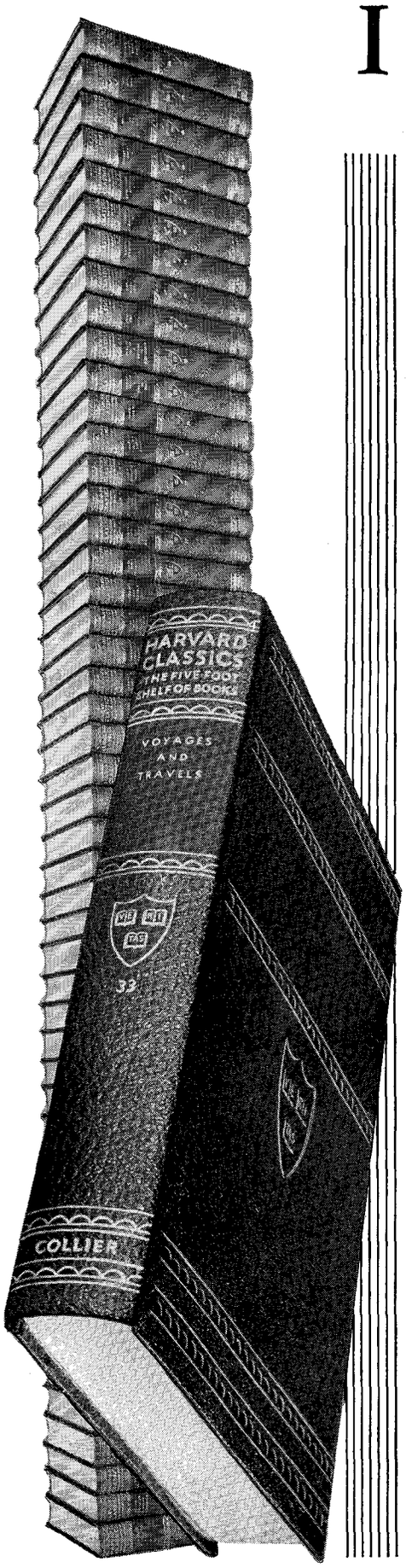
How to get rid of an

INFERIORITY COMPLEX



A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

Today he happens to be one of the principals of the business. But more important, he has lost his inferiority complex. Instead of envying his once better informed associates he is their equal.

His case is by no means unusual. He has learned the secret that the reading of great literature opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. This broader view inspires self-confidence. In a word, it's *culture*.

There are thousands of men today who lack the essential background so necessary for success in every field of life and who don't know where to turn for it The cold stone front of a public library suggests groping among thousands of books. "What are the really great books?" you ask.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS
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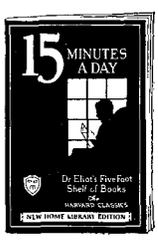

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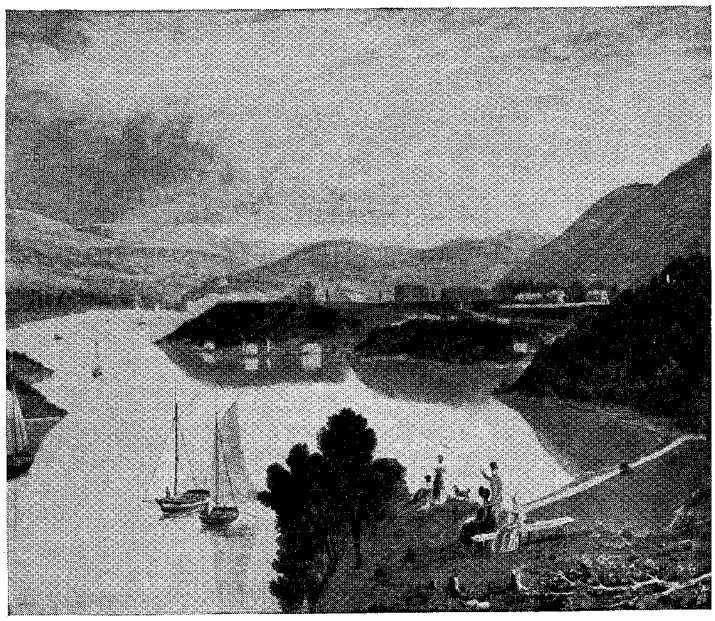

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country roads does to a Packard Eight skimming over a cement highway. I know, for I have had both.

"With the latter, I went to the hospital for each treatment. We got under way about nine o'clock in the morning and by six that evening I was eating a hearty meal. Next morning I went home. Not so with typhoid therapy. This began with an inoculation into the blood stream of about thirty billion typhoid bacilli. They were dead ones, theoretically speaking, but nothing ever seemed more poignantly, more malevolently alive. In about an hour I began to chill. At the same time a slow ache began in every bone and muscle. . . .

"When it was all over, the extra blankets had been peeled off, and my pulse and temperature were again normal. It was hours before I could try to eat anything and twenty-four hours before I could eat a light meal. Then, after a few days' rest, another session with those typhoid bacilli! Ten of them in two months. When I took the last inoculation I said to the intern, 'You know, there's one nice thing about fever therapy . . . after you've had it, you never fear anything again, in this world or the next—even hell itself has no terror.'"

In This Issue

Four years ago SCRIBNER'S published MARK SCHORER'S first story: this month he returns to our pages with "Not Devoid of Feeling." Born in Wisconsin in 1908, he studied at the University of Wisconsin and at Harvard, and finally ended up with a Ph.D. He teaches English at Harvard and is working on a new novel. In 1936 he married and "last April acquired a marvelous (naturally) boy."

MILTON MACKAYE, who wrote "The Birth of a Nation," has been a reporter for seventeen years and has enjoyed almost every minute of it. He has done newspaper work in Des Moines, Kansas City, and Washington. "In 1924," he writes, "I went to work for the New York *Evening Post* and remained there until I decided to buy myself spats and a Prince Albert coat and set up as a magazine writer. Since then, my life has been pleasant except for one thing—I hate to write."

HARLAN HATCHER was born in Ohio, raised in Kentucky. Since then, he writes, "I have lived off and on in New York City, and have prowled around Rome, Paris, and London. It is hard to say which are more fascinating—the barbarians of the Kentucky hills or those around East Eighty-third and West Forty-fifth Streets in New York."

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Gold and Your Investments

JOHN T. FLYNN

The government's gold policy is a puzzle to experts and an enigma to the average man, yet it affects every investment, business contract, and bank account

A LETTER from a United States Senator says: "In the cloakroom of the Senate there is endless discussion of the great gold mystery. But have you noticed that no one ever mentions the subject on the Senate floor? The reason is that the Senators are like myself—they do not know what it is all about."

When asked what he thought would happen as a result of our present gold policy, a well-known economist who specializes in money and international finance shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows enough about it to say?"

Yet up pops the devil Gold in a headline a day. It is but four short years ago that certain clever ministers of state put chains upon this ancient demon and announced that henceforth it would be managed. But the demon has gone wild, rides the consciousness of the world, and frightens no one as much as the clever ministers who set themselves up as its trainers.

Yet this business of gold is something one ought to know something about. Very probably it will be an issue in the next presidential battle. Furthermore, it is all mixed up with bank balances, stocks, and bonds to whose well-being most people are not wholly indifferent. It affects every business contract, lease, or trust policy. The potent metal flows back and forth across frontiers—from one economic carcass into another. Our veins bulge with the immense transfusion, while other nations go white. And puzzling as it is, gold is a potent factor we have to consider when we sit down with our own small plans about the future.

Nothing is more essential to a society operating on a money economy than a stable unit of value. Lenin once observed that the quickest way to destroy the capitalist system is to debase or cripple its currency. Gold is the measure of the dollar's value. It is as important to the dollar as twelve inches are to a foot. The surest way to halt business, and above all to halt investment, is to introduce uncertainty into the dollar.

Today one of the important reasons why business is being halted and investment retarded is the uncertainty as to what the dollar will be worth a year, three years, or five years from now. Plainly, we cannot drift along any further with our present gold-buying policy. It costs too much. *In the past ten months it has cost us over $1,300,000,000.*

To understand how we got into this monetary mess, it is necessary to go back to a day in September, 1931, when England went off the gold standard. Gold had been fleeing from England. And, to halt that flight, England took the bold step of not only ending gold redemption but of ending the use of gold as a measure of the pound's value.

The interesting feature of this for us is that abandoning the gold standard was a disaster which did not quite break England's heart. England lives by international trade. Abandoning the gold standard and devaluing the pound was, therefore, like giving a subsidy to foreign buyers and building a tariff wall to protect the tight little isle against foreign competitors. Here is the way it works. When an American wishes to buy a bolt of English wool he must use pounds sterling for money. Therefore the first thing he has to do is to buy sterling and then wool with the sterling. In July, 1931, an American had to pay $4.53 to buy a pound sterling. By devaluation the English permitted the pound to slip to $3.50. After that an American could buy a pound for $1.03 less than before. And thus, of course, he could buy a good deal more pounds for his dollars and hence more goods for them in England than before. This, the English believed, would lead to a prompt revival of foreign buying in England. For the same reason the Englishman would have to pay

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more in pounds for dollars and hence he would spend fewer dollars in America. He would "Buy British" instead. Therefore England did not look upon her escape from the gold standard as an unmixed catastrophe.

In the meantime the United States was swiftly circling down her own spiral. Banks were closing and people, in terror, were frantically withdrawing their money. Great numbers were demanding gold. Some sent their gold out of the country, others hid it. Mr. Roosevelt's first act on taking office was to close the banks and halt the runs on them. His next, in the language of the press, was to abandon the gold standard. What he really did was to put an end to the redemption of dollars in gold; gold was still kept as the measure of the dollar's value. To that extent we remained and still remain on the gold standard. His next step was devaluation. Inflationists were clamoring for more money. Farmers were crying out for higher prices. Farm and home owners loaded with mortgages demanded relief from the debt load. The inflationary wave following the inauguration and the ill-starred NRA's early dramatic furor was coming to an end. It was time for another rabbit.

At this crisis Professor George F. Warren had a theory about gold which he sold to the President. As a result Mr. Roosevelt in October, 1933, announced his famous gold-purchasing plan. After we have had a quick look at it we shall be able to see more clearly in the light of the past four years the meaning of the still running gold episode, to appraise its results, and to apply its meanings to our own investment problems.

The President said that he proposed to raise commodity prices; that the rise thus far had not been sufficient. He declared that he proposed to buy gold at a price to be determined from day to day by the Treasury. There were 25.238 grains of gold in the existing dollar. He did not by law change the gold content of the dollar. But by paying more or less than $20.67 for an ounce of gold, he proposed to manipulate the price of gold and thus control the value of the dollar. This was, in effect, a plan to manage the dollar, to raise or lower the value of the gold in it. It is important to keep in mind that the general idea was not to keep the value of gold stable but to keep the value of the dollar stable by keeping prices stable. The value of gold would go up and down as it was necessary to raise or lower the price level.

But, in fact, the main objective of the President was to aid grain and cotton and hog farmers to recapture their foreign markets. In other words, he was following the example of England. England let her pound slip down to $3.50 in 1932, so that, as already explained, buyers outside England could make their own currencies go further when buying in England. The President now was trying to do the same thing for the United States and chiefly for American farmers whose foreign markets for cotton and wheat were seriously hit.

The final step was taken in January, 1934, when the President had Congress pass the Gold Reserve Act. It required every bank and the Federal Reserve banks to turn over all their gold to the Treasury. In return the Treasury gave them gold certificates. Then Congress provided that the President might fix the gold content of the dollar at not more than 60 per cent of its old figure. Under that law, by proclamation Mr. Roosevelt declared the gold content of the dollar to be 15 and 5/21 grains fine instead of 25 8/10 grains fine, or 59.06 per cent of its old gold content. Or, to put it differently, that henceforth the government would buy gold at $35 an ounce instead of $20.67 an ounce, its old value.

At the time the gold stock of the country was worth $4,033,000,000. By this act it became worth $6,844,000,000. There was a profit of $2,808,000,000. Of this, $808,000,000 was turned into the general fund of the Treasury. The balance of $2,000,000,000 was allocated to a Stabilization Fund for use in maintaining the price of gold at $35 an ounce. Since then the government has held itself ready to buy gold at $35 an ounce wherever and whenever offered.

Now we may look at the results which have flowed from this policy. First of all, what became of Mr. Roosevelt's great objectives: to stimulate export of farm products, to raise domestic prices, and to manage the dollar in order to keep it stable?

The most ardent disciple of Dr. Warren and Mr. Roosevelt will not maintain that their stratagem produced any material effect upon farm exports. First of all, there was from 1934 to 1936 a general increase in world trade, but the United States' share in that trade, so far as its exports were concerned, remained practically unchanged. Cotton exports were less in 1934 than in the disaster year of 1933, and have not yet gone higher than they were in 1933. Wheat exports did increase a little in dollar value but not in volume in 1934, and hit a new low in 1935. But whether there was an increase or decrease, the actual exports were small compared with America's normal exports. Actually, in the last fiscal year there was the singular phenomenon of a great increase in farm imports and an actual decrease in farm exports.

On the question of farm prices and, in fact, all prices, the devaluation experiment has as yet exercised no effect. Farm prices and all prices have risen, but no economist will assert that the rise has been due to the gold policy. Prices have risen (1) because of the enormous expansion in purchasing power produced by the intrusion of twenty billion dollars of government funds borrowed at the banks and poured into our economic blood stream these past four years; (2) because of the policy of trade agreements encouraged under the NRA and persisted in since; (3) because of the tolerance of the high-price policy approved by the President; (4) because of special circumstances, like the drought and price pegging of agricultural products. The failure of the gold policy to act on prices has been a source of surprise and disappointment to most of its friends and to many of its critics who had predicted an inflationary wave as one of its first fruits.

In the field of money management, of course, that

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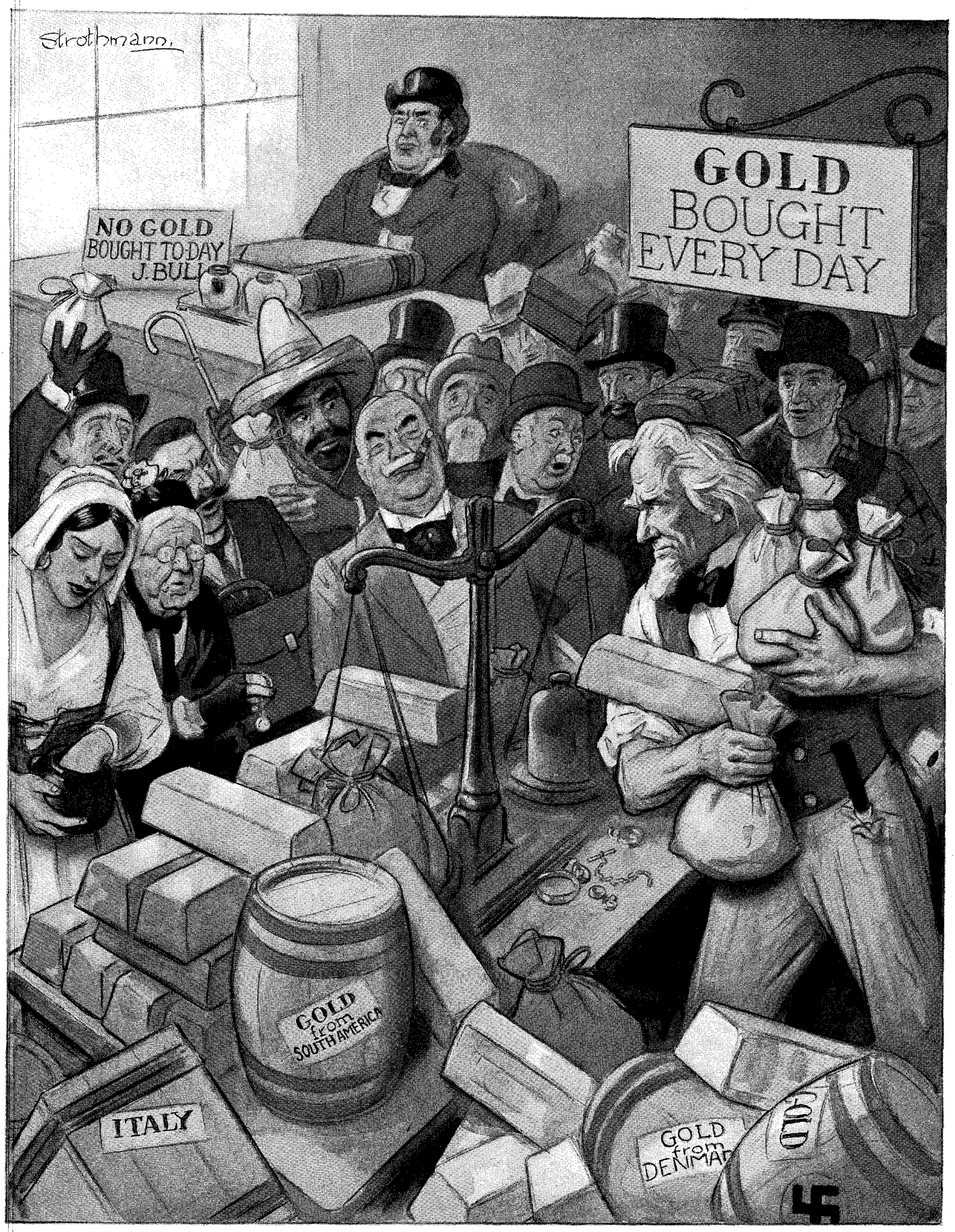

To prevent fluctuations in the value of the pound, England must buy only a small amount of gold, but to maintain the price of gold at $35 an ounce Uncle Sam must buy all the gold offered him. As a result, an enormous amount has come to us from the world's mines, hoards, and the reserves of other countries

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experiment has apparently been definitely shelved. No attempt has been made to stabilize prices or control them further. A managed currency means a good deal more than devaluation. None of these other essentials has been discussed. I think it may be accepted that, until another change of mind intervenes, the President has abandoned that idea.

Since the gold policy has not affected our exports, has played no part in the price rise and has not been followed up as an instrumentality of currency control, let us see if we can trace any of its actual effects.

The first and most important is the monstrous amount of gold which has flowed into the country. In January, 1934, when the President proclaimed devaluation, we had $4,033,000,000 of gold. Devaluation instantly made this worth $6,841,000,000. Since that time gold has poured into us from all over the world until now our monetary gold, as of August 16, 1937, is valued at $12,518,000,000. Or put it this way: Since July, 1934, the world's stock of gold has increased $1,657,000,000. We have gotten all of that *plus* an additional $3,030,000,000 from the gold stocks of other countries. This has come out of the gold stocks of France, Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Greece, Spain, and Latin America. The reason the gold came to us is plain. Up to January, 1934, holders of gold could sell it for $20.67 an ounce. After that we held ourselves out as ready to pay $35 an ounce for it. Naturally, all loose gold has run over our borders in a ceaseless flood. *It will continue to run as long as Uncle Sam stands like a spendthrift in the markets of the world, prepared to buy everyone's gold at a premium.*

It is important to understand how this works. It will be remembered that when the devaluation experiment was started a stabilization fund was established. The Treasury was authorized to use this fund—two billion dollars—in the world's exchange markets to keep the price of gold up to $35 an ounce. This meant that if gold was offered and there were no takers at $35 an ounce, the Treasury could buy gold to keep the price up.

Of course there is nothing new in a stabilization fund or agency. England set one up when she went off the gold standard. But there is this great difference between our stabilization fund and England's. When England went off the gold standard, she was interested in protecting the pound sterling from fluctuations in the foreign market. England depends for her economic health on energetic foreign trade. This is not possible when currencies are jumping up and down in value. So England directed her administration to buy and sell sterling in the world market, not to keep the price of gold at any point, but to keep the pound from falling into frequent fluctuations in value.

We, however, had a very different aim. Our aim was not so much to keep the dollar from fluctuating in the foreign exchange markets as it was to put up the price of gold. In fact, at first we continually used our stabilization fund to effect a fluctuating exchange value of the dollar. It was not until the President finally fixed the dollar value at 59.06 per cent of its old value that we sought to keep it there. But even then the President announced that he was no longer interested in the foreign-exchange value of the dollar. He was interested in its domestic value. Therefore, he said he was going to make a start at managing the currency—managing the value of the dollar—keeping its domestic purchasing power stable by shifting, from time to time, its gold content. This might make the domestic value of the dollar stable, but it would certainly introduce the wildest fluctuations into its foreign-market value. Our stabilization fund, therefore, proceeded to buy gold at $35 an ounce in order to keep it at that price.

Now a moment's reflection will show that while England would have to buy only a small amount of gold, since she aimed merely at preventing frequent shifts in the value of sterling, we would have to buy all the gold offered to us at $35 an ounce. And this is what happened. In the last six months of 1934 England bought only $6,000,000 of gold while we bought $300,000,000. In 1936 England bought about $9,000,000 while we bought almost a *billion*. The tide of gold—newly mined, old gold stealing out of timid hoards, loose gold in search of the most gullible buyer—flowed steadily to us.

There was another great difference between England's method and ours which will help to answer two questions often asked.

First, how does the Stabilization Fund buy gold? As a matter of fact it buys gold just as any citizen would do it: it gives a check. The government maintains a bank account and pays its bills by drawing against its bank deposit. However, when the government buys a few hundred millions in gold, that makes quite a hole in the bank account. In order, therefore, to keep its bank account from suffering by the drawing of these checks the government proceeds as follows:

When it buys gold, the gold is promptly brought into the custody of the Treasury. The government can issue gold certificates against its gold holdings. You may recall that when the banks were compelled to turn over all their gold to the government, the Treasury issued certificates to the banks—gold certificates—not usable as money but evidences that the government had on hand to the credit of the holder of the certificate a certain amount of gold. And so the government now issues similar certificates and deposits them in the bank just as anyone else deposits money. Thus the issuance of such certificates and the depositing of them with the banks to replenish the government's bank account has the effect of increasing the gold reserves of the banks. This is a simplified statement of the process, but it is in effect what happens when the government buys gold.

The English system works differently. The English Treasury, when it buys gold, gives its check also, but it replenishes the deposit by giving to the bank, not gold certificates, but English securities. This method does not add to the reserves of the bank.

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Under our plan, therefore, gold, as it was purchased by the government and paid for with gold certificates, began to expand enormously the gold reserves of the banks. And those reserves became so large that bankers and government have become alarmed about them. Can the government apply the brakes? The answer would be yes and no—yes, the government could apply the brakes; but no government in history has ever successfully done it.

The reason for this is that there are in the social organism such powerful forces for inflation that, if they are not resisted at first, they cannot be humanly resisted later. Workmen always want more and higher wages. Farmers always want higher prices. Even businessmen are under the dominion of this higher-price appetite. Every attempt at checking the inflation will be called deflation and every attempt at deflation will call out the most irresistible clamor from great groups too potent to be defied. Inflation can be checked only when its destructive consequences become so apparent that they outweigh the rosy promises of more inflation. By that time the damage is done. Inflation is a disaster peculiar in that the only easy escape from it seems to be more inflation. The time to check it is before it starts.

There is not the slightest doubt that we have in our banking system now far more gold than is good for us. Last year the government began taking measures. First the Federal Reserve Board increased the reserve requirements of the banks. That is, it issued an order increasing heavily the percentage of its deposits which a bank must have with the Federal Reserve bank of its district.

But last December the government became very greatly apprehensive since the gold flow to the country was growing to alarming proportions. It then began to sterilize the new gold. This phrase has appeared frequently in the newspapers. It means merely that our Stabilization Fund began to do what the English Stabilization Fund does—it bought gold and paid for it, not with gold certificates, but with government securities. In this way the gold ceased to flow into the banking system and ceased to expand their reserves.

In other words, the government has been buying gold and paying for it as it has been paying for relief—with borrowed funds—and this has been adding to the government debt. It has developed a new menace. From December until now the Treasury has bought $1,300,000,000 of gold and increased the public debt by that much to pay for the gold. *It now pays interest on a billion and a quarter of new public debt as part of the cost of this gold experiment.*

Now, the government finds itself in a very serious dilemma. Either it must buy with gold certificates and cram the banks with excessive gold reserves, or it must buy with borrowed funds and increase the government debt to buy gold we do not need or want and would like to get rid of.

What shall it do? No matter what it does, the whole gold-buying experiment is inflationary.

When the experiment was begun, certain economists believed the inflation would begin swiftly. Assuming gold to be the measure of dollar value, then if 25.238 grains of gold is a dollar, 15.8 grains is about 60 cents. If then by

The air should be made hot with protests against further inflation

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law we proclaim that 15.8 grains of gold shall hereafter be called a dollar, then, in spite of what we call it, it ought to be considered 60 cents. Economists imagined that this new valuation of the dollar would make its way quickly into trade. It would have done so in another country where international trade forms a very large part of the country's transactions and where a large part of the population deals across national frontiers. But in this country it turned out that our psychological valuation of the dollar was stronger for the time being than gold.

A dollar to our people means not so many grains of gold but a fairly definite, realizable unit of value abstracted from any single commodity. We thought of it in terms of what we could do with it at the shop. The devaluation has not broken down that psychological valuation. The question arises, however—will it? Will gold in the end assert itself over our routine conceptions of value? There is much reason to believe that it will, though the progress is slow. If it does, then we will find ourselves doing business with 60-cent dollars and then prices will rise to that extent as well as under the influence of whatever other price pressures there may be in operation.

What can we do about this?

In the presence of a threatened inflation people always seek for those investments which seem most able to resist the effects. Equities—that is, stocks rather than bonds, real estate rather than stocks and bonds—look like the best escapes. My own view is that the notion that equities may prove not merely a means of avoiding loss but of actually making gains may prove illusory. It all depends on how far the inflation proceeds. Inflation can wreck a perfectly sound corporation as well as cancel its debt. It may wreck the corporation before the bonds are wiped out. Of course, there can be no doubt that wisely selected stocks are better than bonds. But selecting stocks which may resist the corrosion of inflation is not an easy matter.

The wise course, it seems to me, is to make the air hot with the protest against further inflation. The government itself should be put on the spot. The present dilemma of the Treasury is of its own making. No man will question the honesty of the Treasury administration, but it would be difficult to imagine a more inept administration of it.

In the time of depression the most important officer in the government is the finance minister. The most compelling of the President's duties when he faced the great disaster of 1933 was to bring to his side the wisest and ablest finance minister he could find. Instead he chose first a business friend utterly inexperienced in national finance and then a man who freely confesses his ignorance of the overwhelming problems of his office.

Perhaps no government ever faced a more delicate and difficult problem in national and international finance than that which now confronts our Treasury. Paying off a huge chunk of the national debt during a period of soaring prosperity—as Mr. Mellon did—was a simple matter compared with the grave issue which Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury must meet.

The devaluation and gold-purchase policy has brought us along a road where, like Macbeth, "to go back is as to go forward." The most astute finance experts are at sea. The problem now created for us is far more difficult than the problem we sought to escape by the gold-purchase plan.

One group of experts favors an immediate end of the gold-buying experiment. Another urges an international agreement on the value of gold and for the limitation of gold production. Another group—like the late Frank Vanderlip—proposes the impounding of our monetary gold and the establishment of a free-gold market, which would mean a quick revision of the gold price. Still others want a further devaluation of gold. And if we drift, this is the one which will win its point.

My own view is that, having made a grave mistake, we cannot possibly escape some losses as a result; that our concern must be to prevent further losses and the creation of complications which may deal to our whole financial and industrial system a staggering blow. Any course we adopt now will hurt some large element in the community. But we must fearlessly examine all the possible roads, the losses which will be inevitable along those roads, and then adopt that one which entails the least loss and leads to safety.

Under these circumstances I favor the abandonment of the gold-purchase plan and all further experiments with the commodity dollar or managed currency. I do not mean that these plans are not worth exploring, but I insist they ought not to be embarked upon until they are thoroughly understood and all their consequences weighed. Abandonment of the gold-purchase plan means a revision of the gold price. This price I would leave to a free-gold market in which those who want gold, including private and government buyers, will get it at the price they are prepared to pay. Our present stock of monetary gold, however, I would protect from expatriation or loss by impounding it. That is, I would not permit it to flow into the free-gold market. It would be held by the government as a national reserve for our monetary protection, but the government would cease buying all the gold offered to it—all the gold coming out of the world's mines, out of the world's hoards, and out of the weakened reserves of other countries.

Beyond this it is at present difficult to chart a course. The disturbed state of world finance, together with the threats of inflation in foreign countries as a fruit of war expenditures, makes any attempt at world agreement on gold reserves and exchange problems impossible. But we can make a beginning by putting our own house in order as far as we can. The first step is courageously to take whatever losses may be necessary and reduce our monetary system to sanity. Of course this will aid some investors, such as the holders of most bonds; and injure others. This is unavoidable, but it will be good for future investment. To this I would add that, whether we adopt this plan *in toto* or not, we must at least bring the gold-purchase plan to an end.

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Mr. Mergenthwirker's Lobblies

NELSON S. BOND

THAT year instead of the raise I damn well deserved they handed me the resounding title of Assistant City Editor, which meant that in addition to all my regular duties I was now responsible for the boners of the leg men. The only good break I got—if you'd call it that—was a "private office" with my name on the door. A dingy little hole just off the City room, littered with last year's papers, and elaborately furnished with three overflow files from the Morgue, a swivel chair with one missing caster, and a yellow oak desk, neatly scalloped with cigarette scars.

The faint tap on the door gave me a chance to get my feet off the desk before I shouted, "Come in!" The door swung open hesitantly and I saw him.

"Yes?" I said.

He stood there, blinking at me apologetically. A tiny man, hardly more than five foot one, or maybe two, with sand-colored hair and eyes. His clothing was plain but neat. And he was nervous. His hands twitched and wriggled constantly; darting in and out of pockets, brushing imaginary pieces of lint from his lapels, fumbling at his watchchain—always on the move. He was restless on the hoof, too; shuffling and fidgeting like he had termites in his trousers.

"Are—are you the man who takes the news?" he said.

"Who, me?" I answered elaborately. "Hell, yes! I'm the whole damned newspaper. I write the front page, lay out the ads, draw the cartoons, dig up the dirt and sell papers on the street. Why, me and Bill Hearst—say, what do you want, anyway?"

His meek, twidgety gaze needled me. He stood there gaping as though my every word was Gospel. He jerked when I shot the question at him, and his pale eyes grew a little frightened.

"Why, I—I just wanted to tell you," he faltered, "that there's going to be a murder. This afternoon."

You meet all kinds of crackpots in this racket. I grinned at him sort of cheerfully, and nodded.

"Nice going, Mr.——"

"Mergenthwirker," he supplied. "Henry Mergenthwirker."

"Nice going, Mr. Mergenthwirker," I said. "You socked it right on the button that time. There *is* going to be a nice little murder this afternoon. Blood and brains all over everything. I'm just writing the headlines now. 'D. A. SLAYS MATE IN——' "

"Oh, no!" gasped the little man. "Not the District Attorney! Nothing like that! It's a girl up in the Bronx. A secretary named Hazel Johnson. She's going to be killed with a hammer!"

Honestly, that stopped me for a minute. He looked so darned sincere, his tiny hands fluttering around his coat lapels like bewildered moths; his tawny eyes wide and horrified. I thought, "Perhaps this is one of those psychological cases. A potential murderer compelled to confess his crime before it happens. Perhaps it *has* happened already, and he is trying to establish an alibi." I looked at him sharply.

"What's the gag?" I said. "You know the girl?"

"Me?" he said. "No, I never saw her in my life."

"Then how do you know about the murder?"

He smiled beatifically.

"*They* told me," he said. He gestured vaguely toward the door with one hand.

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"They? Who?"

"My lobblies," explained the little man patiently. He pointed, proudly, I thought, toward the doorway again. "The big one's name is Japheth, but the little one is named after me. They tell me everything."

"Now, wait a minute, buddy," I said. "Are you trying to tell me there's somebody in this room beside you and me?"

He rinsed his hands in a gesture of quick despair.

"Oh, *don't* tell me you can't see them!" he wailed. "So *few* people can!" He stamped his foot in sudden exasperation. "It's all because they *will* change color! If they'd only stay *put!* But, no! They're forever——"

This time I got it. I rose swiftly and grabbed the little fellow by the shirtfront.

"Listen, Mr. Whatsis," I told him, "I've got things to do, but worrying about your D.T.'s isn't one of them. Now, scram! And on the way out, tell the boys in the City room that it went over like a lead balloon."

I pushed him, indignantly protesting, through the door, and waited until the pit-a-pat of his footsteps disappeared down the hallway. Then I strolled out into the City room, with one eye peeled for the grins. A couple of the boys were matching nickels over by Duff Godshall's desk. I sauntered over carelessly.

"O.K., boys," I said. "Let's have the wisecracks!"

"Tails!" said Duff. He took a nickel off the back of each of the other fellows' hands; then looked at me curiously. "Wisecracks?"

"I suppose none of you boys ever heard tell of a guy named Mergenthwirker?" I asked caustically.

Three heads shook in unison.

"It's a gag," guessed Bill McGhee. "Early in the day to start drinking, Len."

"Oh, skip it!" I said wearily. "Anyway, it didn't work, in case you're interested. Come on, who's matching who in this game?"

I had just pulled a couple of nickels from my vest pocket when the boss shoved open his door and let out a blat to high heaven.

"Hawley! Godshall! Get Maguire and light out for the Bronx. There's a hammer killing up there! A broad named Johnson!"

The funny part about it was that there was no mystery connected with this hammer job. They caught the guilty man an hour after they found the body, and he confessed right off the bat. What I mean is, there wasn't one thing to connect my nutsack visitor with the case. So the affair bothered me. I looked up the name "Mergenthwirker" in the telephone book and the city directory, but it wasn't in either of them. I don't know just what I would have done if it *had* been. After all, you can't go to the bobbies and say, "Look here, a guy named Mergenthwirker has two green familiars who told him there was going to be a murder." So I puzzled over the thing for a week or so, and then it gradually dropped out of my mind. It might never have occurred to me again if I hadn't dropped into Tony's joint one night for a drink.

The boss let out a blat to high heaven

Tony's bar, as usual, was jammed with half-lit reformers, solving national problems in three easy lessons, so I ducked for the back room. It's a dimly lit little hole, with only about four tables. As I entered, I saw this guy Mergenthwirker sitting at the best table—the one beneath the only light—with a beer glass before him. The places on his left and right had beer glasses, too, but no one was sitting there. The sandy little man looked up as I entered.

"Oh, hello!" he said in a pleased voice. Evidently he didn't bear me any ill will for kicking him out of my office. "Won't you join us?"

I would. I moved around to the chair on his left and started to pull it out. Mergenthwirker leaped up suddenly; slopping his beer all over the table.

"Oh, not there!" he cried. "You'll sit on Henry!"

I took the chair across from him. Tony came out with my beer, mopped up the mess on the table, and left. The little man smiled at me apologetically.

"It's so *dark* in here," he said. "I guess you didn't see Henry, did you?"

"No," I said bluntly, "I didn't. Listen, buddy, I've been looking for you. How did you know about the Johnson murder?"

There was an astonished, half-aggrieved look in his pale eyes.

"Why, my lobblies," he said. "My lobblies told me."

I jerked my head toward the empty chairs.

"Henry, here, and——"

"—and Japheth! Yes, certainly! They tell me all sorts of things. For instance—" He leaned far over the table eagerly. "Did you know the Second National was going to be robbed Tuesday?"

"The Second National?"

"Yes!" he said excitedly. "Four men in a blue Olds will hold it up at 3:30 P.M. Only the police will catch them. They're going to smash up their car, trying to escape!"

"Got all the details, haven't you?" I said.

"I *always* have all the details,"

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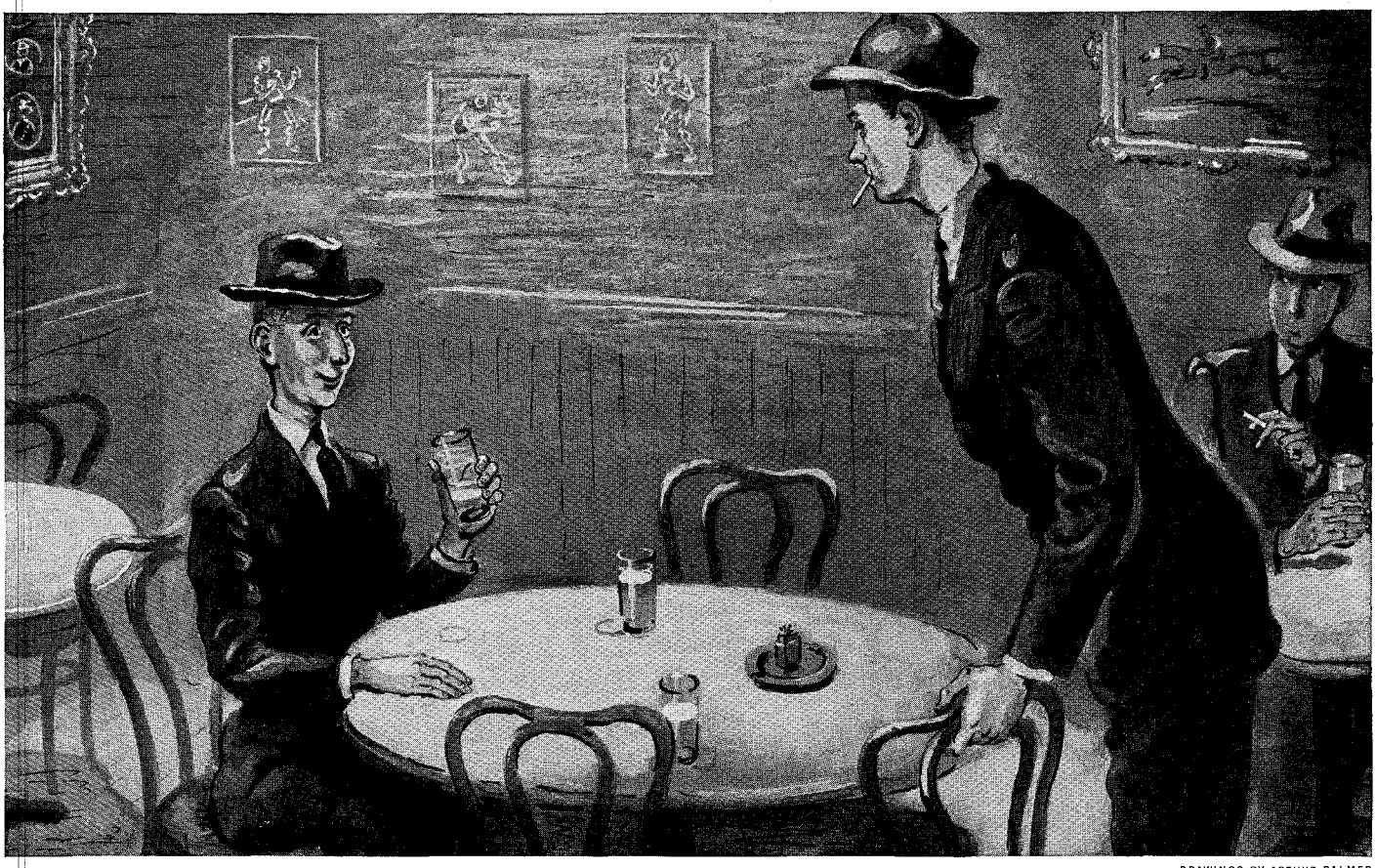

DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR PALMER

"It's so dark *in here," he said. "I guess you didn't see Henry"*

he complained. "I had all the details before, but you—" he smiled forgivingly. "—Well, it doesn't matter. Will you call Tony, please? Japheth wants more beer."

I gulped and stared at Japheth's glass . . . or maybe I stared first and then gulped. The glass was empty! And I would swear on a stack of proof sheets that I had been watching the little man every instant since I came in. And he did *not* drink that beer himself!

"Does he—" I began cautiously, "does he drink very much beer?"

Mergenthwirker sighed.

"Barrels! Both he and Henry. But what can I do? If I don't buy it for them, they make scenes."

"Scenes?" I repeated vaguely.

"Yes," he confided. "You know—pinch people on—on busses, and whisper things to girls. Especially pretty girls. *Young* girls." He smiled shyly, and a faint blush crept over his colorless cheeks. "Henry's the worst. He just doesn't seem to care *what* he says to young girls. Once he even . . . I mean, there was that girl in Atlantic City . . ."

Tony came just then with four glasses of beer. As he renewed ours, I noticed that now Henry's, as well as Japheth's, glass was empty. And this time I *knew* Mergenthwirker had not touched the beer. I paid for the round, and Tony waddled away.

"Mergenthwirker," I said seriously, "either you're nuts or I am. You call Japheth and Henry 'lobblies.' What do you mean by that?"

"Why, that's what they are, of course," he said, his eyes round with surprise.

"But how . . . or where . . . did you get them?"

"I've always had them," he said—proudly, this time. "Ever since—oh, since I was very young. Japheth came first, but he was lonely, so after a while the little one came, too. We named him Henry, after me. Of course, he was *very* young when he came, and he had some perfectly awful habits at first. But he's starting to get over them now."

"Habits?" I said. "What kind of habits?"

"Oh—lobbly habits!" said Mergenthwirker airily. "Things like pwidgeting and rikking trilks and . . . eh, what's that?" He leaned to his right, listened intently; then nodded.

"Japheth says you wouldn't understand," he told me. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all," I said. I was hot and cross and irritable and my watch told me it was time to grab some shuteye. "Say, Mergenthwirker," I said, "I've got to run along now, but I wish you'd drop in at the office again some day soon. Bring—bring the lobblies with you."

"Thank you, I will," said the little man. I rose from the table, reaching for my hat.

"Oh, Japheth and Henry say thank you for the drink," added my companion. I glanced at the table swiftly. Once more the beer glasses were empty. . . .

At three o'clock the next afternoon I hoked up a

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phony excuse to plant two of the boys and a cameraman in the Second National Bank. At 3:30 on the dot, a blue Olds sedan drew up, four men stepped out, whisked briskly into the bank, covered the joint with a tommy gun, scooped up the gravy and moved along. At 3:57 their car, closely followed by my three men and the police, clipped an elevated post on Sixth. And at 4:10 my sheet pulled the first "beat" this burg has seen in the past six years—a complete pictorial account of the Second National robbery!

I had just finished receiving the boss's congratulations —*sans* bonus—when Mergenthwirker came in. He was beaming delightedly.

"So!" he said triumphantly.

"So," I agreed slowly, "you were right. I don't know how or why—but you were."

"It's my lobblies," Mergenthwirker boasted. "They know everything."

"Man," I told him, "with Japheth and Henry to help you, you could be the richest guy this side of Hades. Do they know the results of horse races, lotteries, football games?"

"Why—why, I suppose so," said Mergenthwirker. "I never stopped to think—" His brows furrowed momentarily. "My *goodness!* I *could*, couldn't I!"

"Looks as if," I grunted. "Here, won't you and the boys sit down?"

The little man was dancing with nervousness.

"Oh, *no!*" he said excitedly. "Oh, *my!* I never even *thought* of using Henry and Japheth to— Will you come over and have a drink with us? Talk it over?"

"Why not?" I said. We went down in the elevator, Mergenthwirker jabbering six to a dozen, to the vast amusement of the elevator boy. On the street he grabbed my arm and held me back.

"Let *them* go ahead," he whispered hoarsely. "Perhaps they wouldn't exactly like it if they knew I was planning to—to *use* them like that. I'll have to break it sort of gently, and see what they think. I wouldn't want to——"

His words were drowned in the belligerent squawk of one of those huge, lumbering trucks that the city still allows on its main thoroughfares. The traffic light had just turned red, holding us to the curb, but a few pedestrians ahead were still scrambling, with affronted awkwardness, for the safety zone. Mergenthwirker screamed shrilly; his tiny hands digging painfully into my arm.

"Henry!"

Suddenly he left me; darted into the middle of the street with arms outthrust before him as though to push some slighter body out of danger. A horn growled, brakes squealed viciously, somewhere a whistle shrilled and the spattering of many voices tightened into a murmuring knot in the center of the street. Suddenly numbed with fear, I elbowed my way through the crowd. Mergenthwirker, his body grotesquely twisted, lay crumpled on the asphalt. I leaned over him and lifted his head on my arm. His eyes fluttered open; recognized me.

"Henry—" he gasped. "Is he all right?" His head turned stiffly, his eyes searching the press of babbling bystanders. "Ah! There—I thought so. Then he *is* safe. . . ." He closed his eyes contentedly.

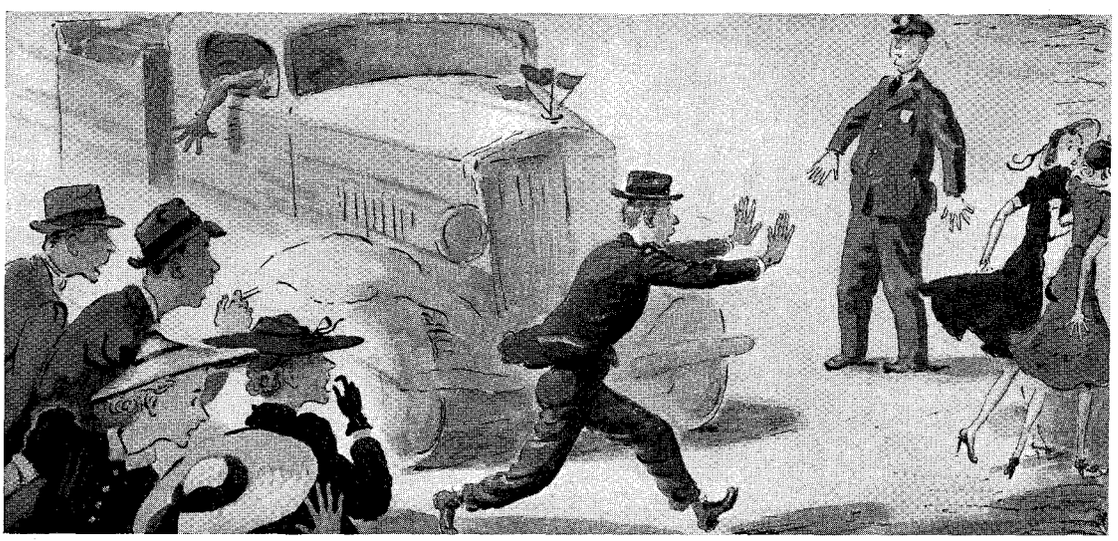
"Take it easy, guy," I said. "There'll be an ambulance here directly."

"Ambulance!" He stared at me; his tawny eyes were wide and then they were suddenly deep with growing fear. "For me? Oh, no—that can't be! I can't die! Japheth! Henry! What will they do without me? My lobblies —my lovely, beautiful lobblies! Nobody to talk with . . . nobody to buy them beer . . . and Henry is *so* young! What——"

"Listen," I said, "they'll be all right. I'll take care of them."

There was a slow ripple through the crowd. Far down the street I heard the wailing siren of an ambulance. The little man's eyes flickered briefly, and a great weariness pressed upon their lids.

"Thank you! Thank you very much," said Mr. Mergenthwirker. . . .



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SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the director of Consumers Union . . . his background and technique . . . his career as ally, foe, and imitator of Consumers' Research*

Arthur Kallet

BY DON WHARTON

Arthur Kallet is the most precocious figure in the business of poison-detecting and consumer-guiding. At thirty-five he has already participated in every phase of the trade. Innumerable men have dug more deeply but no one has wandered so widely in the field of calling other people guinea pigs. Kallet has been a director, secretary, lobbyist and imitator of Consumers' Research. He has represented that organization before Congressional committees, opposed it at National Labor Board hearings, and sued it in common court. He went to it as a press agent, rose with it as an author, and left it as a strike-lover.

By that time Kallet was one of the giants of fee-faw-fum literature. With Frederick J. Schlink he wrote the best-selling of the so-called consumer books—*100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*. He also turned out *Counterfeit* and, at the rate of two cents a word, engaged in less ambitious forms of consumer-guiding. In 1935 he rebuked a business house for using the word Vermont in syrup advertisements. Kallet didn't think the syrup should use the name of Vermont. When he set up his own business house in 1936, it was under the name of Consumers Union of United States, Inc.

Despite his success, Kallet is one of the most neglected of the young men trying, as Tugwell put it, to roll up their sleeves and make America over. No one who knows him can explain how he escaped the Federal payroll. The administration has sent out alarms and dragnets to catch reformers of half his stature. Kallet has youth, earnestness, belligerency, and other qualities highly valued by the New Deal. In addition he is good at the piano, a talent normally recognized by White House scouts. Many Washington correspondents blame the accordion for Tommy Corcoran's closeness to the President, and Mr. Roosevelt himself had tried reuniting the Democratic Party with a testimonial to Alben Barkley's singing of *Wagon Wheels*. It is difficult to explain how Kallet's piano-playing was overlooked in a city which ranks musicians next to economists.

Big business also has failed to appreciate Kallet for what he is. Some firms, smarting under his attacks, have tried to get even by calling him a radical. A company in Chicago has compiled lists linking members of the Kallet-Schlink groups to the Communist Party. Some of this has been put into a book which is being peddled around to manufacturers of goods lacking Kallet's imprimatur. But none of this red-baiting reveals the true Kallet. He will tell anyone that he dislikes our economic system, that he feels it is doomed, and that he hopes the Russian experiment works out so well that we shall be compelled to adopt it. He denies that he is a member of the Communist Party and so does many a man whose name is right there on the party rolls. Kallet's denial is more likely truthful than tactical, but which it is cannot be very important. Placed in a larger frame of reference, he appears to be a professor of perfection as much akin to Bishop Cannon and Clarence True Wilson as to Lenin and Earl Browder.

In a practical and non-technical way Arthur Kallet has a split personality. It is split three ways. There is Kallet in person, Kallet on the lecture platform, and Kallet in print. Kallet in person, the Kallet you talk with across the desk, is quiet, soft-spoken, reasonably objective. He is short, thin, and boyish. His eyes and hair are jet black. He might easily be mistaken for a Frankfurter protegé suddenly bounced out on his own. Women who have taken his dictation like to refer to him as "sweet." One secretary, who was shriveling up in the company of bellicose capitalists, tells how under Kallet she "blossomed just like a sunflower." She was speaking of Kallet in person. When he steps upon the platform or witness stand he is another man. Apparently he goes through some elocutionary transfiguration. His voice becomes firm and convincing, and he begins to approach his dogmatic best. He achieves it in print. Here his horror is unadulterated. Kallet has never been reproached for writing a sentence that didn't mention at least one harmful chemical. Ranging through broad fields of poisons, irritants, and dangerous drugs, he gets a singleness of effect pleasing even to addicts of Edgar Allan Poe.

His *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* will break down people who have withstood Erskine Caldwell, *Dracula,* and the movie version of *Frankenstein*. His *Counterfeit* is a more concentrated dose. Kallet's handling of atrocities has been commended in public by a member of the House of Representatives. The Congressman intimated that Kallet could scare people more with his pen than his mouth. On the witness stand Kallet's medical discourses were now and

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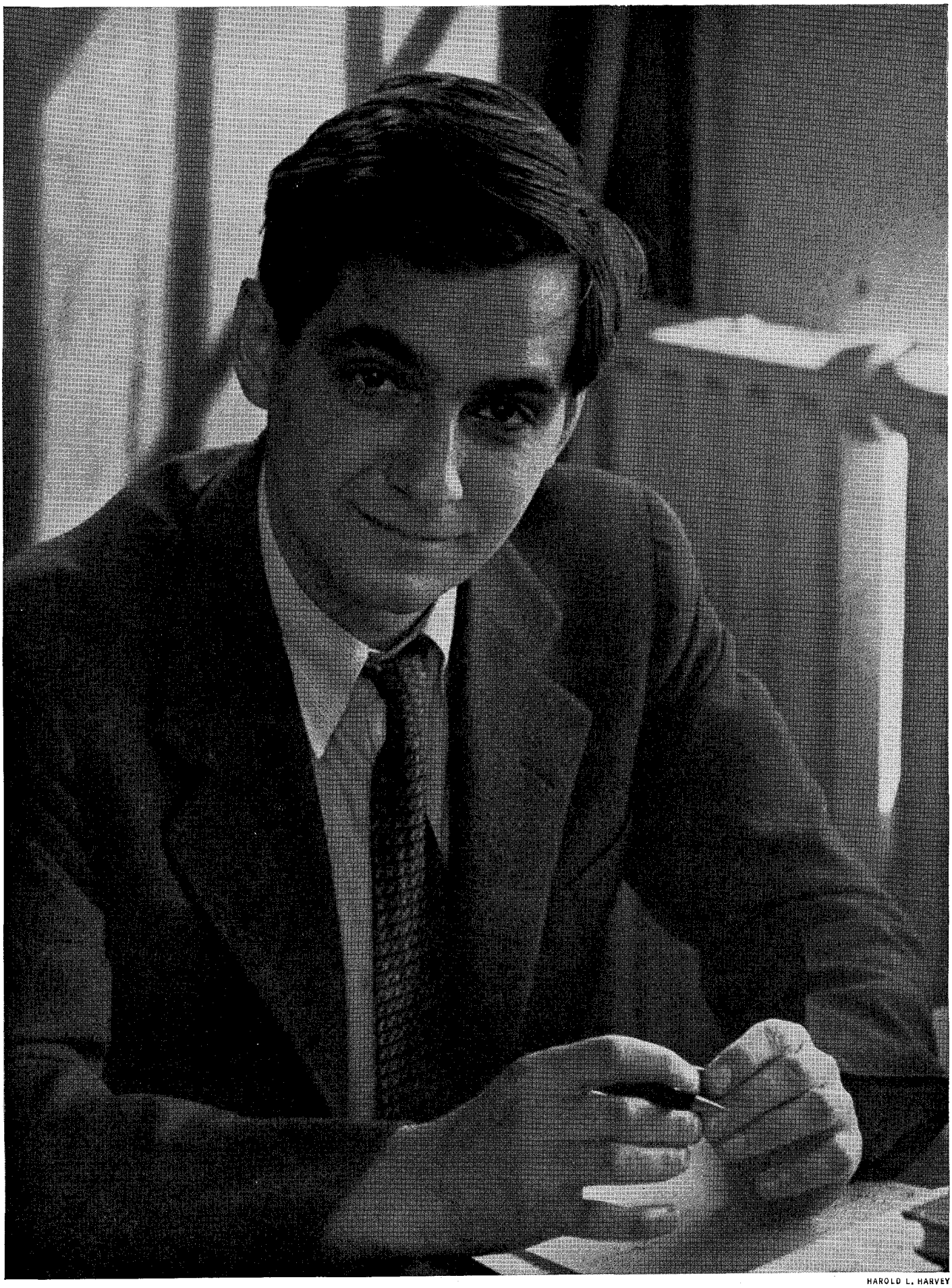

HAROLD L. HARVEY

Arthur Kallet

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then interrupted by a Senator or Representative asking "Are you a doctor?" When Kallet answered "No" there would be a sigh of relief from the Senator or Representative, who had been taking the alleged poison for ten, sometimes fifteen years. Kallet would then give another medical warning.

He is amazingly apt at acquiring authority. Like a chameleon picking up a fresh color, Kallet does it partly by reflex. Placed next to a toxicologist he responds instantaneously. After reasonable contact he writes and talks the languages of physicians, pharmacists, chemists, biologists, physicists, dermatologists, and other members of the scientific spectrum. Whenever hard-pressed he rushes back to his own field, testifying, "I am an electrical engineer." He is safe there. He has made five appearances before committees of the House and Senate without having to discuss electrical engineering. He has lectured the committeemen on everything from poisons to political philosophy, but he is yet to instruct them in the field he says he knows. Considering his powers of absorption and his week ends with Schlink (who has an excellent engineering background), Kallet is probably an electrical whiz. He isn't a member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, doesn't have a license which his state requires of professional engineers, and isn't one of the 10,000 persons listed in *Who's Who in Engineering*. But he is a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology with a Bachelor of Science degree.

II

KALLET went to M.I.T. from Syracuse, where he was born in 1902. His father, Barnett Kallet, was a small merchant. He sold men's suits and was possibly dismayed when in 1936 his son's publication recommended that garments be de-mothed by immersion in pyrethrum and kerosene. If Barnett Kallet read that advice to consumers, he doubtless thought his son had come a long way. But the progress wasn't particularly the result of his technical training at M.I.T. Kallet's extra-curricular activities were perhaps more influential. He reported on the undergraduate paper and captained the debating team. On one occasion he provoked the college authorities because the club of which he was vice-president had issued a speaking invitation to Norman Thomas. But this isn't to suggest that Kallet was one of the campus big-shots. Men in school at the time do not even recall him.

After graduation Kallet went to the New York Edison Company, where he was an assistant to an executive who was an assistant to a vice-president. He was paid to produce kilowatt literature for customers and employees. This was apparently the highest post Kallet ever held under the profit system. He went higher with non-profit organizations than with big business. His two years with the New York Edison are supposed to have helped produce the reformer. According to certain opinion his term there gave Kallet the kind of insight a prohibitionist gets from a boyhood spree. That may be true, but at the time Kallet was so bored that he left New York Edison for a part-time publicity job with the Russell Sage Foundation. Early in 1928 he made a part-time connection with the American Standards Association. There his publicity and promotional talents had a chance to flower and there he met Frederick John Schlink.

Schlink was already engaged in the campaign of frightfulness which was destined to bring out the best in Kallet. In fact, a book Schlink and Stuart Chase published in 1927 under the title of *Your Money's Worth* could be called the opening gun of this literary *Schrecklichkeit*. It was followed by a creeping barrage of books, pamphlets, and articles intended to drive civilians to the conclusion that they are all cheating and poisoning one another. Whenever the fire slackens another writer commandeers a publisher and hurls a book into the breach. Schlink has written two and inspired many others. He assembled a mass of material at Consumers' Research headquarters and was so generous with this arsenal that few writers could resist joining up. Even the girl he married, Mary C. Phillips, came through with a book, titled *Skin Deep: The Truth About Beauty Aids—Safe and Harmful*. An advertisement in the December, 1935, bulletin of Consumers' Research suggested that subscribers "For Christmas, instead of cosmetics, give HER *Skin Deep*." This might possibly indicate that the crusaders are great jokesters. But there is no doubt about their morale. Some of them are so determined to whip the enemy that they stimulate themselves with the very cigarettes they are warning the public against. According to Consumers' Research, these cigarettes contain both lead and arsenic but, save for Kallet, who doesn't smoke, most of the writers employ them without flinching.

Kallet had no part in the creation of Consumers' Research. He arrived after Schlink had carried this organization through birth and babyhood. It began as a small local consumers' club at White Plains, New York. Members were banded together to exchange information about various goods. Schlink's training and persistence prevented the club from being another sewing circle swapping baking recipes. After taking a couple of engineering degrees, he had held fairly responsible positions with Western Electric and the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, and even higher ones with the Bureau of Standards in Washington and the American Standards Association in New York. When *Your Money's Worth* told of the club's existence, Schlink received a few letters from readers who wanted help in buying toothbrushes, razors, and so on. He turned the local into a national and at the end of a year had 565 members.

In 1929 he changed from mimeographed to printed reports, but as late as the stock market crash his membership was only 1200. The year 1930 brought an angel, incorporation and Arthur Kallet. The angel was touched for $10,000, the club was incorporated as a non-profit organization and Kallet was placed on the board of directors. By the fall of 1930 Consumers' Research, Inc., had 5200 subscribers. In another year, with the depression deepening and Kallet donating promotional advice, the subscrip-

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tion list jumped to 25,000. It rose to 45,000 by early 1933, then slumped off during the nation's false boom, and then began rising again. Today Consumers' Research reports 60,000 subscribers.

III

THE growth of CR was not the handiwork of any press agent. Kallet's major contribution was his lobbying in Washington. He was associated with CR for nearly six years, first as a member of the board of directors and then as secretary, but it would be unfair to hold him too strictly to account for any of CR's printed matter. Schlink is the man responsible for the commodity analyses, good as well as bad. He built the organization and he holds it as surely as Tom Girdler holds Republic Steel. His 60,000 subscribers are witness to the fact that there is quite a demand for the type of service he set out to give. Whether the service they get could be classified as *Recommended, Intermediate,* or *Not Recommended,* only a Schlink or Kallet would say.

Scrutiny of even an unscientific sort reveals that Consumers' Research has broken more than one of the commandments which its creator laid down for advertisers. For a decade now Schlink, Kallet, and their fellows have belabored business for employing scare copy, insufficient information, and exaggerations. Possibly they never dreamed they would be subject to the standards they apply to others. Possibly they realize that their broad, sweeping statements are dramatic, whereas anyone analyzing these statements must usually be detailed, technical, and prosaic. CR has rated bed sheets on the basis of limited tests, recommended men's shirts whose sleeves shrank to ¾ of an inch below marked size and rated at least a few men's suits on the basis of fabric alone. On one occasion Consumers Union charged a rum with being contaminated with manganese and free sulphuric acid. The liquor commissioner of the State of New Jersey had the rum analyzed, found no trace of sulphuric acid, and in a letter to Kallet said: "I have not had our chemist make any test for manganese. As I understand it, manganese is found in many drinking waters, used in several medicines and has a therapeutic value." When the Federal Alcohol Administration looked over the facts it was impressed by the injury done the rum. So much so that the F.A.A. made an exception in its regulations and permitted the rum manufacturer to publish an analysis advertisement.

Kallet and Schlink have run into other authorities. In their guinea-pig book they opened a section on ergot with the statement "For an extra profit of half a cent, American drug manufacturers have helped dig the graves of thousands of women dead of hemorrhage in childbirth." The *Journal* of the American Medical Association disagreed. It traced the distrust of the American ergot supply to publicity put out by a clique of three men. One of these men was trying to build up a market for his own particular batch of ergot, another had been in the patent-medicine business himself, and the third had given testimonials to at least two cures—one a chewing gum for obesity.

In the same chapter Kallet and Schlink wrote: "In more than 300 American hospitals, at the present moment, the lives of patients undergoing operations are being endangered by impure, sub-standard ether." The *Journal* was not so blunt about this statement. It was content with calling it "ridiculous" and with pointing out that "these gentlemen fail to support their charges with any good evidence that any patient has been harmed through administration of sub-standard ether." The *Journal,* however, missed the real point. On the dust cover of this book was the statement: "The authors of *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* cannot afford not to know whereof they speak—for they name names." Had the *Journal* been on its toes it would have demanded the names of the 300 American hospitals using sub-standard ether. Kallet and Schlink didn't give these names, not one of the three hundred

Scare copy also is sprinkled through both the Kallet and Schlink bulletins. My space being limited, a single example from Consumers' Research will have to suffice In December last year it rated sixteen brands of liquor, banishing four of them into the *Intermediate* and *Not Recommended* groupings with statements that they contained copper. Of one it said the copper content was "relatively high," of two "fairly high," and of the fourth "small." These were damning statements, as far as the four brands were concerned, but examination of CR's general remarks about liquor disclosed three interesting facts: First, that no brand tested by CR had a copper content of more than three parts in a million, which is nothing. Second, that CR found five brands to be "contaminated with copper," which raised the question of which of the eleven indicated to be free of copper is in actuality contaminated. And third, that CR tested only fifteen of the sixteen brands it rated, which raises the question: which is the untested brand and does it contain copper of more or less than 3 ppm?

IV

As a lobbyist for Consumers' Research, Kallet got off to a poor start. In his first appearance before a Senate committee he had to favor the bill under consideration. This was a tremendous handicap, but Kallet took it cheerfully, knowing that there would be other bills to oppose. This particular one was the celebrated Tugwell measure for the regulation of foods, drugs, and cosmetics. According to certain theories, the Tugwell bill stemmed from *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs.* Some of the theorists even claim that Mr. Roosevelt read the book and told Tugwell to do something. That is hardly likely, for Tugwell had visited Russia with one of the authors of *Your Money's Worth,* had served on the board of sponsors of Consumers' Research, and had mastered their works before the Chief even saw them. There is some evidence that Tugwell let Consumers' Research see the bill before he showed it to Senator Copeland, who introduced it. There is also some evidence that the professor who wrote the bill let Consumers' Research see it before he showed it to Tugwell In any case, Kallet was sent to Washington to support the

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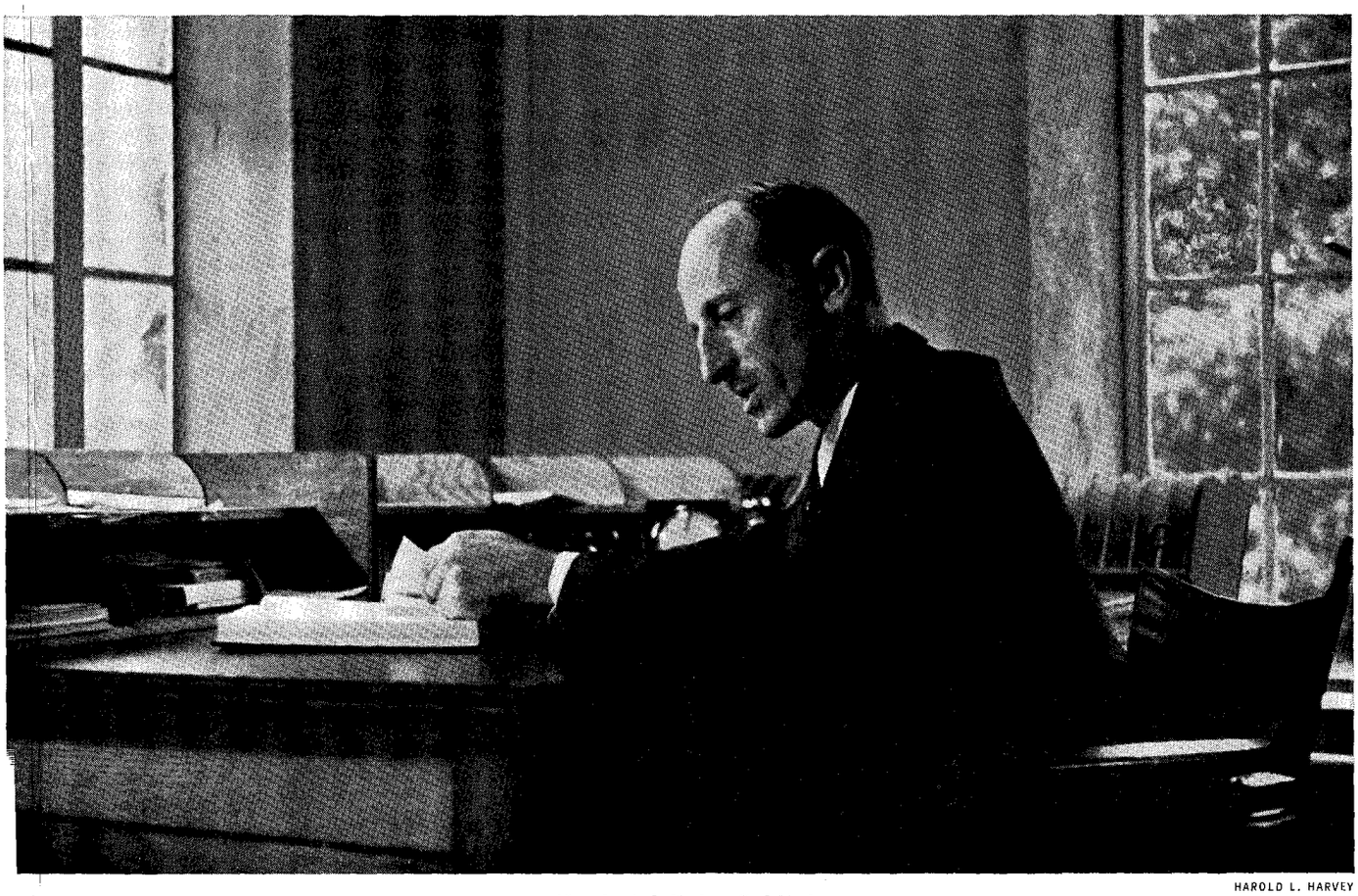

HAROLD L. HARVEY

Frederick John Schlink

measure which big business was opposing with perhaps he most powerful lobby in our history. But Kallet partly xtricated himself from the embarrassing position of berending something. As a supporter of the measure he ound a fault as great as any discovered by the opponents. Ie testified that it was too weak.

Kallet was happier when fighting the various revisions f the Tugwell bill. He and Schlink opposed every food, rug, and cosmetic bill that had a chance of passing. mong these was S.5, a measure which would have given ie consumers considerably more protection than they ave under the existing law. S.5 drastically increased the riminal penalties for adulteration and misbranding. Goig on where the existing law stops, it placed cosmetics nder governmental regulation and provided for factory spection, control of advertising, and injunctions against ommitting prohibited acts. On top of all this, it prohibited aims of therapeutic effect which are false and misleading, hereas the law on the books prohibits only those which e false and fraudulent. But S.5 didn't satisfy Kallet and chlink. They had prepared a measure of their own, more diculous than even the Tugwell bill.

As an opponent of legislation that came within a hair passing, it was perfectly proper for Kallet to try to eate incidents. He was fairly successful in the gadfly rôle. e succeeded in getting statements stricken from the cord, in producing warnings, in prodding Senator Clark to threatening to eject him from the committee room and, finally, in getting himself cut off. In the Senate hearings Kallet indulged in personalities, including calling one Senator a Hitler. Over on the House side he tried the same thing, saw it wasn't working, and then simply overstayed his welcome. Many witnesses took the stand with five- and ten-minute limitations. Kallet was given an hour. He took nearly an hour and a half and then, when offered fifteen minutes more, complained that it wasn't enough.

It is difficult to gauge Kallet's influence on public opinion. In the field of legislation he and Schlink have hardly done more than help postpone the inevitable passage of some kind of food, drug, and cosmetic bill. In other fields their influence defies measurement. They have enraged possibly as many as a hundred thousand consumers and probably a thousand business houses—all that have been put in CR's *Not Recommended* and CU's *Not Acceptable* lists. They have frightened a great many people and set a few to making toothpaste out of salt. But they have made no appreciable effect on the nation's buying, manufacturing, and advertising habits.

V

In the summer of 1935 Kallet and Schlink turned from their little *Schrecklichkeit* to make war on one another. The battle was for control of Consumers' Research. It was fought near Washington, N. J., on a lovely hillside to which CR had moved in 1933. It was no dialectical schism, no paper maneuver, but a bloody, head-bashing, rock-

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throwing, car-wrecking strike—for its size probably as violent as any labor dispute ever seen in this country. Even when you view it now, with the perspective of two years, this battle seems as strange, as weird and as inexplicable as the recent trials in Moscow. The bitterness exceeded that which either Kallet or Schlink ever displayed toward big business. At one point Kallet was issuing insinuations about Schlink's family connections and Schlink was replying with a statement that Kallet's family name originally wasn't Kallet. Whatever the truth of these charges, and dozens like them, Schlink was in a bad spot. Business was laughing at his difficulties, and left-wing circles were backing the strikers without, of course, making any thorough investigation.

Today all that appears incontrovertible is that Kallet was on one side, the strikers' side, and that Schlink was on the other; and that following the strike Schlink still retained control of Consumers' Research and Kallet promptly launched his own Consumers Union. Why the strike was called, whether it was justified, who was really behind it, what the Communist connections actually signified—all these questions are clouded by contradictory evidence. The National Labor Relations Board took more than 1200 pages of testimony without clearing up questions a layman would want answered. The Board issued directions which Consumers' Research had ignored and, to this day, no one has gone to court to get those directions enforced.

During the strike, Kallet's three personalities merged into one. He attacked Schlink in print, on the lecture platform, and at the battle scene. He went to Washington, N. J., to urge the strikers on; and he used the *New Masses* to attack CR labor policies which had been put into effect while he was a member of the CR board. As a result, Kallet was rewarded with an organization which he could move as far to the left as he wished, while Schlink was given good reason to hop back to the right. Schlink lost a block of subscribers as well as some illusions about labor and Marx-quoting friends. Before the strike he was forever making openings for workmen involved in labor difficulties; since 1935 he has put more weight on their technical background and has granted Kallet a virtual monopoly of malcontents as well as of the proletarian field.

Kallet has made a conscious and fairly successful play to the masses. Under his directions and according to his figures Consumers Union has grown faster than Consumers' Research ever did. In eighteen months he has pushed its circulation past 40,000. He has cornered the submarginal field in part by providing an abridged edition for people unable to make the "$3 investment which can save you $50 to $100." He has enrolled 10,000 of these unfortunates, who pay as low as sixty cents apiece a year and in return read recommendations of $3.49 rum, $129 washing machines and $80 cameras.

But Kallet's success is not entirely attributable to price-cutting. He has made generous use of his old enemy, advertising. He has spent more on advertising and promotion than on his entire technical department. He has also used this medium judiciously, changing his advertising copy as adroitly as any agency man. Kallet shows readers of the capitalist press a list of sponsors quite different from the list displayed to the Reds. He also gives varying emphasis to Consumers Union's practice of reporting on labor conditions. It is played up here, played down there. In only one respect do Kallet's advertisements depart from bourgeois technique. He has offered subscriptions with membership for $3 and subscriptions without membership for $3.50. With that standard of value before us we can well imagine what will happen once Kallet and his crowd get control of our economic system. Consumers will be offered Fords with accessories for a small price and Fords without accessories for only a trifle extra.

Poet and Clerk

MICHAEL DE LISIO

I dreamt away my time,
I drifted past the truth,
I made the hours rhyme —
Immortalized my youth.

I leaned upon the brink
Of streams forever clear
Till one blue drop of ink
Destroyed the atmosphere.

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Not Devoid of Feeling

MARK SCHORER

I TELL this with a curious sadness. It is the kind of sadness you feel when you have failed at something you care about. Yet the failure in this incident was not my own, I think, any more than it was hers. I mean, there was nothing I could do about it, nothing more than to buy that drink, and to say as she left, "Well, Mary, it's been swell." And to feel as I said it that deadly loss, waste, shame even, feel a failure which was not mine at all but the failure of life itself, I suppose, its failure to contain itself, to remain steady instead of rushing, changing. How vain to let yourself be moved by time, to catch yourself wishing that time could be something else than time! Yet it was in some such confusion that I found myself, that made me wonder if we do forget all of the important things, lose them, and, senselessly, remember all the trivial.

For I might never have thought of her again. That is a little hard to believe now, and yet it is more than likely. Only God knows how long it was since I had last thought of her. Mary Graham! I suppose some men would not have forgotten, any poet, any man like that, any man who treasures feeling, more or less makes memory his profession. But a lawyer is different, lawyers and men like that can forget, and if you work as hard getting places as I have, work so hard that the speed of time is doubled, tripled—well, that makes it easy. You forget time itself. And let yourself in now and then for sudden feelings that confuse you.

Well, it was late in November, a dark night, a little windy, a little damp, as if it might rain. I had been working late and was anxious now to get home, into a walled place, out of the immense discomfort of the city, in out of the night, by the fire, with a drink, pipe, my wife. I was fumbling with my keys at the gate of the Park when the woman came along. I heard her slow footsteps as I put the key into the iron lock, but I did not look up until she said, "Pardon me, could I come in?"

I turned and looked at her. In the darkness it was hard to see her face, and all I could tell about her clothes was that she had on a little hat with a tall black feather sticking up. But I thought from her voice that she was not a tenant; for it lacked all assurance. It was understood that you did not let strangers in; in the mammoth city you pay for the privilege of a green square with trees on it. And I was about to tell her that I could not let her in when I thought of the time I had let a tramp in to read on a bench. I remembered the tattered, red copy of *Capital* under his arm. So I said, "Sure," and turned the key.

She moved out of the shadows, and in the dim light I saw her face more clearly. And at once I knew whose face it was. It was different, much older, very tired, its clear beauty gone, but it was unquestionably hers.

"Mary Graham!" I said.

She looked at me surprised, but did not speak.

"Don't you remember me?" I asked.

She stared. Then I saw the light break over her face. "Not—not Bob Bridger!" she cried.

"Yes!"

And then, for a moment, we simply stared at each other, silent, two still figures in the pit of the city, lost for a second amid the remote gray towers of the city that stood all around us.

"Well, fancy—" she said at last.

I laughed. It was suddenly embarrassing. And for lack of anything better to say, I said the wrong thing. "Do you live here?"

She laughed. "Good heavens, no! I'm afraid I'm just a poor girl who wants to take a load off her feet."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Don't be, don't be."

"Then—you're not doing anything—right now?"

"Not a thing."

"Let's get a drink. There's a little bar a block away."

"Splendid idea," she said.

And so, after almost twenty years, we were walking together again. She took my arm, said, "Well!"

"Where does one begin?" I asked.

"Where indeed?" she cried. "Think of the years!"

"Yes."

"You tell me about yourself first," she said.

"There isn't much to tell," I said, automatically, the way you do say things like that even when you realize that there is more than can ever be properly told. And I thought quickly, in a rush of memory, of that time twenty years back, when I was a clumsy, seventeen-year-old country boy who knew nothing, and she was a goddess of twenty-two or three, glorified by a metropolitan life which I did not know, by a vast and thrilling experience which I had yet to discover. And now look at us, I was thinking when she pressed my arm and cried, "Come! Tell me something!"

"I don't know," I said. "It's a long story and not very interesting."

She looked up at me so that I saw her dark eyes flash in her wan face. "Did you get to law school?"

I laughed. "You remember? Oh, yes, I did."

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"And now?"

"Now I'm a lawyer."

"And if you live back there, in one of those neat houses in that park, I take it you're a good one."

"I don't know," I said.

"Married, Bob?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Children?"

"One."

She paused, then cried on a glad rush of breath. "Oh, how nice your life must be!"

There was nothing sad in her voice then, I was certain, only pleasure, only delight in my good fortune. But I thought of the terrible sadness that she must not be expressing, thought of that beggar I'd once let into the Park. I could not bring myself to ask about her life, about what had happened to her in those twenty years.

"The American myth," she said. "Do you remember that summer? You were doing odd jobs around the hotel, saving money to get to college!"

"Yes. Helping old ladies into their cars, weeding flower beds, cutting lawns . . ."

And for a moment the incredibly sweet smell of cut grass, the smell of fields in summer seemed heavy on the dank city air. I thought of the blue lake, the clean, rolling waves, the long sandy beach, and the wind-swept dunes of Michigan. I thought of the sound that bees make, and of birds, waking you up in the morning.

"And helping young ladies up when their horses threw them," she said.

"Only one young lady," I said. "That was funny, you know. I just happened to be coming along that road, almost never walked there. . . ."

"I know."

And there it all was with me again, as clear as yesterday. The sleek brown horse galloping past me like mad, and the lovely girl sitting in the road, rubbing her thigh. I remembered every detail of the picture—the green trees, the mottled shade, even the wild geranium that she had stuck in her hair, pale lavender against her black hair.

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I ran up to her. "Do you need help?" I asked.

"No," she said. "But the horse——"

"He's all right. He won't stop till he gets to the stables."

She grinned at me then. "I guess I'm not much good on a horse," she said when I helped her up. "I keep forgetting that I'm riding."

"What happened?"

"Oh, a rabbit ran across the road. The reins were loose. He bolted, that's all. And I bounced off."

"Let me help you back to the hotel."

"Thanks," she said. "I guess I'm all right."

But she limped as she walked, and pretty soon her leg began to ache, and it ended with my carrying her up the steps of the hotel, and all the old ladies on the porch hurrying up, exclaiming, and her father finally running out and taking her.

"Thanks, boy," he said.

I was dizzy with the faint perfume of her hair, flushed and warm, half drunk. I rubbed my shoulder where her head had pressed, and she looked at me over her father's shoulder then and said, "Thank you a lot." Her eyes were as dark and shining as jet, and her skin like the petals of a wild, white flower.

"Strange," she said now as we walked. "Strange that we could be friends, wasn't it, really? That so much could happen! And my father there all the time. After all, he made me go to the country to keep me out of what he called 'mischief'!"

"Yes," I said.

"Strange," she said again.

Strange! I was a country lout, ignorant, clumsy, doing odd jobs around a fashionable hotel in which she lived. Over the dunes was my father's farm. I was seventeen, a dumb farm kid. And when she left at the end of the summer I was grown up, I was a man, and not as dumb as before.

"Here we are," I said.

We went down a few steps, into the restaurant. There was almost no one there, only two men at a table, the proprietor behind the bar, a waiter leaning against the wall, and another waiter playing idly at the piano. We sat down at a table in a corner of the room.

Now for the first time I saw her clearly. She was another woman. Her eyes were dark still, to be sure, but they were netted around by innumerable tiny lines; her hair under the jaunty hat with the stiff, frayed feather looked faded; her mouth was coarsened, thick with rouge; and her chin sagged. Her clothes were respectable enough, but they were not new, and they looked cheap, rather flashy. She had some sort of fluffy lace thing around the neck of her dress, a little bedraggled, and too many big rings on her fingers. Her nails were painted a dark red. And her skin, once white and soft as the petals of wild flowers, was dry, hard-looking. God, I thought, where is that girl?

"You've not asked one thing about me!" she cried.

The waiter was at our table, holding out menus.

"Have you had supper?"

She nodded.

"Scotch?"

"Please."

I gave the order. Then I looked at her again, and felt a pain like a gripping hand inside my chest. I asked, "How's your father?"

"He died a long time ago."

"I'm sorry."

"It's all right."

"And since then?"

She looked at me closely. "Since then? Well, I had some money, so I got along pretty well. Then I had no money, and I worked for a long time, modeling clothes. Then that was over. Now I'm at loose ends."

Momentarily I thought of offering her money, but that seemed crude, almost cruel. So I asked, "Have you lived here long?"

"Too long," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, sometimes I wish my father were still alive, and I was still a girl in her twenties who got hauled off into the country in the summers, where life is secure, the air is clean, people are friendly, and cruelty isn't so near the surface."

Her face was suddenly haggard. Then she forced a smile and said, "But this is too dull! You tell me about your life. Are you in a firm?"

"Corporation. Taking the big boys' money."

"Who take the little boys?"

I smiled. "If you like," I said.

The waiter brought our drinks then, and we were silent for a while. At last she asked. "And your child? Is it a boy?"

"Yes. Five years old. Very bright, naturally."

She laughed. "Naturally!" Then, "Tell me about your wife, Bob!"

What to tell? I looked at Mary Graham. She looked like any woman in her forties who had had a hard time of it. And that was the shocking thing, that there she was, in her forties! I am thirty-seven. And Linda is ten years younger than I am. She was a child of seven when I knew Mary! What to tell?

"Who is she?"

I felt helpless, confused, took a drink. "Well," I said, "her name is Linda Harvey. We've been married for eight years. The boy's five, as I guess I said. That's about all."

Those were the barest facts. But what could I say of the rest? What could I tell Mary Graham of that happiness? How could I tell her what I was thinking when she spoke to me at the gate of the Park, of a fire in a hearth, and quiet walls that harbor your heart's whole desire, more happiness than there are words for? How could I tell her that you can love a woman forever, never grow tired of her, be lonely without her no matter how hard you work, ache at the thought of having her beside you in a bed, and that woman your wife? How could I tell those things? And how could I tell her that she, Mary

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Graham, whom I had forgotten for almost twenty years, had her part in all that, contributed to that happiness?

"Do you remember the gulls over the lake?" she asked. "Do you ever go back there?"

"Not for years," I said. "My father and mother died when I was still in school. The farm was sold. That's how I got through law school."

"I remember your dreams of it," she said.

"I must have bored you!"

She looked at me sharply. "You know you didn't." She paused, then, "You know, Bob, I was really crazy with love that summer. Forgive me for talking about it. But I was. And it was the last time that I cared very much—in that way."

"You were swell to me!"

When I was seventeen, I thought, the difference in our ages was nothing, or better, was good. But now things were changed. It was the difference between Linda's age and mine that was nothing, or good, and the difference between Mary's and mine that was shocking to me, incredible. She was an old woman. With women like that, beauty, youth—these are the whole thing. So her life was over. But mine was just beginning, just smoothing itself out for a long lease on happiness.

"Do you ever think of that summer, Bob?"

"Often!"

"I do. At first I was afraid. I thought I'd harmed you."

"Harmed?"

"You were young. I wasn't. I wonder sometimes if I'd been different if my mother had lived. If I'd been any less hard."

"You weren't hard. That's silly."

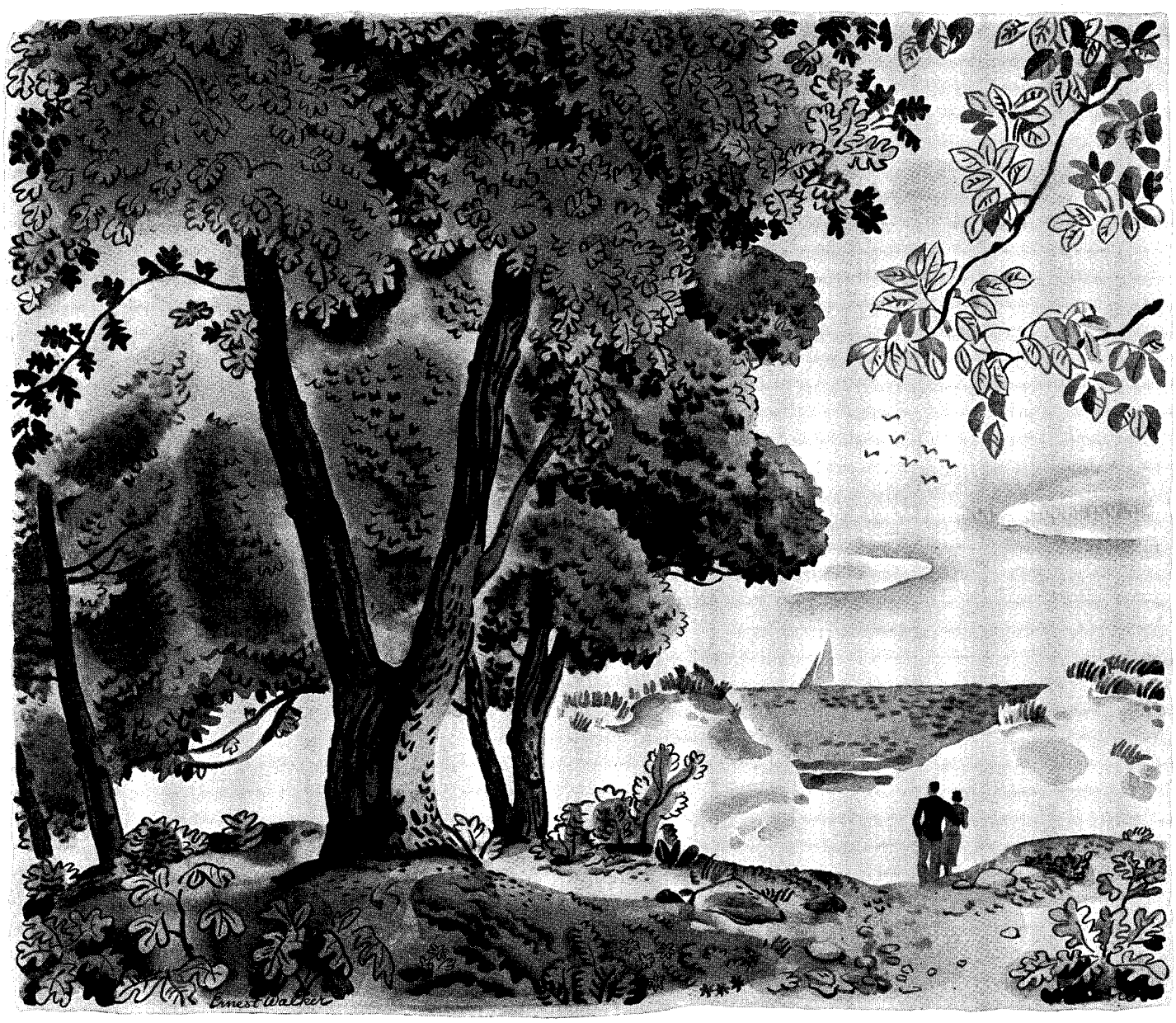
"I think I was. It just wasn't showing then yet is all."

"Oh no."

"And you were young, a boy still. A hard woman can do a boy a lot of harm. I worried about that."

"You shouldn't have."

I was struggling to say something. It was something that I deeply felt. I wanted to tell her that I would always remember her. I wanted to say that for what she



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gave me there was no way of thanking her. There is none.

How can you thank a woman who makes a man of you, who has knowledge and grace, and teaches you that love is a precious, intricate thing? I might never have learned that.

We all have the same equipment, but we do not all learn. I was a farm boy who knew about animals. But men and women are something else, and love with men and women is love only because it is tender, gracious, accomplished. In that year, or the next, there would surely have been another girl, a different first time. And how can I know what it might have been like? It could not have been as good. So how could I say that I owed her much, and that, twenty years after, she still played her part in my life, had an intimate part in my marriage?

"Do you ever remember how the gulls flew over the lake?" she asked. "How they dipped and swooped, made those marvelous arcs we watched?"

"Yes."

"And the blue water, how it rolled in, endless, forever?"

"Yes."

"And the woods we walked in sometimes, deep and green and cool, silent except for the birds?"

"Yes."

"Oh, it was all so lovely!"

"Do you remember the night on the dunes?" I asked.

She looked at me quizzically. I wanted to go on. I wanted to ask, Do you remember how fiercely passion came upon us? How hot my lips were on yours? With what violence the ecstatic anguish of a moment made me grip your shoulders? How we lay long on the warm sand, under the bright stars in the remote sky?

"Which night?" she asked.

"All the nights," I said.

"Under the stars."

"Yes."

Her face had softened. She looked down at her glass, almost empty, and I think that if she had not worn that outlandish hat with the feather sticking straight up from its crown, she would have looked something like a madonna. Her eyes were cast down, her lips were parted slightly, her hands were gentle at her breast.

She looked up abruptly, smiled. She was the tired woman of forty again, worn out, her life over. "Time passes," she said.

"Time does."

"Shouldn't you be at home?"

"I suppose so."

"Then hadn't we better finish these, and go?"

"I guess so."

We emptied our glasses. Then we sat silent for a moment more. I wanted to tell her what I felt, and I wanted to do something for her. I saw how haggard her face was, and I knew as I looked at her what she was suffering, what her life must be. I wondered through how many men's hands she had passed, how hard she had become, what would happen to her now that men did not want her any more. I think I would have done anything at all for her in that moment, given her anything I had; but already I knew that, when we separated, I would be able to do nothing. And she would never know how deeply grateful one man was to her.

She asked, "Shall we go?"

I helped her into her coat, paid the check, followed her out. It was raining a little, a cold drizzle that drifted down like dispersing cloud over the gray city. We stood in the entrance of the restaurant.

"I'm afraid I'm going this way," she said, and pointed in the opposite direction from which we had come.

"May I walk with you? Or call a cab?"

"Don't trouble, Bob. I can pick one up along the way."

"Will I see you again?" I asked.

"I hope so," she said. "Where can I reach you?"

I hesitated. Then I said, "Look, Mary, here's my card —business address. Will you promise something?"

"What?"

"That you'll call me if you ever think I can help you?"

She put out her hand, took the card, tucked it into her bag. Then she held out her hand again. "Thanks ever so much, Bob. I will. You're very kind."

I wanted to say something. But it was as if there were a great distance between us, a waste between us, instead of a foot or two, and as if words, if they could be said, would be futile against that waste. I stammered, "I want to say——"

"Yes?"

"Well, what I mean is— Can you . . . ?"

"What is it?"

"Well, Mary, it's been swell," I finished.

"It has. Thanks ever so much."

She pulled her hand out of mine and started down the street. I stood and watched her. I felt helpless, sad, as if I had failed her badly, even felt ashamed. Surely there was something I could have done for her. Money—no, it could not have been that. Words, assurance of some sort, some warmth expressed—well, words come hard after years, with such a difference as there was between us now. And she did not seem to want to wait for words. I heard her heels strike sharply on the sidewalk for a moment, then heard them dim. I knew that I would never see her again. She was crossing an empty street, her figure sharp and black under the light, then was across, and lost suddenly in shadows. She was gone. For good, I knew. This moment would never return. She was going out to do what she could with the little that she had left. I knew that she would never call me, that she would never think she needed me desperately enough to call me.

I turned away and started back to the Park, oppressed by the heavy air, the cold drizzle, the bleak wind whipping down the street, and the ominous, secret city all around me. Inside me this failure was heavy. I felt as if I had failed in something very important, as if something now was wasted, lost. And I began to wonder if I could ever tell Linda of this woman, to whom we both owed something even if I forgot her again. But this last, I knew, could never happen.

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Scribner's American Painters Series

NO. 9—"SLEEPING CHILD" BY ISABEL BISHOP

When so many contemporary American painters are concerned with the problem of being "American" and many others with the necessity for being "modern," Isabel Bishop goes her way quietly, talks modestly, and paints seriously. It is safe to say that there is scarcely a woman painter in this country today to compare with her in the mastery of those elements that give a painting solidity and depth.

To even the most casual observer her most apparent qualities are modesty and charm. Not that she makes light of her work, but she speaks of it in such a matter-of-fact fashion and with such unself-consciousness that one is tremendously attracted by both the woman and her art.

She looks calmly about her from a studio on Union Square in New York and surveys the scene: stenographers hurrying along or standing on the curb, idlers conversing near the many statues that dot the square, or some old derelict salvaging a cigar butt from the pavement. These, and similar themes, are the subjects of her paintings, but for her they are neither great social symbols nor abstract patterns summing up the furious tempo of the city. To Miss Bishop they are merely subjects to paint, aids in her studies of form and space. The fact that she occasionally pulls a model in from the street does not give her the illusion that she is another Rembrandt painting the soul of our century.

Isabel Bishop was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1902 and was brought up in Detroit. She came to New York at the age of fifteen and has lived in the city since. Art came into her life while she was still a high-school girl in Detroit, but the most valuable training came from the classes of that great teacher, Kenneth Hayes Miller, at the Art Students League in New York. Today Miss Bishop is the only full-time woman teacher in that same school.

To the art-minded public, the work of Isabel Bishop is already well-known from the examples of her painting in the Metropolitan and Whitney Museums in New York and the Addison Gallery in Andover, Massachusetts. For her native state, Ohio, she is now preparing an impressive mural that will be placed in the New Lexington post office. This work, on order from the Treasury Department, was assigned to Miss Bishop without any competition, on the basis of her reputation as an artist.

During the last year further honors have come to her; "At the Noon Hour," one of her finest etchings, was included in the *Fifty Prints of the Year,* and shortly after, the National Academy of Design awarded her the Isaac N. Maynard portrait prize.

She makes it a practice not to use professional models, preferring to find them among her neighbors. Recently, after "Two Girls" (waitresses at Childs' Restaurant) had been bought by the Metropolitan Museum, a woman wrote to Miss Bishop telling her about a lovely daughter "whose face ought to be canvassed"—it was. Many others have since flocked to her studio for the same purpose, particularly young high-school girls.

The "Sleeping Child" here reproduced is the daughter of a friend of one of Miss Bishop's waitress models, who brought the child with her one day while waiting for the lady of the tray to be painted. The child, forced to stand quietly near her mother, soon fell asleep, the small head resting in the mother's lap. It was from this scene that Miss Bishop made the charming pastel sketch we have here.

To say that Isabel Bishop's work reminds us of the great masters of the past is neither a compliment nor a deprecation, but merely a sign of the fact that, in her painting, the most solid and human values of that long tradition are brought up to date.

"Scribner's American Painters Series" is edited and supervised by Bernard Myers

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Six Days Is a Long Time

HARLAN HATCHER

DRAWINGS BY JOHN HELIKER

Leaving Rockport he estimated that with luck the tires on his old Ford touring car would hold as far as New York. About 275 miles, the road map showed, through Worcester and Danbury. In the late October of that year, the color in northern Connecticut was exceptional. As good in its way, he thought, as the coast of Cape Ann. At Torrington he picked up a nail in the right front and had to stop and patch the tube. After that the color was not so good.

Just outside Danbury, while slowing down for a traffic light, the left rear blew out. His tiring nerves jerked tight with the explosion. He let the car coast on through the red light, trying not to believe he was hearing the onrush of air subsiding to a weak whistle. Then he got out. He stood in the road with his shoulders drooping and gazed at it. He gave it a vigorous kick of disgust, climbed back in, and drove on. He felt a sadistic relief in stepping on the gas and listening to the lively thump of the valve which was pounding away on the concrete into Danbury.

In front of the garage there was a truck tire with a crude sign painted on it: Flats Fixed.

"Can you fix it?" he asked the man who came out.

"Sure. Anybody could fix it—with a new one."

"Couldn't you do something with it?" he pleaded.

"Sure. Throw it away!" The man was sarcastic.

"I've got to get to New York!"

"O. K., brother. Go right ahead. But that tire was blowed all to hell before the rim chewed it up."

"How much will a new one cost me?"

"Twelve-eighty with tube."

"Gosh! I haven't got it. Have you any used ones?"

"Yeah, I got some if they'll fit you. But they're wore."

The tire and tube cost six dollars. He bought only a hot dog and a cup of coffee for supper. The traffic was bad from the Kensico Reservoir down Route 22, and he had never been in New York. He arrived at First Avenue and Eighty-third Street at ten-thirty in the evening.

Hordes of children still swarmed in the street. Some played football with a cap stuffed with excelsior. Some

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banged a tin can with gas pipes and broken golf clubs for hockey sticks. A few had roller skates. Some merely ran about among the ash cans, throwing papers and boxes. All of them screamed and yelled.

He suddenly felt there was something ominous about the place. He tried to ease up to the curb without being noticed. It was impossible. Before he could shut off the engine, the kids were swarming around the car, jumping on the running board, all shouting at once.

"Hey, c'mere! Look a de license!"

"INDIANA! Hey, it a frum Indiana!"

"Hey, mister, yu leava de car here?"

Coming at the end of this long drive, after the costly blowout and the confusion of New York traffic, this surprise attack from the gang made him feel weak.

"Whatcha gonna do wid de car?"

He tried to say something pleasant and comradely. Nothing would come. He pushed them off and got out. They watched him go up to the door with the "Furnished Rooms" sign on it, and then abruptly lost interest in him and thronged back into the street. While he waited at the top of the steps, he glanced nervously back and felt better to see that the untamed mob had resumed their screaming and their play.

Mrs. Eilert opened the door.

"I'm Lyle Prichard," he said. "Mr. DeWitt recommended . . ."

But Mrs. Eilert had stepped back and invited him in. She seemed quaint and friendly in contrast to the street.

"I have a nice front room all ready for you," she said.

"Is it an expensive room? Because . . ." Lyle began with concern.

"I'm sure you'll like it. Mr. DeWitt told me you were to work with him. That's nice."

As she showed Lyle up to the room, she spoke of the great man in the days when he lived in a back room in this very house, and she told little episodes of his forgetfulness.

There were two small front windows in the room. Lyle went over and looked down into the street. The kids were beginning to thin out, but two of them were back on the running board of the car prying into the luggage and the stack of paintings that were crowded into the rear.

"I'll have to get my things in before the kids get them," he said.

"You can't leave anything loose for a minute," Mrs. Eilert said with despair and rebuke in her voice. "The children run wild. You never saw the like of them. A gang of them ran into Maxim's grocery this morning and pushed their thumbs and fists into a whole row of fresh pastries wrapped up in Cellophane and completely ruined them! Then they rushed out before Maxim could get to them."

"Where are the cops?"

"Oh, the children are privileged around here. They make life hard for the cops who interfere with them."

"I wonder about my car. I just can't afford storage."

"They'll not likely carry it away."

Mrs. Eilert opened the door and turned again to look at Lyle. He seemed so young and pale, and so distraught.

"You better get some rest," Mrs. Eilert said. As she smiled at him, he noticed that the left side of her face remained perfectly rigid except for the slight backward pull at the corner of her mouth. The other side seemed almost to beam with warmth and sympathy. He tried not to stare at her. Was this, he wondered, the visible mark New York had set upon her?

"Yes, thanks, I will," he said, and searched his pockets for his car key.

When he got back to the street, one little Italian kid was still on the running board trying to see what was in the back of the car. Lyle began to lift out his suitcase and the unframed canvases he had painted during the summer.

"Hey, mister. You live way outen de West?"

"You better keep away from that, sonny."

"You gonna stay here on Eighty-toid?"

"You might get hurt."

"You comma de long way. Indiana! Geee! You leava de car set?"

The cop passed by. He stopped as though he would say something. Lyle took a load into the house. When he came back, the cop was gone. The kid was gone too. Lyle carried in the rest of the paintings. Then he washed, undressed, and crawled into bed. He tossed about on the hard mattress and could not get to sleep. The sinister feel of the city after the open sea at Rockport disturbed him. He fell to thinking of those kids in the street. It had been like coming upon a savage tribe in a jungle. He got up and put his head out of the window. The street was quiet. The old Ford looked strangely familiar and uncomfortable in the lamplight. He got back into bed. The sign on the delicatessen flashing red on and off bothered him. He got up again and pulled down the shades.

Tense and overstimulated,

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he turned from side to side, feeling less sure of himself than at any time in all his twenty-three years. He realized now how much he had depended upon his father in Broad Ripple, Indiana. He had always felt secure because his father's checks were prompt. The checks were something that just happened, like the tides at Cape Ann. But they were not to happen any more. His father was cleaned out and had written him he'd better try to get back home till things were better.

That gave him the shock. He lay there realizing at last what it meant to be cut off and set adrift in the very midst of his rapturous daydreaming that had been fed by the first prize in oils in the Hoosier exhibition. The Indianapolis Art School seemed far way in the provinces. He was one unknown boy surrounded by millions fighting for place.

When he first wakened he could hardly separate the wash of the sea in his dreams from the rumble of life in the great city about him. He sprang out of bed and went to the window. The car was there—one familiar object in this whirling confusion. He felt a sudden touch of sentimental affection for it, identifying it with himself, each an adventurous stranger in a strange land and burdened with the same doubt of survival. But October lay fresh over New York and the town was magnetic. He could feel its beat and surge filling up the islands, spilling eastward into Connecticut, westward over Jersey; everybody hurrying to his own established place. The rhythm of the onrush entered his blood. The summer at Rockport was over.

He breathed and bathed and felt more confident as he dressed himself and started downstairs on his way to Foulton DeWitt's famous studio. He paused on the littered steps to look at the car and the street. A crowd of kids had gathered about the front license plate, pointing, shouting, pushing one another around. The scene had the same ominous and inhuman aspect of last night. Lyle looked straight ahead and walked west. But one of them seemed to recognize him.

"Hey, mister! Hey! Dissa your car?"

Lyle quickened his pace.

"Hey, mister! Hey, you! You leava de car set?"

The shrill cry sounded like a threat. He turned the corner, barely glancing back to see the hostile little battalion lined up in front of the car.

"Look ad 'im go!" they shouted. The taunt followed him and stuck in his mind to depress him. He was just a little unnerved by this first plunge into the immense city. He would be all right when he saw DeWitt. DeWitt would know how to advise.

Lyle walked up to Eighty-sixth Street looking at the delicatessen shops and German restaurants. He finally bought a nickel glass of orange juice and a doughnut, and then enquired his way to the elevated station. As he was about to drop a nickel in the turnstile, it dawned on him that DeWitt's address was East Sixty-fourth Street and he should walk.

He had trouble finding the place, and then locating Foulton DeWitt's card stuck in the slot above one of the lids in the confusing battery of mail boxes in the lobby. He rang the bell and waited. Nobody answered. He rang and waited, and rang again and waited. He noticed the elevator shaft at the end of the lobby. He pushed the button and the elevator came, but it had no attendant. The thought of trying to manipulate it by himself terrified him. He climbed up to the sixth floor. Even before his finger touched the bell he could feel that the room behind the door was empty. The silence that followed his ring was as ill-boding as the strident cries of those kids around the car. He knocked on the door and then paced up and down the hall feeling very helpless. He stood before the door again, took out a card to leave, put it back in his pocket, and started away. But DeWitt was expecting him; surely he had gone out only for a minute.

A young colored maid with a bucket and a mop came up the stairs and fitted a key into the lock on the apartment next door. Lyle envied her easy sense of belonging.

"You lookin' fo' Mr. DeWitt?" she asked impersonally.

"Why, yes."

"You ain't gonna find him here. He done gone away somewhere."

"But I had an appointment with him," Lyle said in a weak voice.

"You can't never tell nothin' 'bout dat man. He draws. He done gone off to Granite Head or somewheres to draw boats and sailormen fo' a story in de magazine."

"When did he go? I just had a letter from him."

"You can't tell nothin' 'bout dat man. Sometimes he goes off and don't come back fo' weeks."

She entered and closed the door. So that was that. You couldn't study with or work for a man in Sixty-fourth Street when he had gone away without warning to Granite Head to draw boats and sailors. Lyle thought of all the sketches he had made in the Gloucester harbor. DeWitt might have had them. Wearily he descended the five flights of steps and turned east wandering aimlessly all the way to the East River. He sat on the wharf and watched the boats pass against the drab background of Welfare Island, glanced at the magnificent pile of the Rockefeller Institute and the Cornell Medical Center. Everybody placed, everybody going somewhere, everybody already there.

The traffic rumbled across Queensboro Bridge. Each car became a slow minute passing on to no destination. Lyle realized how much he had counted on finding DeWitt. He had made no other plans. He didn't know another soul among all these millions. He wandered down York Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street, and then slowly on tired feet west until he came to the art galleries. He studied the pictures on display in the windows. Some were good, some were filthy. But all were by aliens. Raoul Dufy, Le Sidaner, Anto-Carte . . . And he wondered if his things would ever be in the Anderson Galleries.

By late afternoon he was completely worn down with this drifting about, and his brain had ceased to function.

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He hadn't the least idea where he had been, nor where he now was. The room at Mrs. Eilert's flashed before him as a retreat.

It was five o'clock when he got to Eighty-third Street. The crowd of kids was playing around the parked car. The black Italian boy jumped up on the running board, put his head inside and his hand on the horn. When he sounded the horn, two gangs of dirty urchins rushed out of ambush and attacked around the car, climbing through it and banging the doors.

Lyle felt the resentment of ownership. He hurried up and took the Italian kid by the belt, jerking him off.

"Get off of there, you, and stay off!"

The gangs abruptly left off fighting and gathered around Lyle. The Italian broke away.

"Lemme be. I ain't hurtin' yer!" he cried.

"You kids stay away from it. Leave it alone," Lyle ordered, and started up to the door of his rooming house. The boy pointed at Lyle, and turned to address the gang.

"Lissen 'im! Hey, yu micks, lissen 'im! Hear whad he say? He say you leava de car alone!" He gave a laugh like a catcall, and jumped back on the running board; he began to blow the horn again, thumbing his nose at Lyle. The horn had grown feeble.

Lyle turned and started to run down the steps. The kids retreated, mechanically moving away as Lyle approached.

"Stay away from it now, all of you."

"Gwan, chase yerself!"

He went in. Mrs. Eilert was in the upstairs hall. Her kindly half-smile was restorative. "They've been blowing the horn on your car all day. I don't think they've bothered anything though."

"I just drove them off and told them to keep away."

He went on to his room and washed his hands. When he looked down from his window, the boy who had been blowing the horn was astride the hood and the two gangs were again playing at a street war with the car between them. A doll-faced German kid climbed into the rear seat with a wooden imitation of a machine gun, and began to slaughter the rival gang. They caught one screaming little Jew, put him in an onion sack, and tossed him into the back of the car.

"To hell with 'em!" Lyle said, and lay down on the bed.

He was dead tired and his feet ached. It was silly to wear himself out this way for nothing. He lay there thinking of his father and the letter, hearing those kids outside, feeling the overwhelming loneliness of this place. Then he fell asleep. When he awoke it was dark, and he was weak from hunger. He looked out. The kids were gone from the car. It sat there like a hostage recoiling from threat. Lyle went out for some milk and a piece of German pastry. He tramped around for a while on his stiff legs, fascinated by the costumed doormen in front of rival restaurants, reading the elaborate menu cards in the windows. They made him so hungry that he decided to go back to his room.

He looked down the street to see if those kids were there again. They were. More of them. He went toward the river on Eighty-fourth and came quietly up to his door. He didn't want to battle with them again nor be shouted at if he could help it. A group of slightly older boys whom he had not seen before were examining the license plates. The little ones stood behind them like a row of young roosters who knew exactly how close they could come to the cock of the walk without being attacked. They weren't bothering anything.

Lyle slipped in without being noticed. He sat in the dark with no sense of time, trying to get hold of himself and plan what to do. He couldn't go on running about this way like a surprised rat in a maze. He needn't feel so helpless just because his father had no money and DeWitt had let him down. His resolution cheered him. He turned on the light and went over his drawings. He selected the best of them and put them in a portfolio. He would walk right into the office of *The New Yorker* tomorrow and sell them. They were so awfully damn good they made his heart lighter to see them again. He went down to the telephone directory and wrote out the address.

Before he got into bed, he peeped down again to see what was going on in the street. The kids were playing over near the elevated. Some of the older boys were sitting in the car smoking and talking in low monosyllables like the gangsters in the movies. They weren't hurting anything. Two others were draining the gas tank. It didn't seem worth while to try to stop them; it was almost empty. The cop went by on the other side of the street swinging his stick.

"He couldn't see them, damn him!" Lyle muttered.

When Lyle went down next morning with his portfolio under his arm, three kids had the rear seat out on the sidewalk in the October sun. They were sitting there shouting in some bastard tongue. When they saw Lyle they got up and ran across the street. Lyle put the seat back in place. Maybe he should try to drive down town? Then he remembered that the gas tank was dry. He walked all the way to the office of *The New Yorker*.

At the entrance he paused, started to go in, but suffered some odd misgiving and sauntered on west to collect himself. He turned and went back. People were rushing into the lobby, rushing into the elevators, all so well-dressed and bent on definite and important affairs, and knowing just where they were going. He stood before the rows of white letters on the black directory trying to remember his A B C's, looking under T.

"Who you looking for?" the uniformed elevator boy asked.

"The New Yorker."

"Step in."

He found himself in a narrow anteroom that reminded him absurdly of the old post office back in Broad Ripple. A personable girl, with telephone gear around her head, asked him what he wanted. He had trouble telling her that he had some drawings, that he wanted to show them

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to somebody, that he had no appointment with anyone, and that his work had never been in the magazine.

After what seemed to Lyle a very long wait, a brisk, frowning young man came out into the barren space before the windows. He didn't ask Lyle back into a room or an office. He sat down impatiently, asked a question or two, turned hurriedly through the portfolio, closed it again, rose and said without expression: "They're not our kind of thing. And we've got millions of them. . . . Thanks for letting me see them." He was gone back among the mysteries.

Lyle was too stunned to say anything or to know exactly what he was doing. He bumped some important-appearing fellow at the door, and stubbed his toe on the elevator.

He was upset again, and began that aimless wandering around. Towards noon he found himself in Central Park behind the Metropolitan. He crossed the driveway and entered the museum. The paintings were stuffy and depressing. He went on from room to room: dead things honorably buried in a mausoleum. In the main lobby he saw the cafeteria sign and was hungry. He went down. It was startling to see people who seemed to know one another sitting in groups at the tables talking. It seemed ages since he had really talked to anybody. He selected food, figured the cost of the tray, put back the meat and salad, and sat down by himself with a bowl of soup, some rolls, and a cup of coffee. When they closed the dining room, he went outside and sat by the reservoir and worried.

He felt like a rag when he got back to First Avenue, and he flinched as he neared his own doorstep. The kids had taken out both the front and rear seats, had placed them end to end on the stone steps and were sliding down, yelling and screeching. Rage seized Lyle. He rushed up and drove them away.

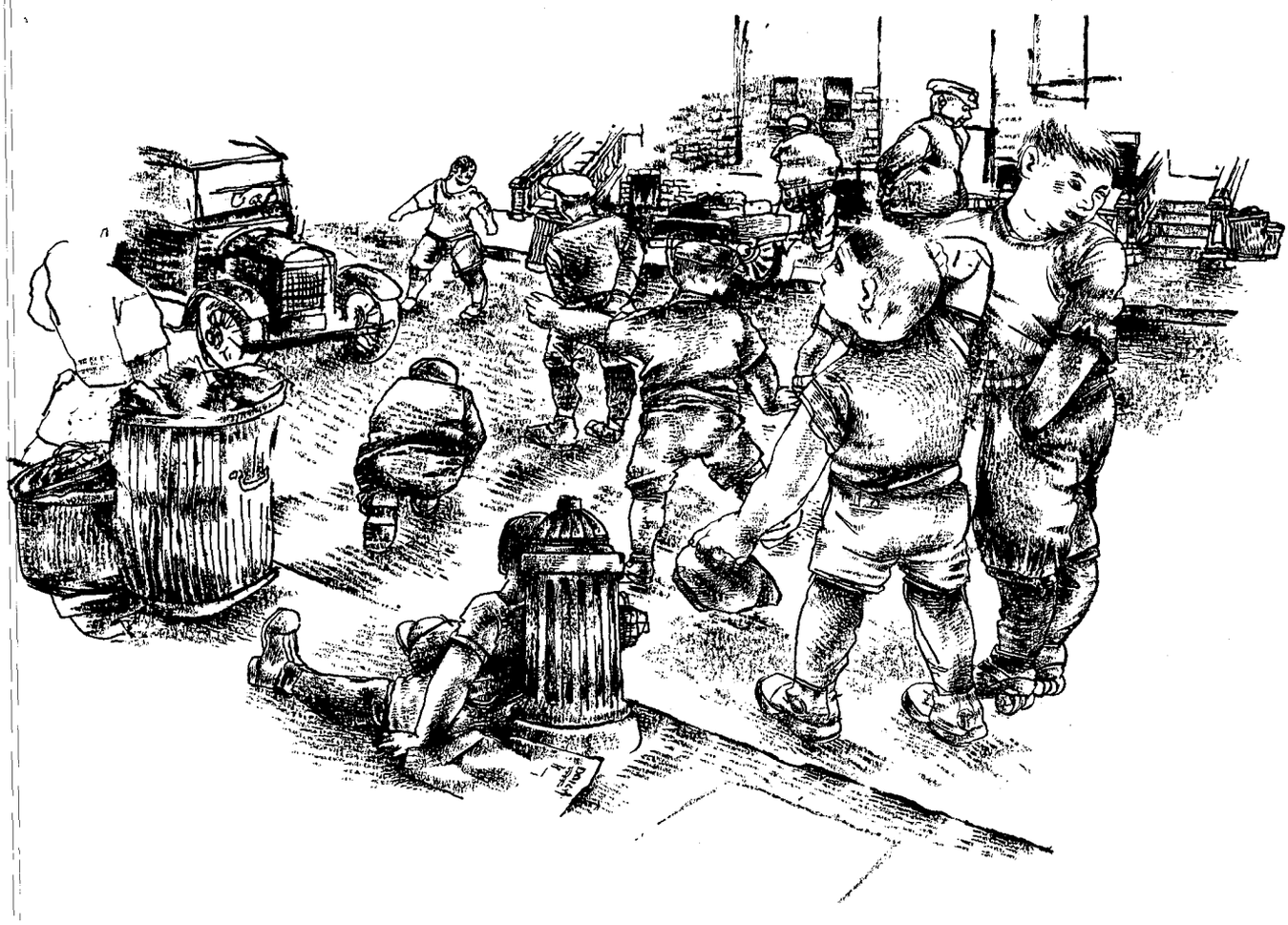
"Aw, gwan in, yu dirty louse!" they shouted at him.

Some of them began to play among the cans and boxes. Lyle put the seats back and stood guard for a while. Then he dragged himself up to his room and dropped across the bed and fell asleep.

He awoke thinking it was morning. It was only eleven o'clock. The street was still noisy. He looked out. The big boys had come again. They had found the tools under the rear seat and were jacking up the front wheel. Lyle raced down to the street. "You leave that alone! That belongs to me! Keep away from it!"

The boys jeered at him roughly. "Lookid 'im, de pimp!"

No cop was in sight. Lyle shoved the car backward off the jack, but one of the boys grabbed it up and ran. The tires were all flat. Lyle cursed the crowd; they cursed



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back. One of them threatened Lyle with a wrench. "I'll bust yer snoot fer yu!" Lyle got the rest of the tools and carried them up to his room. The episode upset him completely. He had a feeling of absolute helplessness and defeat. He couldn't think of anything to do about it. So he went back to bed and tossed until morning.

When he opened his eyes, he tried to remember how long he had been here. Was it only three days ago that he left Rockport, and this the fourth? It seemed ages. Instinctively he started towards the window. This act was getting to be a habit with a morbid hold upon him. He looked down and his spirit sank. The old Ford was there but the front tires were off. It looked battered and bruised.

Lyle dressed and ran down and stood by the car inspecting it. He was sick at heart. The battery box was empty and the license plates were gone. A cop came to the corner. Lyle went up and asked him if he couldn't help him find the stolen parts.

"Now whur'd I find 'em, yu think!" he scoffed. "An' doncha know yer not s'posed to use de street fer a garage? If you wuzn't a stranger I couldn't a letcha done it."

Lyle went back to his room. Somewhere in this town . . .

He selected three of his best canvases and took them to the Claremont Gallery. It was on the second floor. The exhibit walls were hung with portraits of Harlem Negroes. Nobody was there to see them. The place was deserted. He knocked on a door at the end of the room. A man opened it and invited him into the office. He was very civil to Lyle, but he was unimpressed by the Hoosier prize, and he hardly glanced at the paintings. He read Lyle a fatalistic lecture on art in these times and what a racket it all was and how it was played. Then he told him of a place down in the Village where unknown artists exhibited. He might sell one for a few dollars if he could leave them down there for a few months. Lyle walked back to his room, pulled down the shades, and sat in the dark.

That evening there was a fire in the street. Lyle heard the sirens, the bells, and the roar of the cutouts, and saw the reflection on the walls of his dark room. He jumped from the bed and hurried to the window. The kids had gathered up boxes and barrels, paper and cartons and excelsior, and made a terrific bonfire in the street right under his window almost against the car. The kids howled with joy. "Lookad it boin! Watch de fat cop boin 'is tail! Id a-boinin' de car!"

The firemen pushed the car back a few feet from the blaze. The water from the hose sprayed over it. The cop on the beat was glum. The captain was bawling him out.

"Where was *you* you diden see 'em pilin' it up?"

"I wuz doin' ma beat, Cap'n."

"Yeah. What's that wreck of a car doin' in the street?"

"I'll foind out, sir."

"Well, git it off the street, see. This ain't no free garage."

The blaze died out, the fire wagons and the police departed, the crowd melted away, the kids took possession again, and the cop walked up and down in front of the house. Lyle on his knees peeped out the window, watching.

The next morning when he got awake he determined to stay away from the window. It was a trial, but he managed it. He dressed, got his paintings, and went downstairs on his way to the Artists' Co-operative in the Village. But when he came through the door and into the street, he felt his eyes turn towards his car. It seemed utterly abject and demoralized. Both front wheels were gone, and the axle rested on the pavement. The kids down the street were rolling one of the tires for a hoop.

"Dere 'e is! Lookid 'im!" they cried, pointing.

The cop at the corner had his back turned. The sight of him struck Lyle with acute discomfort. He hurried out of view and took the elevated to Tenth Street and walked west, hunting the Artists' Co-operative.

He found an excessively ugly Jewish girl in a crumpled red smock sitting at the desk in the ill-lighted room. She eyed Lyle coldly with indifference or suspicion.

"Do you belong to the Co-operative?"

"No, I don't but . . ."

"Do you live here in the Village?"

"No, I . . ."

"Do you know any of our artists?"

"No, but I do know Mr. DeWitt."

"Well, you'll have to join the Co-operative, and go before the committee. They meet again next Monday."

Some time later he found his way back to his room As he turned into Eighty-third, he saw the kids jabbing holes in the radiator to see the water drip out. The car floundered in the gutter on its front axle like a tortured animal brought to its knees. Lyle couldn't help the Ford any more than himself, and he turned away.

Mrs. Eilert met him in the hall. "The cop was asking for you."

"What did he want?"

"He wants the car moved. He says you'll have to ge it off the street. But don't let it worry you. He won't dc anything."

"Thanks."

He lay in a kind of stupor all night, seeing cold eyes and jeering kids and hearing the cop banging on the door

It was late when he awoke. He lay still, considering whether he should look out. With a sense of fatality h finally got up and went over to the window. A gang o kids was playing slide on the car. They had torn the to loose from the windshield and stretched it over what wa left of the two seats, and were sliding down. The lense were gone from the headlights and the rest of the tire were off. The doll-faced German boy was cutting a inner tube into strips for slingshots and trading them t a Jew for a brass ring.

Lyle felt weak and drained. He had no heart to g out even for breakfast. He lay down again. He heard pounding on the front door. Later, Mrs. Eilert came u to his room.

"It was the cop again. He says you'll have to mov

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'that wreck' away; it's littering the street. I'm awfully sorry about it."

Lyle answered her feebly. He continued to lie on the bed, absorbed in the curious paralysis of his mind. He had no power left to plan or act. He would lie still for a few minutes, then he would jump up and peer out furtively from behind the drawn shades and watch with fatal fascination while those screaming barbarians pulled the padding and the springs from the seats of his car. He got himself identified with the car and what was happening to it. When anybody came up the steps or rang the bell, he imagined the cop was coming to bully him. The thought of interviewing an art editor or a gallery manager filled him with unutterable despair.

He hid in his room all day. Towards evening he began to feel hysterical. He'd have to get out. He crouched at the window and looked down. The cop and the kids were in the street. He thought of Mrs. Eilert's twisted smile when he heard her in the hall.

"Is there a back way I could get out without the cop seeing me?"

"Yes, through the basement," she said, and showed him the way to Eighty-fourth Street.

He drank some coffee and orange juice and ate some bread and cheese. He walked down to Sixty-fourth Street but found DeWitt's place silent as before. He came back and looked into the street from the darker east end, but the cop was between him and the doorway. He went on around and crept in through the basement.

Mrs. Eilert heard him enter.

"He was here again. He says if you don't get it off the street he'll have to call the truck at your expense, and he may have to run you in for a misdemeanor."

Lyle went to his room. He could hear the kids yelling.

"Hey, lookid 'im! Lookid Mickey, what he got!"

Lyle looked again from behind the shades. One of the kids had the hood and was running about in the street flopping it like a pair of wings. The car was a wreck. The rear wheels were gone and the rest of the top was torn away. Deep, unreasoning fear overtook him. He'd have to get away from here.

About noon the next day a truck came and hauled away what was left of the old Ford. The cop banged on the door again. Lyle could hear him telling Mrs. Eilert that he'd have to run that fellow in. The kind woman with the tragic smile told the cop that the young man was out looking for work and would not be in until late. The cop argued and went away. Lyle lay on the bed distraught, trying to form some plan of escape.

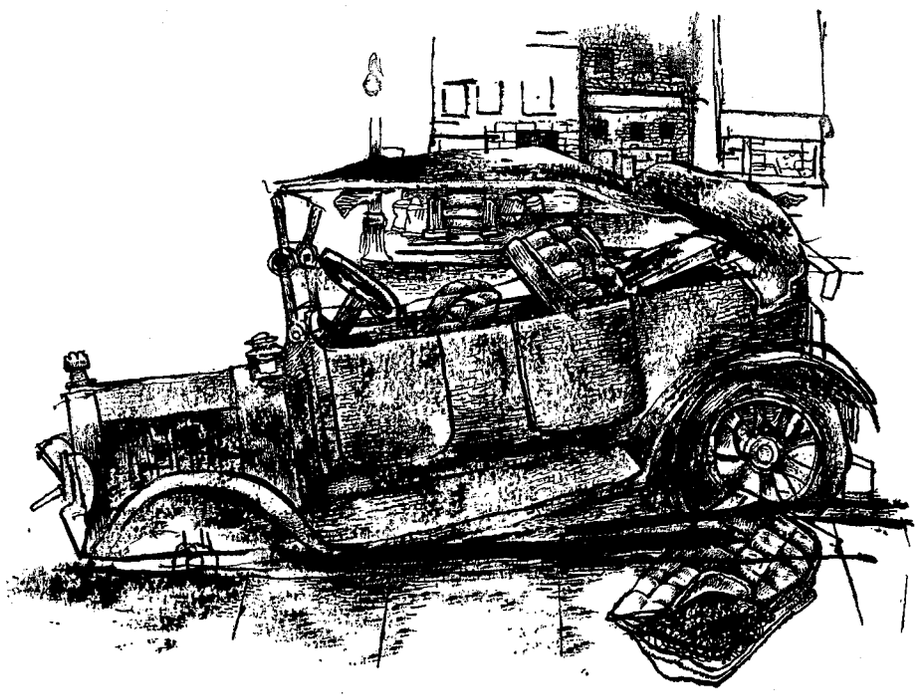
He didn't know what time it was when he got up and began packing his suitcase. He stood a few of his paintings against the chairs and the bed to leave for Mrs. Eilert. The others he rolled into a bundle. He looked down into the street again. The cop was standing near the corner watching Mrs. Eilert's door. The kids were playing football with the cotton padding from the seats of his car, and using the brass rims from the headlights for hockey pucks. The doll-faced German boy was pounding a little black Italian with a hockey stick.

"Bead yer stinkin' block off, yer lousy wop!"

The cop didn't see them.

Lyle turned slowly away for the last time. "Gad, what a place!" he said. Slowly he finished packing. Then he opened the door an inch or two and sat down to listen for Mrs. Eilert. After a time she came up the stairs and went into the bathroom, sliding the bolt. Lyle took up his suitcase and roll of paintings and hurried noiselessly out through the back passage into Eighty-fourth Street.

He had heard somewhere that Route 6 was the best for hitchhiking.



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The Birth of a Nation

MILTON MACKAYE

The second of a series of articles in which Scribner's is reconstructing fragments of our neglected past in the light of their contemporary meaning

On a cold day in early January, 1915, Theodore Mitchell stepped out of his Bandbox Theater in New York, turned up his coat collar, and set out unhappily through a young blizzard to keep an appointment at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. He had no idea that he was about to see history made.

Mitchell was known at the time as one of the most gifted publicity men in the theater; somewhat earlier, his literary efforts and connivings had been consecrated to the career of Miss Lillian Russell, and he had helped to make her a very famous lady indeed. In 1915, however, he was dabbling in high art, and had installed in the playhouse he owned a serious acting group called the Washington Square Players, later to be known as the Theater Guild.

His interest in serious art made Mitchell somewhat impatient with his mission downtown. He had been asked to help exploit a motion picture, and he had a rather low opinion of motion pictures in general. He was ushered into the projection room of the Mutual Film Corporation, and after hurried introductions sat down to watch for the first time a film which had just been rushed from California to New York. A man with a Roman nose and a dimple in his chin sat beside Mitchell in the darkened room. His name was David Wark Griffith. The picture was *The Birth of a Nation*.

Out of that silent showing in the little room—silent except for the whir of the projector and Mitchell's sotto voce query to his neighbor, "Who in the hell *is* this man Griffith?"—grew a chain of events of tremendous social significance. Mitchell himself was to spend several years with the enterprise and to show the picture to Presidents and Supreme Court Justices and Prime Ministers, to the King and Queen of England. Griffith was to achieve fame as the greatest director in the world. Actors were to become stars and stockholders were to make fortunes. Controversies were to arise the bitternesses of which are still not forgotten. The whole course and direction of the entertainment world was to be changed by a bloodless revolution.

The Birth of a Nation was the first film to run twelve reels, the first to be shown at a $2 admission price. It earned larger profits than any picture before or since. H. E. Aitken, president of the company which financed the venture, estimates that the gross income was $18,000,000, and the profits somewhere in the neighborhood of $12,000,000 or $13,000,000. Today, rarely even an outstanding picture grosses as much as $2,000,000.

The Birth of a Nation ran forty-seven weeks at the Liberty Theater in New York, a record unsurpassed until *The Covered Wagon* and *The Big Parade*. It earned $500,000 at the Liberty and as much in Brooklyn. It ran almost a year in both Boston and Chicago.

And this at a time when motion-picture entertainment was considered by intelligent people as only a cut above the peep show, and when the general public had been accustomed to a ten- or fifteen-cent admission fee! For three years the picture toured the key cities of the United States, of Europe, and South Africa and Australia; sometimes there were as many as twenty units simultaneously on tour. The picture's longevity is still unequaled. For a year or so after the original tours it was shown at lower prices in regular motion-picture houses. And then the endless revivals began. In 1924 it was revived in Chicago at the Academy of Music and smashed all records for that house. And it was shown continuously in the Southern states for fifteen years. Five or six years ago the silent film was reinforced with a musical sound track, but this rather sad venture lost money for the promoters. The film had been abbreviated, and the sound track was only a tinny and unhappy echo of a beautiful score once played with the picture by traveling symphony orchestras.

Few of those concerned with the production had any idea that they were creating history. Even Griffith, belabored by ill luck and money troubles, could not anticipate the enthusiasm that rolled around the world. But in the memories of millions of Americans the picture is still an outstanding event. The War and full, tempestuous years stand between, but they still cannot forget the emotional impact which it made upon them. The recollection of the notes of the Ku Klux Klan's bugle call still sends a shiver along the spine. And who can forget the death of the chums on the battlefield? Or Mae Marsh's crooked, bleeding mouth when she has thrown herself over the precipice? *The Birth of a Nation* belongs to the nostalgic

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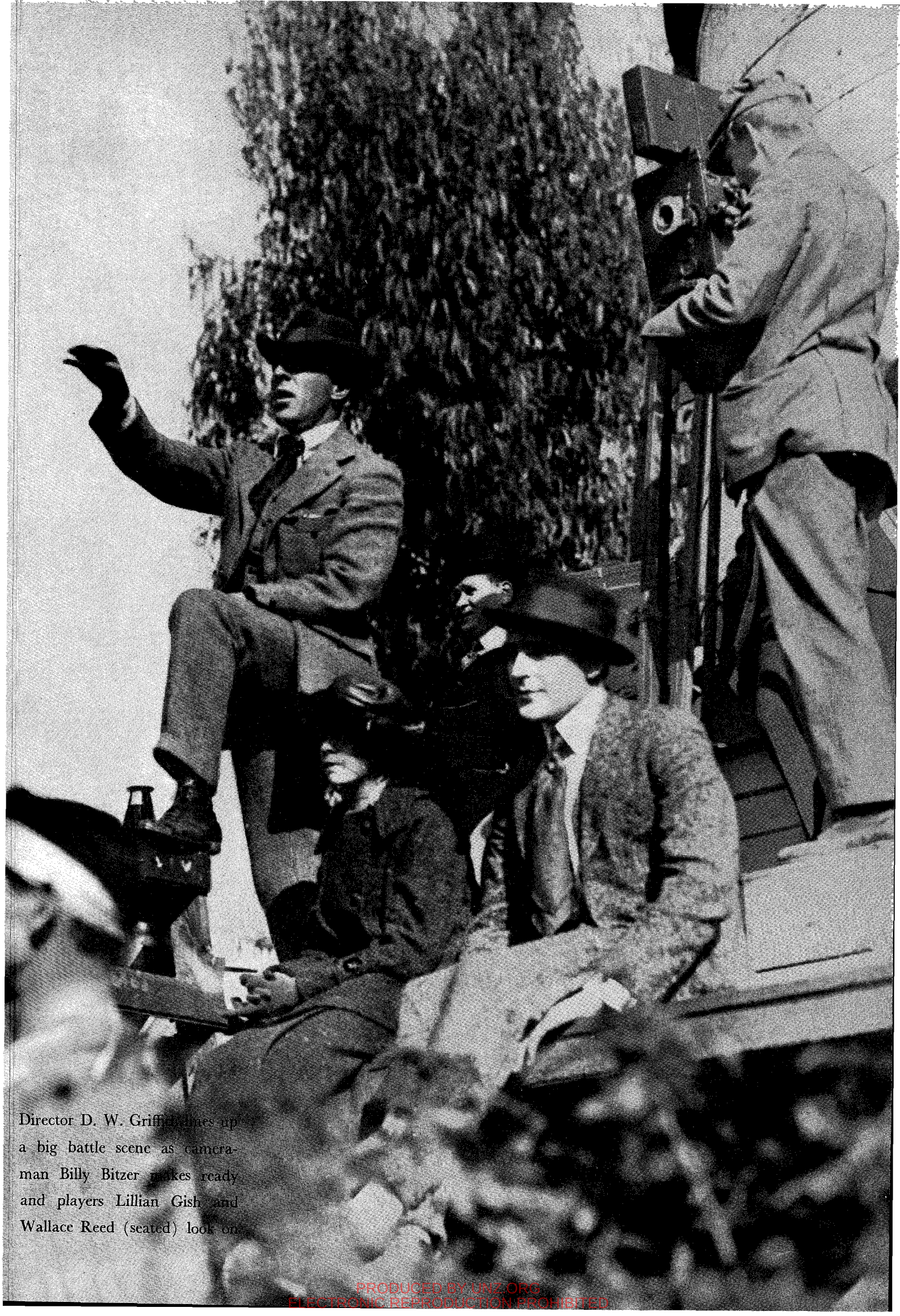

Director D. W. Griffith lines up a big battle scene as cameraman Billy Bitzer makes ready and players Lillian Gish and Wallace Reed (seated) look on.

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treasure house of American memories that will not be emptied into laps of the professors and documenters until the very last of a currently lively generation has been booted into the sunset.

A great many legends—some spawned by press-agentry and authenticated by repetition—have grown up about *The Birth of a Nation*. Many people believe that it was the first picture to be "road-showed." Actually, two Italian-made productions had been road-showed previously here. D'Annunzio's *Cabiria,* a financial failure, and the nine-reel Italian production of *Quo Vadis*, which

Northern Congressman Austin Stoneman (Ralph Lewis) bitterly demands that Southern leaders be hanged

was a tremendous success. Likewise, it is erroneously termed the first picture with a synchronized musical score. (Actually as early as 1908 Saint-Saëns did the music for a French picture called *L'Assassinat de duc de Guise.*) And even our motion-picture histories blandly relate that the film cost $500,000, that 18,000 people played in it, that it took a year to produce. Actually the cost was between $90,000 and $100,000; there were as many as 600 people on the payroll part of the time; and, though the preparations required some months, the "shooting" occupied nine weeks.

Whatever the legends, the modern motion picture was born when *The Birth of a Nation* was produced. Griffith and other early directors had steadily been increasing the capacities of the camera and attempting to polish the crudities and clumsiness of the one- and two-reel films then being shown in the shabby nickelodeons of the country. Griffith had evolved much of his technique piecemeal before his classic burst upon a wondering world, but there for the first time was the scope for amalgamating and elevating a brilliant virtuosity into art.

II

David Wark Griffith came up out of Kentucky in the early 1900's to seek a livelihood in New York. Sometimes he was an actor, sometimes a reporter, a concrete worker, or a day laborer. He sold a few short stories; in 1906 or 1907, he wrote a play called *The Fool and the Woman.* Griffith recalls that, twenty years before the sulphurous *What Price Glory?*, his dialogue was sufficiently forward-looking to include the phrase "God damn." James K. Hackett opened the play in Washington but it never reached New York. Griffith then began submitting scenarios to the movies under a variety of names, earning $5 for short ones (400 or 450 feet) and $15 for long ones (800 or 900 feet). Finally the Biograph Company agreed to let him direct a picture himself. It was called *Dolly's Adventure.*

Griffith had found his medium. He was the first to realize that the conventions of the stage were not suitable to the screen. He was the first to realize the need for new and resilient talent, not hardened in stage technique. In the face of the elaborate histrionics of the day Griffith sought naturalism in acting.

He helped Biograph become the most successful company in the business and then left it for Mutual at a salary of $1000 a week and with a contract that permitted him to make two independent productions a year. With

All America smiled as this lovesick Union soldier (Freeman) gazed at Elsie Stoneman (Lillian Gish)

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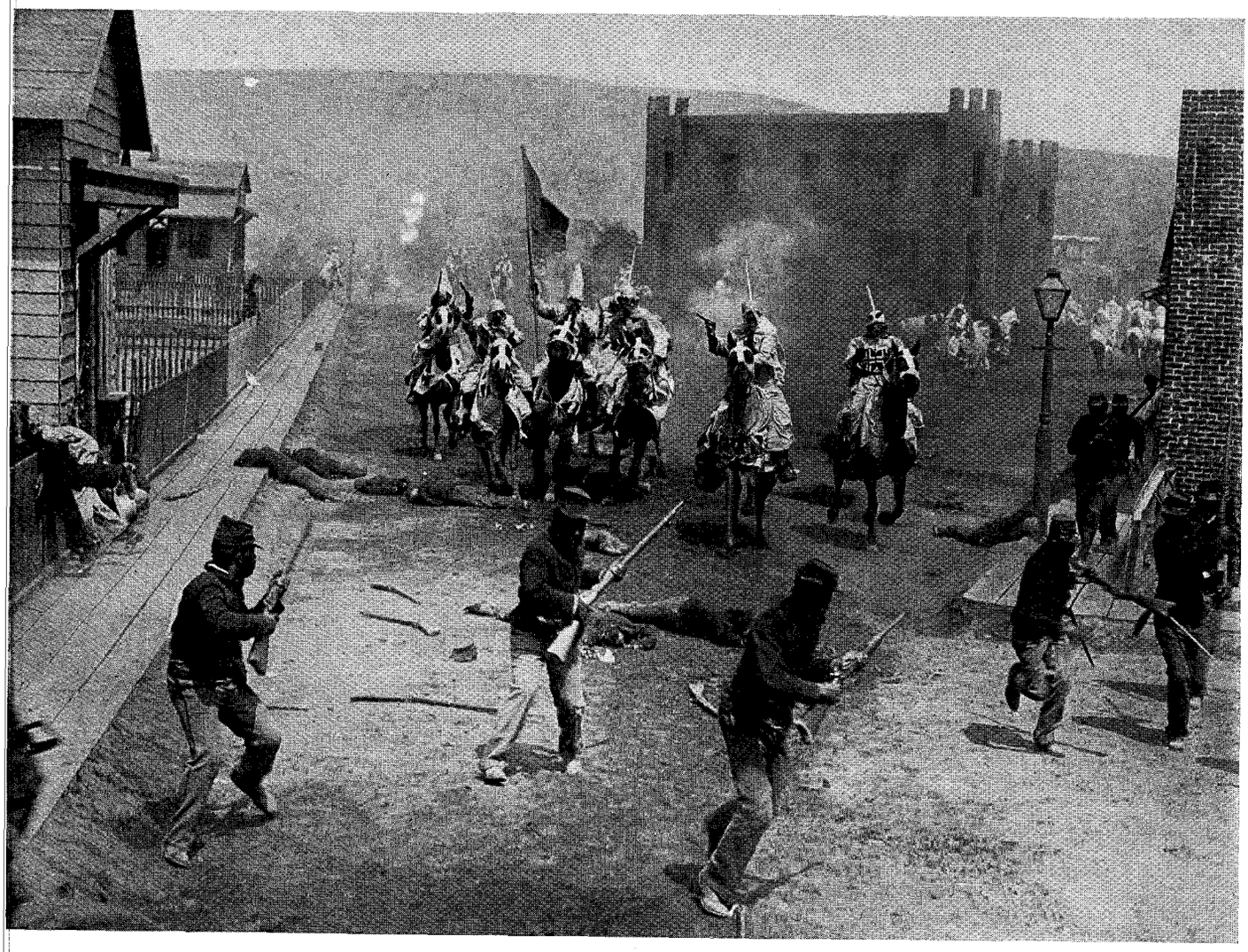

Cowboys swathed in 25,000 yards of white sheeting made up the Ku Klux Klan. An entire county (rent: $10,000 a day) was used in filming their wild rides

Griffith went most of the Biograph stars—Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall, Blanche Sweet, George Siegmann, Miriam Cooper—and Griffith's favorite cameraman, Gottlieb Wilhelm Bitzer, better known to history as Billy Bitzer. From the East they all went to Los Angeles, where H. E. Aitken, a businessman from the Middle West, had set up the Mutual Film Company with a national distribution company which would provide theaters with their entire programs. But what Griffith had in mind all along was the production of the biggest picture the world had seen, and he began to lay his plans while turning out short fodder for the trade at the rate of five pictures a week.

In 1914, Frank E. Woods, a scenario writer, called Griffith's attention to a novel and play by Thomas Dixon —*The Clansman*—which dealt with Reconstruction and particularly with the Ku Klux Klan. Dixon, a former clergyman, was an embattled Southerner, and a dramatization of his novel had toured the country for five years, outraged the exponents of race equality, and made a great deal of money. Griffith had heard the story of the Civil War and Reconstruction from his father, Colonel Jacob Work [*sic*] Griffith, brevet brigadier general and commander of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry. He had a burning desire to compel the country to listen to the Southern version (the true version, he thought). In *The Clansman* he found the nucleus for his ambitious idea.

When Griffith and his backers took a $2500 option on the story, it was agreed that Dixon was to receive $10,000. But there was no cash available. In the end, Dixon agreed, somewhat sadly, to take a twenty-five per cent interest in the picture. This resulted in the largest sum any author ever received for a motion-picture story. Dixon made more than $1,000,000.

The memories of those directly concerned with production of the picture are not particularly romantic. They recall principally the unending struggle for money. Aitken had advanced $25,000 from the coffers of Mutual; the company directors at once concluded that his move was madness, and demanded that he take over the investment himself. Aitken did so, set out to raise more funds. He and Griffith were gamblers on the unprecedented. Costs mounted. The picture required many horses; the World War had begun, and Griffith's agents were forced to bid against German and Allied agents scouring the country for horseflesh. Long before the pro-

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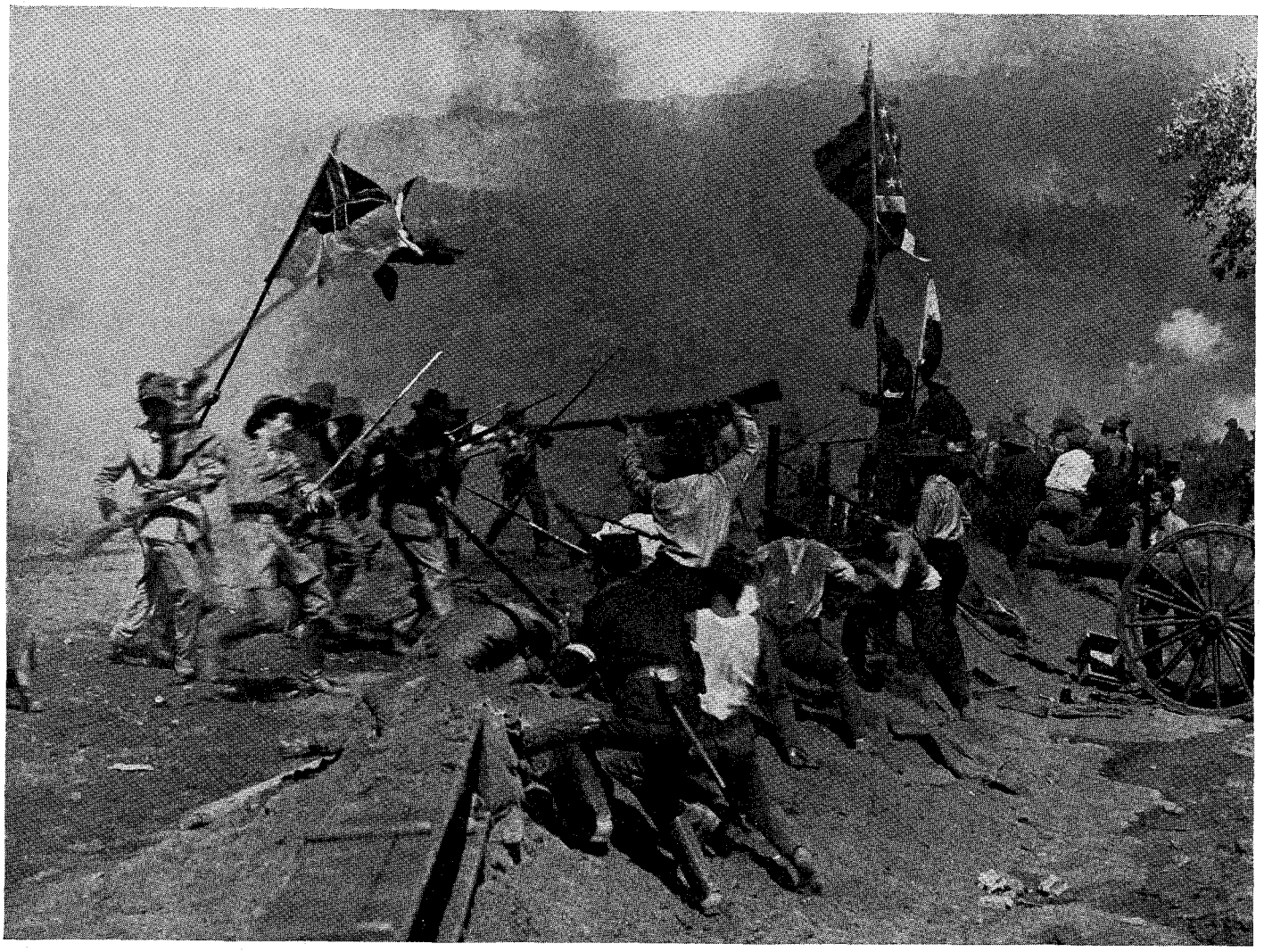

Battle scenes were photographed near Universal Ranch not far from Los Angeles

duction was finished, the payroll money from the East became intermittent, and finally, says Griffith, remittances ceased entirely. The members of Griffith's repertory company, not one of whom was under contract, were loyal to a man. They went without salary. Indeed some of them offered their own funds to Griffith. Lillian Gish remembers that she and her sister, Dorothy, had $300 in the bank and that they offered this to Griffith. Knowing it was all they had, he refused. This sum, it turned out, would have made the Gish family some $30,000.

In the end, Griffith was passing the hat in Pasadena and Los Angeles, rising at 5:30 to go on location, spending the evening going over the "rushes" and rainy days seeking finances. John Barry, his secretary, was the money scout; when he believed he had a good prospect for a "touch," Griffith would drop his work and attempt to close the deal. Griffith finally encountered William Clune, owner of Clune's Auditorium, the finest theater in Los Angeles. Clune was inordinately proud of his theater, but even prouder of his thirty-piece orchestra. Griffith was desperate for money, and he plunged his last dollar on a very pretty tableau. For Clune's benefit he rehearsed the scene, a memorable one in the picture, where the Confederate soldiers march down the village street—off for the war. Walthall led the procession on a fine charger. The soldiers hadn't been paid, the scampering pickaninnies hadn't been paid, even the rental on the charger hadn't been paid. Griffith, with God knows what extravagant promises, had been able to engage a reasonably unmusical brass band to play *Dixie* as the procession marched.

Clune watched intently. He saw Walthall pass; he saw the swinging rifles, the farewells of weeping wives and sweethearts, the flutter of the Stars and Bars.

"That's a pretty bad band," he said.

"But think how that tune would sound if your orchestra played it," said Griffith.

"I've got the best orchestra west of the Mississippi," said Clune. Then he turned to convince Griffith. "That tune would sound great played by *my* orchestra in *my* theater."

And that's the story of why William Clune invested $15,000 in *The Birth of a Nation.*

III

PICTURE-MAKING in those days was a much more hardy business than it is today. Artificial lighting had not yet come into existence; and fifteen-year-old actresses

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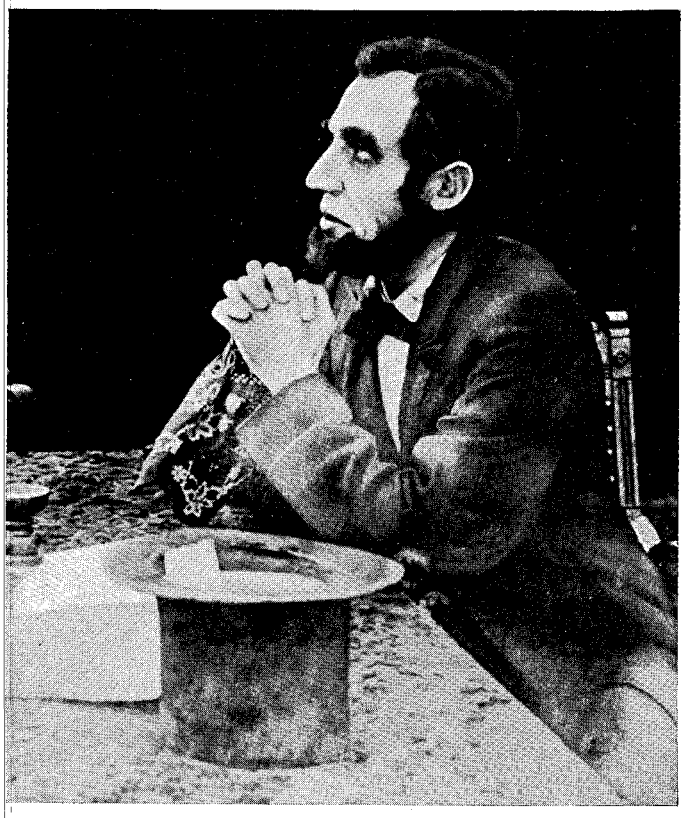
knew sadly that under the harshness of noonday light they would appear to be hags at eighteen. There were no set designers; when he wanted a Southern mansion or a village street, Griffith simply told Huck Wortman, a tobacco-chewing stage carpenter, and Wortman did the job. There were no wardrobe mistresses or hairdressers or maids. Lillian Gish recalls that her mother made many of her costumes and that she came every day to the studio with quantities of parcels and bags. It was, in fact, her monstrous equipage which gave rise to one of the most famous scenes in the drama.

In the picture Miss Gish is visiting a Union hospital where the Little Colonel (Walthall) is a patient. A soldier on duty, leaning on his rifle, gives her a lovesick and wistful glance. This tiny tile in the mosaic of the picture was a tremendous and international laugh; it still is. Thousands of letters were written asking the name of the extra who played the lovesick soldier, and apparently not even Griffith was able to supply it. But Miss Gish still remembers. He was a sailor named Freeman who had taken a job as an extra. Every morning he helped Miss Gish with her parcels and bags, and there was no secret about the fact that he was fond of her. One morning when both were in costume Griffith saw Freeman's wistful and yearning glance. "Get that," he shouted to Billy Bitzer, and Sailor Freeman was immortalized in celluloid. Wherever he is, may he take comfort in it.

The story told in *The Birth of a Nation* covers a tremendous canvas. The first half deals with the Civil War, weaving in a double love story engaging a Northern girl and a Southern man, and a Southern girl and a Northern man. The second half deals with Reconstruction in the South and resolves the love stories. Griffith had as his source *The Clansman,* but anyone who has read the novel or seen the play realizes that there is more Griffith than Dixon in the picture. There was no written scenario. Griffith carried his story in his head. Often his actors had no idea of the ultimate effect they were expected to achieve; Griffith described to them a single scene, and the emotions the scene should evoke.



Men who knew Lincoln checked Joseph Henabery's make-up

Griffith's method was an integral part of the film's success and his method, therefore, warrants more extended comment. Griffith bought stories, but inevitably the printed word was only the cornerstone around which he built a drama which would be effective in pantomime. Griffith was visual-minded; he had to see. And so he wrote his pictures on rainy days. The camera stopped, but the actors didn't. They were called to rehearsal. There Griffith outlined stories which he hoped to make in the future (many of them were never made) and the lesser members of his company acted them out. Griffith, with his marvelous sense of story line, constructed his intricate scenarios as the actors went through their paces. This looked true; that looked false. It was such a rehearsal which won Lillian Gish her place in the cast. She was rehearsing the scene where Elsie Stoneman faints after Lynch, the mulatto, attempts to force marriage upon her. The part of Elsie Stoneman was assigned to a better-known actress; Miss Gish was, in effect, her stand-in. As Lynch hoisted Miss Gish to his shoulder, her long blonde

Lee (Howard Gaye) surrenders to Grant (Donald Crisp)

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hair fell down her back and Griffith's camera eye at once caught the emotional possibilities of that contrast between black villainy and blonde innocence.

The filming of the mass scenes presented a different problem altogether. Griffith's research men had made sure of the facts for the battle scenes, but it is one thing to rehearse professional actors and quite another to hold a group of extras in line. Griffith worked the matter out by appointing captains and straw bosses among the extras. He called in the straw bosses, told them what he wanted, and let them rehearse their own men. During the actual photographing of the battle scenes, Billy Bitzer, his camera, and Griffith were located on a sixty-foot tower which gave a panoramic view of the field, and Griffith announced his orders through a primitive amplifier.

For the thrilling rides of the Ku Klux Klan, Griffith engaged most of the well-known cowboys in California. Many of them were circus and rodeo riders out of work because of the season. The cowboys beneath the Ku Klux sheets did a spectacular job of riding. In the mob scenes they reared their horses and ploughed through multitudes without one person being hurt. They were perfect except for one weakness—they wanted their salaries on time.

The picture opened, properly enough, at Clune's Auditorium. It was still known then as *The Clansman* and always was shown in California under that title. But when Thomas Dixon first saw the film in a private projection room in New York, his excitement conquered pride of authorship. He shouted to Griffith across the darkened room: "This is bigger than *The Clansman*. It needs a more inclusive title." And it was Dixon who thought of the title which made the picture famous.

Griffith himself conceived the idea of a musical score to heighten the emotional impact of the picture. He engaged Joseph Carl Briel to do a synchronized score. There were many adaptations: Negro folk songs, passages from *Rienzi* and *Die Walküre,* from *Norma;* the thrilling rides of the Klan were done to the strains of *In the Hall of the Mountain King*. Griffith was responsible for the Klan call, which was superimposed discordantly on the other music. The Klan call obviously is borrowed from *Die Walküre*. Briel borrowed even more from Wagner: he chose a *leit motif* for the various characters and the various moods of the play. Many of these motifs were composed by Briel. One later achieved a sardonic immortality over the radio: the love *motif* of the picture—now you'll recall it—is the air signature of Amos 'n' Andy.

IV

The picture was created by Griffith, but the exploitation was manufactured by more mercenary fellows. Dixon suggested, once he had seen the picture, that J. J. McCarthy, later vice-president of Fox Films, be called into consultation. McCarthy had handled Dixon's play *The Clansman* on tour and he drafted Ted Mitchell to handle publicity.

It was obvious that the picture could not be distributed through the movie theaters. Most of them charged a fifteen-cent admission. Mitchell says that it was he who, over Dixon's bitter protest, advised the audacious $2 admission fee. Mitchell and McCarthy now let loose with tremendous broadsides of billboard and newspaper advertising in New York. The campaign cost more than $47,000 and, according to Mitchell, the whole thing was done "on the cuff." There wasn't any cash to spend.

At the climax of the ballyhoo, *The Birth of a Nation* opened at the Astor on March 6, 1915. All the first-line dramatic critics were there, and their reviews were ecstatic. The picture immediately became the talk of New York. For 280 performances it was sold out. Everyone wanted to see it. Mitchell remembers meeting Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont in the lobby one night. She had brought Harry Lehr along, but a ticket broker, instructed to reserve two tickets, had neglected to do so. Not even Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont could buy a seat. Mitchell finally found an extra chair and placed it at the rear of an aisle. Lehr stood up. They were still there at the end of the two-hour-and-forty-five-minute showing, but Mitchell noticed that the usually impeccable Harry had slipped off his evening pumps and was standing in his stocking feet.

Nothing could keep the picture off the front pages. Because of its treatment of the race question, there had been efforts to prevent the opening in New York, but, in the end, everything was peaceful there. Boston was a different story. In Boston, birthplace of the Abolitionist movement, there were riots, and there were riots and continual legal difficulties in many other cities. Cynical showmen have often wondered if Mitchell and McCarthy were entirely innocent of encouraging, for publicity purposes, the spectacular opposition to the picture.

The Boston branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People issued a pamphlet attacking the film and sent it to Negro leaders in all parts of the country. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard, charged the picture with tending to pervert white ideals. Jane Addams was "painfully exercised over the exhibition." Francis Hackett in *The New Republic* called Thomas Dixon a "yellow clergyman." Oswald Garrison Villard in *The Nation* said that the picture was a "deliberate attempt to humiliate 10,000,000 American citizens and portray them as nothing but beasts." Booker T. Washington wrote indignant letters to the newspapers.

The truth is that *The Birth of a Nation* was not precisely a letter of recommendation for the Negro race, but neither, on the other hand, was it a bitter indictment. It told a story that was accurate enough, but one-sided. It attempted to fasten upon white carpetbaggers the blame for the scallawaggery of Reconstruction, but one cannot escape the fact that the emotions roused by the dramatic incidents give the audience a definite feeling of Negro depravity and white virtue. Albert Bigelow Paine summed up the picture in its racial aspects: "It is within the facts," he said, "but hardly within the proprieties."

(*continued on page* 69)

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A Man's Son

HELEN WORTH

One night last week when I was riding the Pacific Electric home, I happened to sit down by Dexter Martin, who is in the shoe department of the store where I work. There wasn't much room for my feet, as Dexter had a big package in front of him that took up most of the space between the seats. He quickly lifted it to his lap and fixed things so I'd be comfortable, all the time giving me the kind of greeting most people hold back for Christmas. He has a grin as big as Joe E. Brown's, but that's the only big thing about him. He's a small, graying man, but spry and wiry from running up and down stepladders all day.

"What's this?" I asked, easing one end of the bulky package onto my knees. "You taking a new flivver home to your wife?"

Dexter laughed as if I'd told a good one.

"That's just about it," he said, tearing a piece of the brown paper off the package. "But it's not for her. Take a peep in there."

I looked in and made out it was a Kiddie Kar, which wasn't much of a surprise, as everybody that knows Dexter can't help knowing he has a kid—just one. Fellows with three or four don't talk so much about them. But Dexter! Gosh, sometimes he'd hang about the washroom his whole lunch hour just to grab every fellow that came in and tell him about that kid. Some of the men, the bachelor guys mostly, got pretty tired of it and they used to keep away from him as much as possible. But most of us didn't say anything. We'd just laugh a little at him among ourselves and let it go at that, because he was a regular guy every other way and lots older than the rest of us.

I knew I was in for it, but it isn't very far to Arcadia, where we both live, so I settled down and tried to think about something else while he talked.

"There was a special in the wheel toys today. That's why I happened to get the Kiddie Kar just now. No, it's not his birthday. He won't be two until September, twenty-one months he is now. I don't know, but it seems to me his mother babies him too much. Hangs him on her hip too much, I say, and won't let him crawl around for fear he'll get dirt on his pants. Well, I figured it was time he began to go under his own steam, so I bought this little gadget as a beginner. It's real helpful to build up their muscles and all. Of course he's a regular buster, anyway. Weighs thirty-four pounds, six ounces net. There I go bragging again! My wife says I've got to stop it, talking so much about him. Say, that's a good one, a *woman* telling a man he talks too much."

While he was enjoying a good laugh over that one, I took my paper and spread it out pointedly. A man likes to see the baseball scores, anyway, before he gets home. Old Dexter got the idea, and he didn't say any more for quite a while, just sat there looking out the window. After a while he took a little leather book out of his pocket and inspected it carefully, scribbling some figures in pencil on an envelope.

"Yes, sir, that's right. The bank's right, but I couldn't quite figure I'd put that much in since January."

He closed the bank book and returned it to his pocket.

"This is his own—the kid's account," he confided. "I started saving for his education the minute he was born. You see," he dropped his voice, "we got to put it all into this one kid. Doctor says there can't be any more, not without danger to her."

For a few minutes I read in comfortable silence. But I looked up when I felt him waiting for me. There was something about him that made it hard to be anything but decent to him. I don't know, maybe it was his eyes, which were brown and sort of like a spaniel's. I folded my paper and told him something I'd forgotten until that moment.

"My wife has been at me to ask you something ever since I first told her about riding out here with you lately. She says if your name's Dexter Martin and you work at Dayton's, you can't help but be the fellow her girl friend Clara Thompson married. Girl she used to go to school with and liked a lot, but lost track of the last few years. She says——"

"Say," he cried, "that's me all right and that's my wife—Clara Thompson. Now, what do you know? What do you know?"

He was slapping me on the back and shaking my hand

Scribner's Presents a New Author

Helen Worth, whose first published story is "A Man's Son," is a Texan by birth, a graduate of the University of California, and a resident of Los Angeles "of a bungalow section remote from Hollywood" where she lives with her husband and daughter. Mrs. Worth tells us that writing has been her secret delight and despair for many years but that she had never attempted to sell her work until about six months ago. "A Man's Son" was selected by us from our regular supply of unsolicited manuscripts, and at the time of purchase we were not aware that it was the work of an unpublished author. This is the fourth story which we had accepted for regular publication in the magazine before we learned of the author's eligibility for "Scribner's Presents."

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as if he'd just discovered we were brothers and our Uncle Dudley had left us a million apiece.

"Gosh, that's great!" he went on. "Say, why don't you folks come over some night, any night, *to-night?* You got a kid, too, haven't you?"

"Yes," I answered, "she'll be two years old next month."

"Oh, a girl. Well, now, that's too—" He was about to say "bad" and just about tripped himself holding it back. "Girls are all right, all right," he went on hastily. "Yes, sir, they're all right. Tell you what you do."

He was trying to be more cordial to make up for the break he'd almost made. "You bring your girl over to my house and we'll sort of see how the boy stacks up with her. I'll bet she's all right."

He even made me write his address down and kept telling me how to get there. But I didn't say anything much, because the train was slowing for Arcadia and I was thinking about getting off, wondering if my wife would meet me at the station and what she'd have for supper. I helped Dexter load up with the Kiddie Kar and then I swung off the car ahead of him. The last thing I heard from him was "Good-by. Now you folks be sure to come."

I walked along fast—my wife didn't meet me—trying to shake off the irritation old Dexter had left with me. Gosh, I surely didn't want to go to see him and that wonderful son of his; I'd had enough.

But I was feeling better by the time we were half through dinner, so I started telling my wife about riding out with Dexter Martin and finding out that his wife was sure enough her old school chum, Clara Thompson.

"Clara Thompson!" Mabel cried excitedly. "It's been an age since I saw old Clara. After she was married, she got so she never wanted to see any of us girls any more. She was always moving, too. I'd hear they were living in Inglewood or Whittier or some place, and now it's right here in Arcadia. What do you say we go to see them? To-night?"

I didn't want to go, so I told her about the wonderful son the Martins had and what Dexter had nearly said about our having a baby girl. That surely got a rise out of her but it didn't work the way I had expected.

"All right, we'll surely go now, and we'll see how they compare, or stack up."

I said if she wanted to go somewhere I'd take her and the baby to a movie, but that didn't work either. She came right back at me like this:

"All right, we'll go to the movie. But it's early and we'll have plenty of time to stop off at their house for half an hour. Just long enough for them to get an eyeful of Doris May."

I gave up then.

She dashed into the bedroom and changed her own dress and Doris May's to the best they had. Doris May surely looked cute in her little short Shirley Temple dress, with a pink bow tied on her topknot.

"She's all right but her hair," mourned Mabel, as we got into the car. "It's as straight as a stick. By next month, maybe, I'll have enough saved to get her a permanent."

But I thought they both looked fine when we drove up to the Martins' and got out. Dexter was out in front watering his lawn. When he saw who we were he gave a big whoop and came running down to greet us.

"Well, say," he cried, pumping my hand and Mabel's, "you *did* come! Say, I can hardly believe it. You really *did*. Come on in."

He picked Doris May out of my arms and grinned his big grin at her, but she wasn't afraid of him. He rode her into the house high on his shoulder, she laughing and squealing and holding on to his hair.

"Clara's around here, somewhere. Just wait till I tell her who's come. Sit down, folks. I'll go rustle her in. Clara! Clara!" he kept calling while he was seating us, turning on the lights, making us as welcome as a starving man would a beef stew.

When she didn't answer, he went into the back of the house to find her. He returned in a few minutes saying she was busy with the baby, but would be in just as soon as she'd finished.

They had a nice little place. Everything was neat and polished with no signs of the litter a two-year-old can make. You could see that Dexter was as proud as Punch of the way things looked; said he wanted to show us over the whole house as soon as Clara had come.

She didn't seem to be in any hurry to come, but I just thought she was slicking up a bit. Dexter didn't stop talking a minute. He went to the closet and took out the new Kiddie Kar for Doris May to try.

"It doesn't seem to be just right for my kid. You see there isn't any cantle to the thing. I've got to fix up some sort of seat with a back so's he can get along without any help."

Doris May mounted in a jiffy and was soon wheeling around the room like mad. She hit a table leg and took some varnish off it. All our furniture legs are like that, but you could see the Martins' stuff was shining like new.

"Stop her, Ed," cried my wife, "she's going to break everything in the house."

But Dexter Martin wouldn't let me take her off. He got down on all fours and went hopping around after her, rather stiff-like, making out he was a horse or something. She was shrieking with delight and everybody else was laughing and cheering him on, when the door opened and Clara came in.

Things changed from that moment. I didn't know why. She was cordial enough, kissed Mabel, and shook my hand as if she meant it. But there was something about her face —Well, anyway, in a minute or two we were all sitting quietly in our chairs, and Mabel was making talk the way women do when things get awkward. I took a good look at Clara.

She was a big, bony woman with straight, straw-colored hair and prominent eyes about the same color. Nobody would have looked at her twice, but once would have been enough to tell that she was a good, kind woman. There was nothing young about her; she looked about ten years older than Mabel, but she couldn't have been more than

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a year or two, since they had finished school in the same class. It was easy to see why she had married Dexter, a middle-aged man.

He kept urging her to bring in the kid, but she said she'd already put him to bed and didn't want to get him up; she hoped we'd excuse him this time.

We said, surely, that was all right, that we had only a few minutes to stay anyway, as we had just dropped by on our way to the show.

But Dexter wouldn't take no for an answer.

"It won't hurt him just this once, Clara. Ah, go ahead. Be a sport. These folks came specially to see him. Look at Doris May—running around here and on her way to the show. How old did you say she is?" he asked, giving her a quick glance.

"Two next month," I answered.

"Well, now," he cried. "Gosh! Look at her! What they let her do! I'll bet Mabel don't keep her on her hip or in a high chair all day. Of course she's light on her feet. That's it, light, like girls usually are. Now a boy is likely to be heavier, more clumsy like."

There was a little puzzled look in his face as he talked. Clara sat perfectly still, and her hands were clasped tightly in her lap. She looked old and her lips were a thin, white line.

Gosh, I thought, is there going to be a family fight about this? Let's get out. Mabel was already standing, murmuring the things a woman must say to make a departure.

"All right," said Clara suddenly and a change came over her face, as if something had broken inside. "All right, I'll get him."

She went out at once and was back in a moment with the child in her arms.

"This is Gerald," she said in a strong, clear voice as if she was telling it to the world, not just us.

I looked at him and something seemed to turn over inside of me. I guess I was dumb not to catch on before, but somehow I hadn't thought of *that*.

The boy had small puckered features, slanting, dull eyes, a fat, spineless body. I couldn't say a word, just stood there, wishing to God we'd never come.

Old Dexter was talking.

"Yes, sir, this is Gerald. Stole a march on your mama, didn't you, old man?"

He lifted his arms to take the baby, but he let them drop, and, turning, stared at us for a long minute.

"Say," he gasped. "Say——"

I tried to make my face look as usual, to smile, to say something. But I couldn't do anything but stand there like a fool looking at Dexter. He was begging us out of his spaniel eyes to tell him the kid was all right. When nobody spoke, he tried to give his big laugh, but it broke halfway.

"Sure," he said, "he's just sleepy. This time of night and all——"

He didn't say anything more. I guess he'd been fooling himself a long time with talk like that, but now you could tell he knew there wasn't any use. Maybe there are words to comfort a fellow in a spot like that, but I didn't know any. Mabel didn't either, but she knew what to do. She went over and took that poor kid in her arms and began to cuddle it, running her fingers through its coarse black hair and making little mothering sounds at it the same as she would treat any baby. Then pretty soon she was sitting down talking to Clara about baby food and sun-bathing and all the things young mothers chatter about. I was surely proud of her.

But all I wanted was to get out of there. I stood for a minute at the window with Dexter, looking out, and it came to me then that all his big talk at the store was just a sort of whistling in the dark.

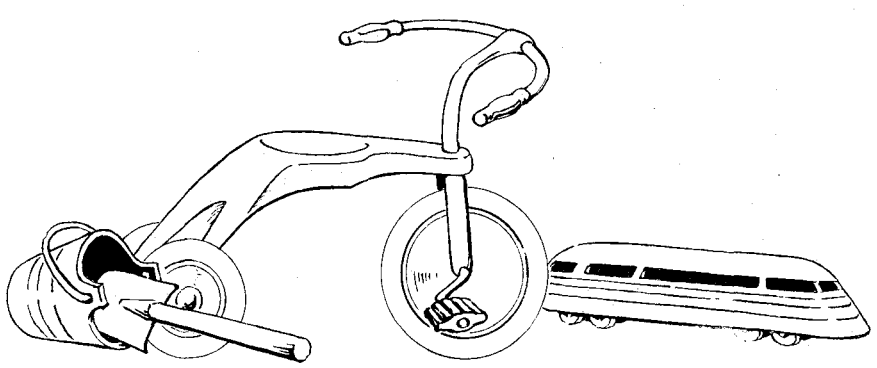
Doris May came tugging at my coat and I took her up. She was quiet and sleepy in my arms.

Suddenly Dexter walked over to the women and said quietly—for him, "Let me take him, Clara."

He went off with the child without saying good night. He may have meant to come back, but I was a coward. I had to get out of there. On my way to the door, with Doris May in my arms, I stumbled over the new Kiddie Kar, which she had left in the middle of the room. Clara picked it up and set it against the wall out of the way.

"Please come again," she said, and I knew she meant it.

After we'd gone about a block, I turned the car around and we went on home without saying a word about the movie.



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Life in the United States

BRIEF ARTICLES OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

"EVENING," BY R. STEPHENS WRIGHT — COURTESY KLEEMAN GALLERIE

The Hungry Meadows

CHRISTINE WESTON

All through the late afternoon we had the sun at our backs and then it disappeared behind a fold in the land and everywhere the fields lay under uncertain light. We passed through endless hayfields. For miles they stretched on either side of the broad ribbon of concrete along which we sped at an increasing speed with the knowledge of night descending upon us. Farmhouses along the highway or off on side roads became fewer and fewer. We had scarcely seen any people except an old man towing a cow along the road's edge and some men on creaking hay carts drawn by horses that seemed too small for their load.

Earlier, when we swam into this huge unexpected stretch of land, the sun had shone upon it and the wind blown ove it and field upon field had quivered an bent like liquid steel. Now the wind ha gone down and the grasses stood upright and motionless and the sun vanished and everywhere—as far as we could se —the meadows lay with a tarnish o night upon them, and through the ope windows of the car we heard the sma

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tentative noises that come with sundown.

Rob, who was driving, said: "Look at the map and see if you can find any houses near the bridge where we are going to camp."

I pulled out the geological survey map and spread it across my knees. "Where are we now?" I asked.

"We're passing through the Hungry Meadows . . . they go on for miles. . . . We won't run out of them until noon tomorrow . . ."

The Hungry Meadows. I looked at the map. They stretched everywhere, undulating expanses whose contours flowed without interruption on either side of the clearly defined highway, expanses veined in faint blue threads, or tufted here and there with marshland, and for miles unmarked by a single flyspeck of human habitation.

"Good," said Rob, watching the road slide towards us. "That means there'll be no farmer lads stiff-heeling the trout from under our noses."

"I wonder why these are called the Hungry Meadows."

"Nobody knows. Watch out for that bridge with the birch trees growing beside it . . ."

"But who do the meadows belong to?"

"I don't know . . . they told me at the last gas station the farmers come for miles around to cut the hay. They work like dogs for a few days and then go away and don't show up again until the next summer."

"There don't seem to be any houses or anything. Where do you suppose they sleep?"

"God knows. Look, there's our place . . ."

We reached the bridge and eased the car off the highway into a grassy space beside the brook. Birches and poplars crowded the bank and there was a perfume of firs pierced with clover. It was fast getting dark and as we unloaded and prepared to set up our tiny tent and get supper I could see fireflies glittering amongst the trees. Trout still jumped downstream and under the bridge, but the silence welled up about us, silence pricked through with smallest sounds, weighted with sky.

By the time we had finished our meager supper of tea and sardines, night had arrived in a great soft wash of semi-darkness across the meadows. It poured soundlessly amongst the birches and deepened the flow of the brook. We sat in the entrance of our little tent and watched the fire die out. Long after my companion had dropped off to sleep I listened to a mutter of birch leaves above the tent, to the noise of the stream where it flowed around a boulder, swarmed along its banks, trickled past twigs. Once a car slid by on the highway above us, its headlights tearing up the night, but perished in a second as though some large and waiting mouth had swallowed it.

When I finally slept I dreamed of hay carts with large painted wheels, of bare-skinned young men riding in the hay. All night I dreamed of voices and the creaking of wheels and the thud of horses' feet on damp earth. I woke up and listened and knew I had dreamed, for there was nothing to hear but the sudden outcry of tree frogs and a shrill patter of wind amongst the leaves. But when I closed my eyes again the hay carts trundled through my brain and horses swished their tails restlessly and bare-skinned young men smiled under straw hats.

I opened my eyes feeling that I had not slept at all, awoke lightly and without astonishment in a world turned limpid just before sunrise. Rob was still asleep, muffled in blankets. I pulled on my shirt and fishing jeans and crept out of the tent. Grass, trees, the meadow above the brook, all lay gray with dew. Some small and insignificant bird cleared its throat in the bushes and a trout splashed under the bridge.

I took my rod and creel and made my way upstream, feeling the cool moisture soak into my clothes. The air itself had a quality of water, flowing past my cheeks and eyes. I found a large pool whose banks were comparatively clear of underbrush and began to cast a wet fly across its length. A twilight still lay upon it, perhaps always, for the deep shade cast by brush and ferns could scarcely be sliced through by even a noon sun.

I had tied on a hare's ear and fine leader, and presently there was a flash of crimson gills and the reel screamed as the trout swirled downstream, taking out my line. I followed carefully, for he led me into a difficult place, the bushes crowding far into the stream. He came to the surface, black, golden-sided, spotted with crimson and ocher. I played him as best I could as he spun from one side of the pool to the other, and then he deliberately sank to the very bottom. Nothing I could do would raise him. Had he fouled the leader around a sunken log or stone? I lifted tenderly, watching the tip of the rod. I walked downstream, gingerly letting out line, then reeled in again and walked upstream. Water quivered about the taut line, the rod tip curved motionless over the stream. Damn him . . . what could he be doing down there in the black dregs of the pool? I waded out as far as I dared, holding the rod at arm's length to keep it clear of twigs and brush. I jerked and jiggled, but I might just as well have been anchored to a load of bricks. I took the line in my hands and pulled. Preliminary elasticity . . . a sickish frustration . . . and the broken leader, flyless, draped itself about my hat and the surrounding bushes.

By the time I had reeled in and tied on another fly and a fresh leader, whitethroats were singing down the brook and a crow flew overhead. Beside me a leaf burst into flame and a brunette light swarmed upon the ground like a swarm of bees. I made my way slowly upstream and felt the morning light break across my shoulders with increasing warmth.

At the next pool I had better luck, taking two fair-sized trout. By now my clothes were soaked with dew. My nostrils filled with the wet, clinging smell of leaves and brook mud and the pungent reek of fresh-caught trout. One of them, still living, writhed in the creel across my back.

Presently the stream lifted out from its tree bed and came down across the fields. Flycatchers hung on invisibly moving wings above the grass, then dove as sea birds dive, into motionless waves. Crows traveled across a broad salmon-colored sky. The stream made no sound here, running deep and intent between gullied banks. I fished for a quarter of a mile or more up the brook, casting a dry fly and taking a few trout, all of them just under a pound. But the morning rise had stopped by the time the sun flowed strong and hot out of a sky burned clear of its color.

I was suddenly fatigued and hungry and realized that I must have come a good two miles from our camping place. For a long time I had imagined that I heard sounds which were not the sounds of empty fields or of uninhabited woods. Fragments of sound: voices, unidentified creakings and clatterings. Now that I had quit fishing I became suddenly attentive to these things.

I could see nothing—nothing but the

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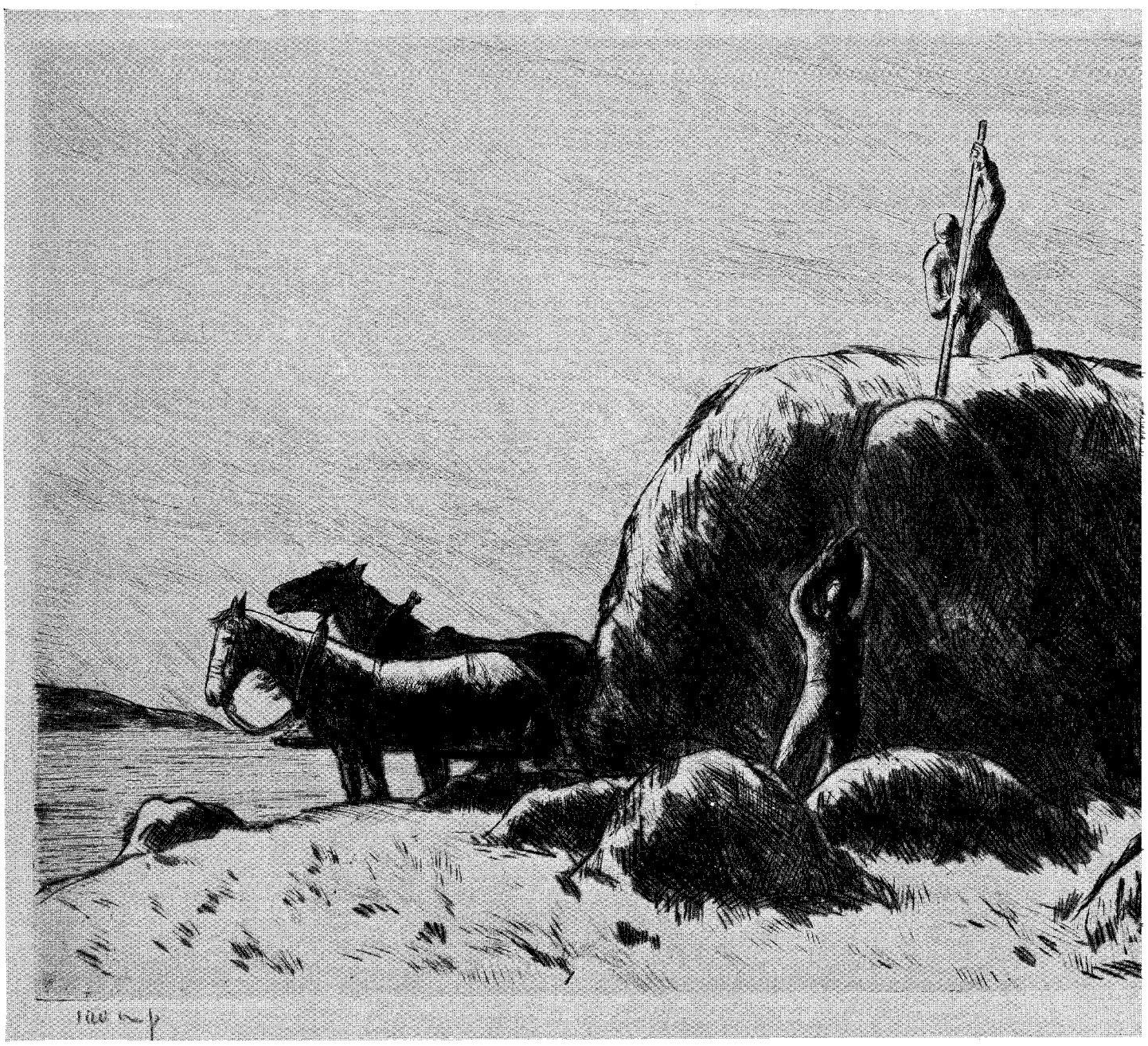

standing hay with the early sun beating on it and, closer to, individual grass stems which gleamed like metal. Then far away, something moved slowly past my vision. A man's head and shoulders rose above the translucence of grass, and a little below the head and some distance beyond it, the arched necks of horses. A sound came tremulously across the fields towards me . . . the sound of a mowing machine and a man's voice crying faintly: "Ho there . . . ho there . . ."

Then from somewhere nearby I heard the loud crowing of a rooster.

I crossed the stream, and following the rise of the opposite field I headed for a line of scraggy elms where the stream curved westward. Soon I was walking between trees. The sound of hens reached me. Voices.

I came into a farmyard spread-eagled before an old house weathered to the color of old pewter. Everything that could fall off or rot away had already done so. A few decrepit turkeys were scratching the ground, hens were scrabbling in a manure heap beside an enormous, lopsided barn, and a calf was languidly devouring a weedy geranium set in a tomato can beside the steps of the house. I heard the lowing of a cow, the insane bleating of goats. And then I saw the children . . .

There must have been fifteen or twenty . . . dressed in rags and wisps of clothing, bareheaded, barelegged, covered in a species of barnyard filth for which there is no description. They were everywhere . . . playing on the tumble-down piazza, emerging and disappearing from holes in the sills of the house and from its gaping doorways. Babies, there must have been half a dozen, squatted in the dirt . . . towheaded and almost naked babies with the dirtiest faces I have ever seen.

I made no sound walking in my sneakers and was almost upon them when a ramshackle sort of collie spied me and let loose a series of hysterical and falsetto barks. All the children started as though wasps had stung them. Innumerable pairs of bright eyes stared

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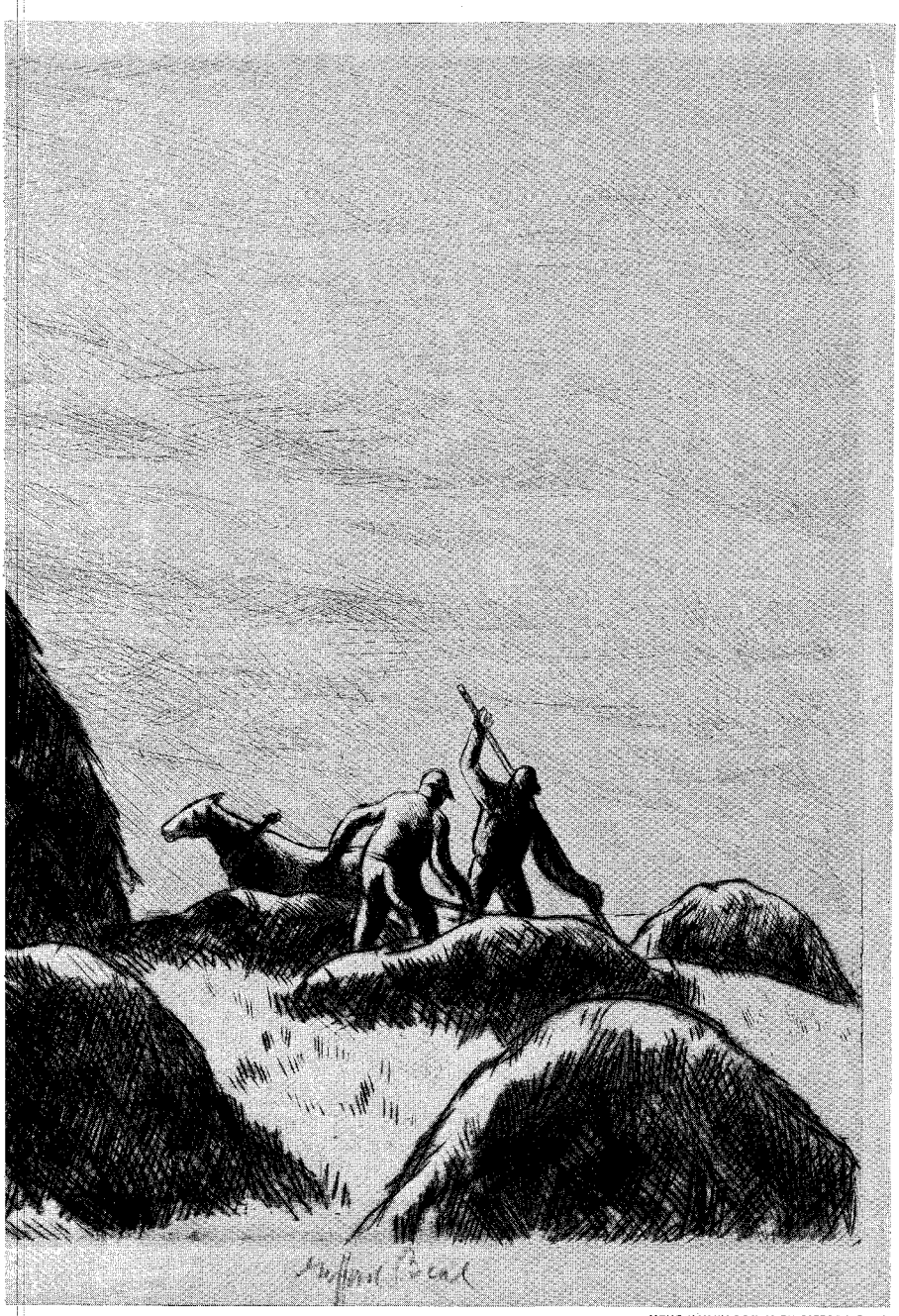

"THE HAY WAGON," BY GIFFORD BEAL

at me in petrified attention. I had a queer sensation of being stared at not only by every living object which I could see but from every lopsided window, every crack and crevice, from behind every tree.

I made my way cautiously between serried ranks of empty hay carts whose tongues rested on the ground and whose high, painted wheels were the only bit of color in the scene.

I approached the nearest group of children and said pleasantly: "Good morning!"

They drew closer together and a heavy, damp silence fell upon everything. I repeated, gently: "Good morning. Is your—mother—home?"

Could one mother have had all of them? From the corners of my eye I had glimpses of others . . . of small round heads popping out from behind doors and sheds. I heard inarticulate, stifled murmurings, nervous giggles.

I walked slowly towards the piazza, wondering if the collie were really too old to bite.

Suddenly all the children emitted a concerted shriek and ran up the trembling steps of the house, jamming in the doorway. One or two of the older ones, glaring defiance at me, paused to snatch up a baby. I stood still, wondering what it was all about. From within issued assorted cries and the thudding of feet on uncarpeted stairs.

Then in the doorway appeared a girl. She must have been about seventeen—tall, well-built, with strong brown legs and a shapeless dress under which she quite obviously wore nothing at all. She stared at me with immense brown eyes. . . . There was a sleepy, flushed look about her, as though she had just tumbled out of bed. I repeated my salutation and added: "I'm sorry to disturb everybody . . . I've been fishing, and I wondered . . ."

She continued to look at me in absolute silence. Then with a speed of movement that left me breathless she disappeared from the door. She just melted into it, leaving a dingy blankness.

Beside me the turkeys pecked with obscene gutturals, the collie lost interest and returned to his unsuccessful attempts to corner a flea which was biting his backsides. I turned to retreat, but when I looked at the door again I saw that it was filled—it was positively crammed, with the body of a woman. I suppose it was a woman. Something gray like Spanish moss trailed from her shoulders to her feet. Under this garment her body moved as an elephant moves inside its loose-fitting hide. She squeezed herself through the door and advanced across the piazza down the steps towards me. A growing instinct to turn and bolt almost conquered my legs, but I managed to address her with unabated politeness: "Good morning!"

No reply. Immense, menacing, shapeless and vague like a cloud in a dream, shaping and reshaping itself in the coils of one's despairing consciousness, she came towards me. An old woman whose body flowed from neck to ankles in the form of a gigantic egg. Two other eggs swung in front of her, moving from side to side as she moved. Her hair hung in shreds to her shoulders. A thick gray mustache grew from her upper lip, interrupting an array of warts.

Beyond this shambling elliptical figure I could see the house with faces glimmering in every window.

Suddenly I raised my voice and a formless emotion must have made it louder than I had intended: "I came to buy some breakfast . . . Have you any?"

The hairy egg slowed to a pause. A pair of needle-sharp eyes peered at me and a voice emerged from under the mustache: "What you doin' here?"

I tried to appear at ease. "Well, I've been fishing and I'm very hungry . . ." But already my appetite had departed.

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I wished that I might follow it without breaking into a run . . .

The tiny eyes—the eyes of a tarantula—continued to probe me at a distance of ten feet. "You spyin' 'round here?"

"Spying? Of course not!" I gave a laugh intended to sound hearty and reassuring. "I told you—I've been fishing . . . I suppose I got sort of lost . . ."

"Fishin'? Where you been fishin'?"

I waved amiably in the direction from where I'd come. "Up the stream across the meadows . . ."

"Uh-uh. Folks ain't allowed to fish in that stream. You been breakin' the law!"

"I don't see how. I've got a license and they told us at Hinton that the stream was open to fishing . . ."

"You been breakin' the law. You'll have to see my son Grandy."

She turned her back on me and motioned towards somebody on the piazza. It was already burdened with a human freight of all sizes and descriptions. Then the girl I had noticed at first came forward. Now she carried a baby slung across her hip. Another child, perhaps two years old, hung like a limpet to her skirts.

"Fetch Grandy," rasped the old woman. "Tell him I want him right away!"

The girl nodded and walked away with a feline, undulating movement of the hips. Another young girl—perhaps fourteen—came out through the door. She too was pretty and strong, barelegged like the others, her feet thrust into broken shoes. She was yawning and stretching her arms over her head but stopped abruptly when she saw me, and stood as though rooted, her mouth hanging open, her arms suspended over her head. Now I could see that they were not all children. Some must have been around twenty, others ranging from fourteen to seventeen . . . tall and lean, short and stout, towheaded and brown-haired. All in rags, all with a queer positive resemblance one to the other.

The old woman looked at me grimly.

"You going to stay here until my son Grandy talks to you."

"But why?" I tried to sound jaunty, but in each face, in the face of even the young children, I saw an expression of cold calculation, a narrowing of the eyes. They came out of the house, they came down the piazza steps one by one, walking with a strange stealthiness . . . They spread out amongst the trees and the hay wagons and moved behind me into the road from where I had come.

The old woman continued to watch me. "Nobody ain't allowed to fish in that stream . . . and you'll find out quick enough . . ."

I replied coldly: "You're talking nonsense. If I've broken the law I'll answer to the law for it. Not to anybody else!"

She smiled. It was an amazing performance. A single tooth hung in the middle of her face, like a stalactite.

"You'll answer to Grandy. He's the law!"

There was a commotion and around the corner of the house came an immensely tall, thin man. He was bare-chested and hairless with the thinnest arms I have ever seen and the longest, whitest face, like a white horse. He limped slightly and I saw that he was club-footed. This did not prevent him from approaching with the strange noiseless gait which I had noticed in the others.

He advanced until he stood beside the egg-shaped woman. Both subjected me to a silent and attentive stare. I noticed his eyes—it was impossible not to notice them. A piercing blue, glass-blue, lashless, completely encircled by diseased flesh which had turned bright crimson. He blinked continually as though they hurt him, but never removed this horrific stare from my face. His mother spoke in her rasping voice: "This here been fishing the brook."

The man Grandy looked at me. "You got a license?" His voice was as shrill and tremulous as his mother's was harsh and deep.

"I have!"

"Let's see it," and he advanced, holding out a large, flat, yellow hand. I remembered that I had left the license in the car.

"I'm sorry, I haven't got it on me. It's down by the highway . . . in my car . . ."

"You're lyin'!"

Quite suddenly temper awoke within me. Who were these people anyway, and what did they think . . . I stared into Grandy's face. Then I shrugged and turned my back on him and started to walk away. I took just three steps. Grandy stood in front of me. He said quietly: "You been breakin' the law!"

I couldn't pass without shoving him aside, and I knew that I wouldn't have touched him with a ten-foot pole. I stopped in my tracks and my temper crystallized into calculation.

I said: "Who are you anyway?"

Grandy's flickering gaze—why did it make me think of carrion flies?—never left my face. He replied without emotion, "That's my business. You been trespassing. And you ain't got no license."

With superb irony I inquired: "And what do you propose to do about it?"

"That's your business," he grinned, then placed his forefinger against his right nostril and blew his nose expertly through the other one. I wondered how long it would be before Rob began to worry and came after me, and whether he would ever find this place . . .

I said: "My husband is down there on the highway waiting for me. If you will come down with me we can thrash this business out with him . . ."

In the pause which followed I was passionately aware of every dirty ear craned to listen. I could hear the egg-shaped ogress breathing behind me.

Grandy blinked at me: "You got a husband?"

"He's waiting for me down by the bridge . . . unless he's already on his way up to find me!"

Grandy's bony face broke into a smile. He had a more extensive collection of teeth than his parent. Suddenly from everywhere came the sound of laughter. Not real laughter—not the hearty reassuring kind of laughter which evokes an involuntary response. This was a long, choking snigger . . . I saw children put their hands over their mouths and double up. Behind me the old woman emitted a brief primordial snort. The older girls showed their white teeth, but their eyes watched me with the transparent gaze of fish.

"Your husband, eh?" echoed Grandy. He protruded a long serpentine tongue and licked his lips. Then he glanced at the old woman. "Last one like this come wandering over the meadow—trampling down my hay—what'd she say?"

"Husband!" enunciated the egg, deeply.

"And the other one—before that—sneaking up the brook collecting butterflies . . . what'd *she* say?"

"Husband!" The word broke on a single lyric note, and mirth broke out afresh. Sniggers and chokings.

I looked steadily at Grandy. "Will you please let me pass?"

He folded his gaunt arms across his breast and spread out his legs, cocking his head on one side. "Well now, that's the first perlite words you've had to say to me. Will I let you pass, huh? After you brok' the (*continued on page* 84)

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Fishing Off the Grand Banks

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR SCRIBNER'S BY BERNARD BREEDLOVE

DAWN is still an hour away, but the Fish Pier at Boston is alive with activity. Trawler crews are busy with last-minute preparations; boats are taking on fuel and water. As the dark sky lightens to a dirty gray, the boats whistle shrilly and chug out of the harbor. They are headed for the fishing grounds, two hundred to six hundred miles out in the North Atlantic; ten days from now they will be back laden with fish for the nation.

The scene is modern, but indelibly American. Sails have given way to five-hundred-plus horsepower Diesel-engined ships; hand lines and small nets have been replaced by electrically operated trawling nets one hundred and fifty feet long; weather reports and reports of runs of fish come by radio, not by guess, but the fishing industry today is as truly a part of Life in the United States as a Kansas wheat field or a New York skyscraper.

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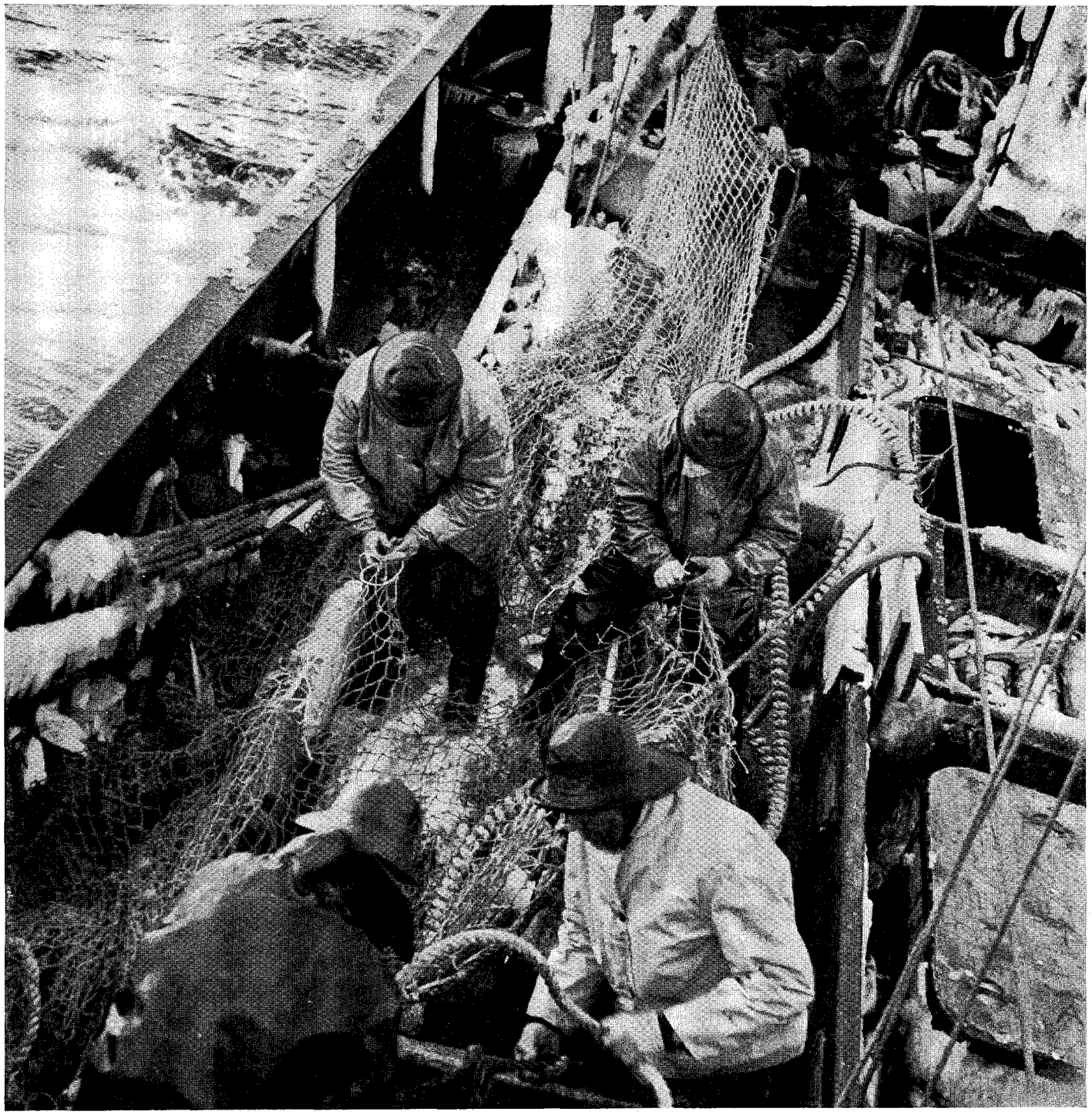

The port net is mended while the starboard net is in the sea

As the trawler leaves the quiet harbor and wallows in the heavy gray swells, the crew is busy marking cables, mending nets, and overhauling gear. The radio operator keeps in contact with other fishing boats, with the home offices in Boston, and checks the boat's position with naval radio-compass stations. At five o'clock on the morning of the third day the fishing grounds are reported dead ahead. By radio the company trawler a few miles away reports a good run. The men move faster—a good run means money, for the catch is shared among the crew.

Carefully the port side is made ready. The captain gives an order and over goes the net, to be dragged at a forty-fathom (240-foot) depth, for the radio reports a plentiful run. The crew prepares the cleaning bins, while the vessel plows ahead at four knots an hour. After an hour and a half the haul comes in—a good one. The big net swings over the rail, the drawstring-like "cod end" is jerked and upon the deck pour hundreds of wriggling fish. The men grab the fish, slitting and gutting them with a single twist, tossing them into the cleaning tank, then pouring them into the ice-filled cavern in the hull.

The net goes down again. At eleven-thirty A.M. the rubber-booted relief crew comes on deck and the relieved workers go down into the galley for food, coffee, and a

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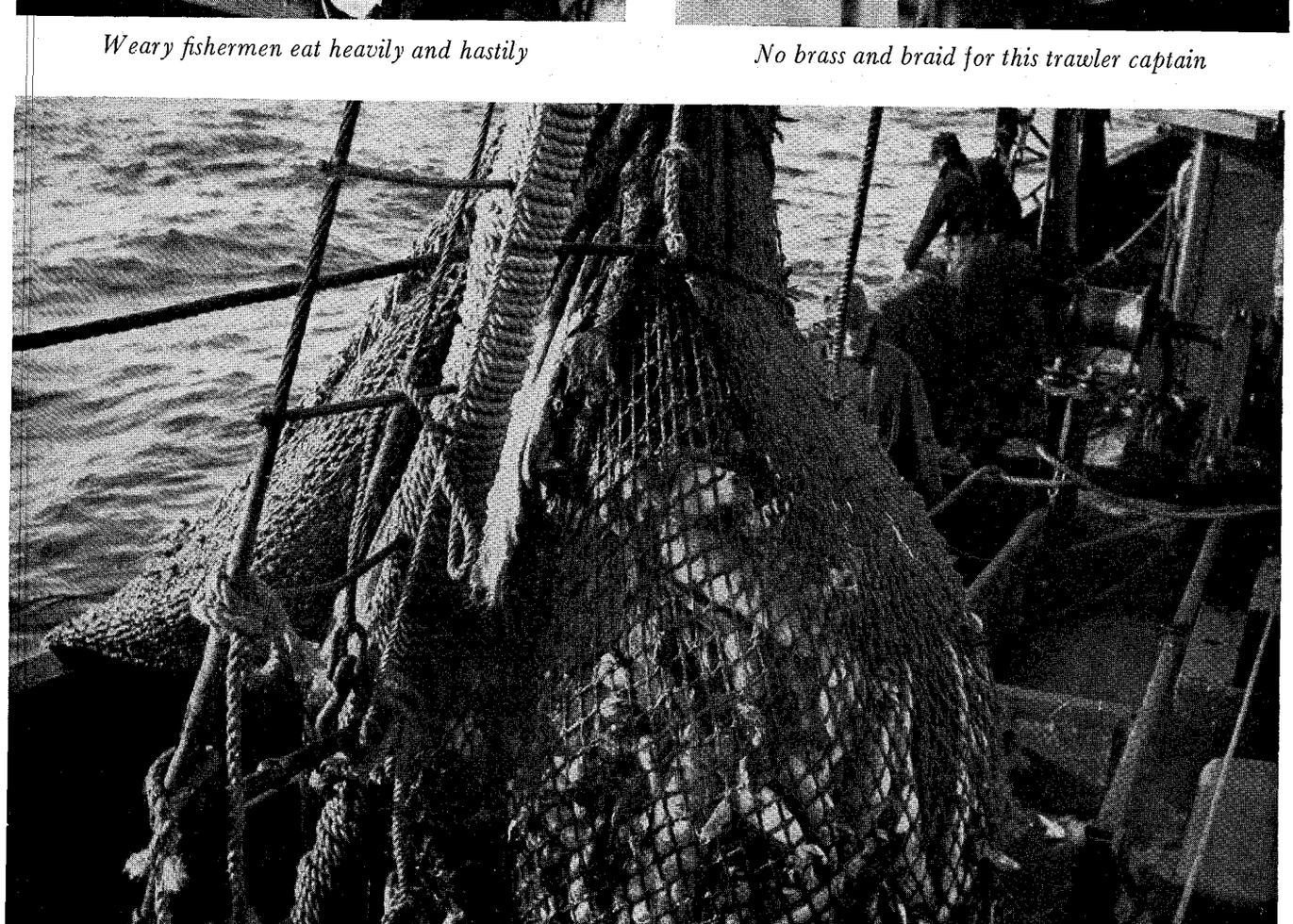
Weary fishermen eat heavily and hastily

No brass and braid for this trawler captain



Over the rail swings the bag-like net with hundreds of pounds of fish

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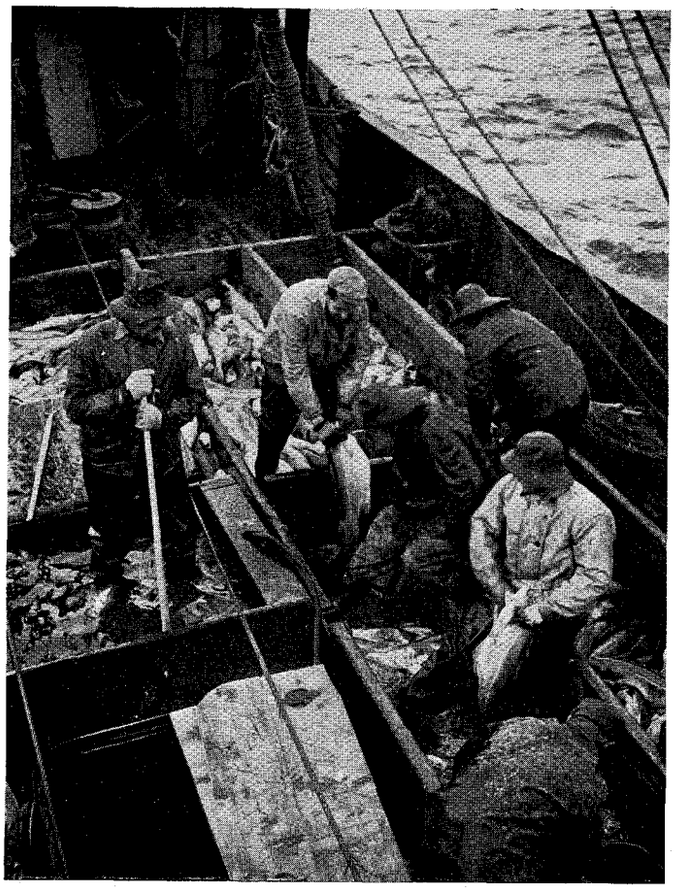
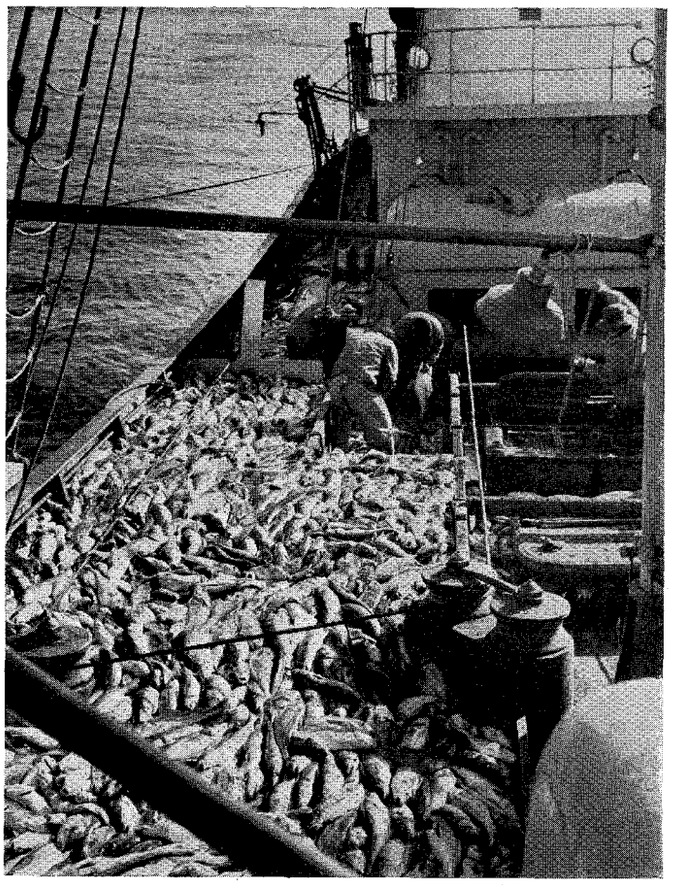
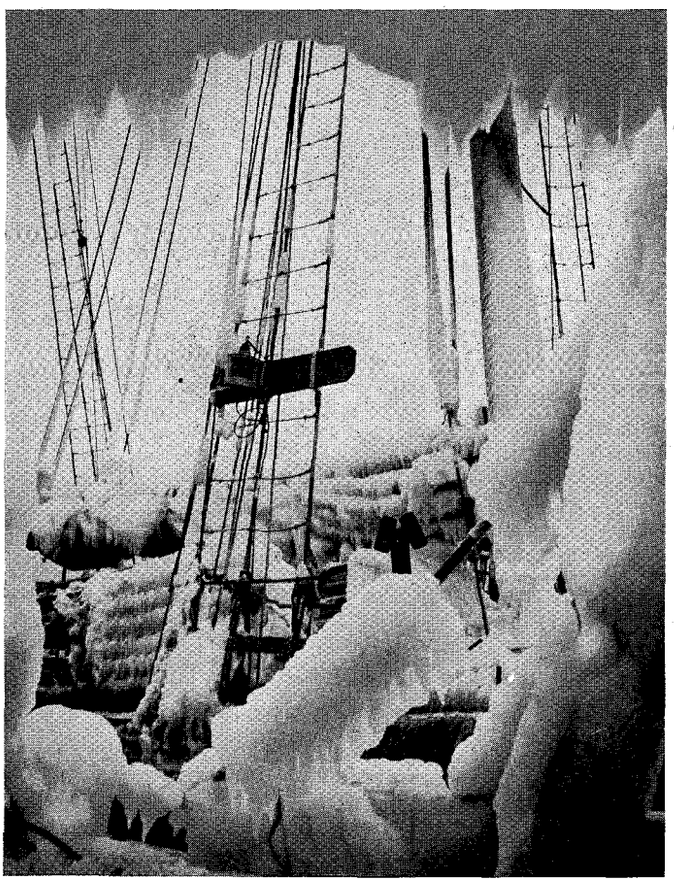


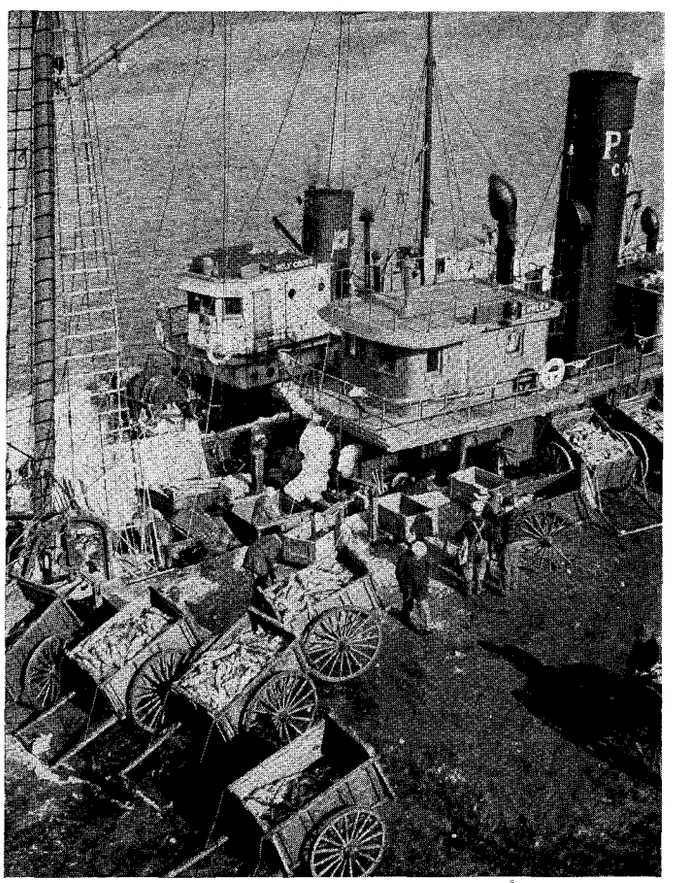
Fish are quickly gutted and cleaned



Into the ice-filled hold go the fish



Ice on the rigging is dangerous cargo



In port—the catch is carted to storage

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Flocks of hungry gulls hover about the homeward-bound trawlboat

smoke. Thus goes the routine, day after day, the hardest kind of physical labor. If the weather keeps clear and the fine run of fish holds, the prices stay up and ship expenses are low, each man will have a hundred dollars to spend in Boston two weeks later.

Usually, though, the picture isn't so pretty. Good hauls are few. Trawler expenses, which must be shared by the men, are heavy. Uncontrolled trawling methods have depleted the fishing grounds near the shore; the vessels must go farther and farther out to sea. For foreign competition has forced prices to a low level. The income of a fisherman often runs as low as $350 a year.

The government has stepped in to try to improve conditions. The Bureau of Fisheries is engaged in an artificial propagation campaign; the mesh-size of nets is now regulated by law; other improvements are hoped for. But at the moment, the fisherman's plight is not a happy one.

*

Bernard Breedlove, who made these pictures for SCRIBNER'S, *spent three years as a radio operator on fishing boats and is a free-lance photo-journalist. Fog and mist defeat most cameramen in their attempt to photograph the North Atlantic fishing fleet, but patience and persistence enabled Breedlove to overcome these obstacles.*

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don herold examines:

trains

I have just been on a train trip out to Indianapolis to see a man about a dog.

Gosh, I like trains.

The human race has been going to pieces on me pretty fast, lately. On the whole, I think we are a sad and sorry sight. But trains are a human institution, and they are pretty nearly perfect, and they restore, to some extent, my esteem for the mankind who made them.

Our nations muss each other up, our government acts at times like a big moronic oaf, our businesses go bankrupt, our laziness and our carelessness and shiftlessness triumph over us in almost everything we undertake—even our merry-go-rounds break down—but a train leaves New York at 6:00 P.M., gets to Indianapolis at exactly 10:50 A.M., and does it day after day, year after year, in all kinds of weather, with practically never any variation. I feel good to see some human institution thus working as it should work, and making no excuses and telling no lies. Maybe the human race will come out all right, after all.

I like the kind of people who run trains. There always seems to be something trustworthy and fatherly in a railroad engineer or in the conductor who punches your ticket. Railroads, being regular, seem to attract regular people . . . not crackpots.

I like to snuggle into a train seat or a Pullman berth and listen to the regularity and dependability of the train . . . wheels clicking beneath me . . . and the mellow, melodious whistle on the engine. (No airplane or bus will ever be able to duplicate the rich, beckoning, tempting whistle of a train. It is the train whistle which will save trains, eventually, from all competition.)

There's something in steam which appeals to the boy in me . . . hissing, steamy, vapory, cloudy steam. In comparison with it, gasoline power seems a colorless, unromantic modern expedient.

Places to go are not much, but going there on trains is . . . marvelous.

parlor lamps

Nothing can be uglier than a parlor lamp when it wants to be.

And most of them seem to want to be.

The first thing that most newly wedded couples buy is a "bridge" or "piano" lamp or a table lamp that would do credit to a Zulu chief.

Most of us are still in the savage stage when it comes to lamps. Parlor lamps are 2000 years behind civilization.

Most of the bases look as if they had been designed by lunatics in their spare time and most of the shades look like something off of a horse in a circus parade.

If you ask the stores why they sell such atrocious-looking lamps, they reply that "you have to give the people what they want."

I wonder.

I believe it is everybody's duty to give the public something better than it wants, so that the public will eventually stretch up to something nearer what it ought to have.

If I were a billionaire, I would go around shooting parlor lamps, paying for them as they fell.

more golf

Someone has said that if you shoot over 100 at golf, you are neglecting your golf, and if you shoot under 90, you are neglecting your business.

Well, why not?

I'm going to shoot under 90.

My business has neglected me for a good many years. A little turnabout is now in order.

For most of my life I have sunk my teeth into my work, seven days a week. I couldn't get enough of it. And I realize now that this has been largely a neurotic habit. It has only given me indigestion, a bald head, and several shares of stock, which seem nowadays to be more of a disgrace than an achievement.

I fell for Horatio Alger and Sunday School and Ralph Waldo Emerson and the *Success Magazine* when I was a boy, and, as a result, I have wasted the better part of my life in diligence. I was dumb enough to believe Benjamin Franklin when he said that we must not squander time. I have now rewritten his pepigram to read: *"Dost thou love life?; then squander lots of time, for squandering is the stuff life is made of."*

Right now, I feel that the most important thing in life is the esthetic thrill of swatting a golf ball in a straight line for 200 and some odd yards.

They can't take *that* away from me!

The government can't add 40 per cent to my golf score and share it among the poor. Neither can thieves steal nor rust corrupt a good midiron shot, once

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I have sent it sailing down the fairway. Nor can orthodontists or snooty New England colleges or Fifth Avenue shoppes or Wall Street raiders levy on my memory of beautiful approaches and 20-foot putts.

This is a sort of Herold one-man strike. I'm tired of the 98-hour week (14 hours a day, 7 days a week), when the rest of the world is striking for . . . and getting . . . the 40-hour week.

I'm going to be poor . . . I'm going to relax . . . and break 98 in more ways than one!

stay home

It seems to me that international messiness could be solved by just one simple little rule: everybody stay home. I mean nations. Any nation which steps six inches over its line should be pounced on like a rat by all other nations.

We ought all to be pouncing on Japan like a rat at this minute, for its thieving expedition into China. We should all have pounced on Italy like a rat when it went robbing in Ethiopia. Most of us did pounce eventually on Germany like a rat when it came strutting over its borders. All Germany needed to have done was not to have gone six inches over into Belgium.

This six-inch principle is about all the international law the world needs. All the other rules and regulations and treaties are mere evasions of the real issue. Individuals of one nation should travel in other countries at their own risk. This thing of a nation going to war to avenge the death of one or two wanderlusty citizens within the borders of another country is all the bunk.

The rascal nations today are Japan and Italy. At least they have no moral principles. But all nations are inclined to be rascals. England has been the greatest rascal of all in her time and is now moral only because she has all she wants, and is tired. France has done her share of stealing in her time. We come nearest to being the one moral nation, but even we started by stealing our country from the Indians.

But we moral and we tired nations should all get together now and say to Japan and Italy: "It is just too bad, but you waited too long to start your stealing. We used to be crooks ourselves, but we have now come to the Lord, and we'll knock your blocks off unless you stay home and mind your own business." And mean it.

Then we nations should start to think of each other as potential customers. More Marshall Fields (not field marshals) is what the world needs. Marshall Field was the first big storekeeper to capitalize on fair dealing. "The customer is always right," he said, and it revolutionized storekeeping. Nations should spend billions building good will, instead of billions blowing each other to atoms.

Cagey old men can't see this. Old men get mean, and think complicatedly and suspiciously, and know too well what can't be done. Only visionary upstarts like me can see clearly and cleanly, and even I, now that I am in my forties, am starting to get a little mean and a little cagey and suspicious.

all about marriage

One of the early blows suffered by an intelligent husband in the first year of his marriage, is the realization that his wife doesn't take his intelligence very seriously.

Women marry and like men because they are little boys, and also because they (women) are crazy about the institution of marriage. (Men like women, but hate matrimony. Women don't always care so much for men, but they *do* dote on matrimony.)

It is a blow to a smart man when he finds that the love of his wife is apt to evidence itself most strongly when he has done something foolish, faltering, and futile, instead of when he has put over a big deal or thought a big thought.

This isn't the way things have gone for the smart man previous to his marriage. He is accustomed to acclaim for his wisecracks and shrewd accomplishments. He expects applause for his brilliance, and silence for his failures.

It hurts him to feel indifference to his brilliance, and to get attention only for his fall-downs and bruises. Any fool can fall down and bruise himself!

Lots of brilliant men quit matrimony in a short time for these reasons, and present themselves to the world as "misunderstood" husbands.

Others sit tight, and adjust themselves gradually to the foolishness which is woman.

bon voyage

A few winters ago, about a year after my return from a trip to Europe (I was wintering in Los Angeles those winters), I received, out of a clear sky, a huge basket of gorgeous fruit with the card: *"Bon Voyage—Leo."*

I couldn't understand it. Why fruit? And I knew no Leo's in Los Angeles.

From Young's, fancy grocers of Los Angeles, I learned the basket had been ordered through Charles', fancy grocers of New York, by one Leo Burnett, an advertising friend of mine in Chicago.

I wrote Leo and asked him why.

"Oh, I was in New York the other day and I saw some bon-voyage baskets in Charles' window and I remembered I hadn't sent you anything when you sailed for Europe a year or so ago, and I thought better late than never."

There's a guy with the courage of his whims.

The world needs more of this kind of insanity. And less of the several kinds of insanity known as sanity. "Sound thinking" is probably the root of most of our human difficulties.

fragmentary

How can individuals be expected to regard their financial obligations seriously when nations act, in money matters, like bums?

Morals of mankind are all cockeyed, in the first place. For example, plagiarism is frowned upon among authors but condoned in the apparel trades. The apparel trades are frankly divided into stylists and stealists.

A fellow in Chicago recently started to show me snapshots of his children, but I was quicker on the draw.

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"Three months, and still they can't say 'cain't'"

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Motion Pictures

GILBERT SELDES

If Mr. Walter Wanger is trying to give the impression that he is the biggest heel, esthetically, in all of Hollywood, that is his business; the pictures he makes are our business. I seldom trust quotations from moving-picture producers, but as three reliable movie editors all quoted Mr. Wanger more or less to the same effect and in almost the same words, I assume that he really said, "Every night when I go to bed, I ask God not to let me be carried away by a picture I believe in." Mr. Wanger alluded to pictures with themes of such seriousness and importance as would appeal to his own intelligence. His current production is a glorified and extremely attractive fashion newsreel, attached to the usual Hollywood story and produced in color. One gathers that Mr. Wanger did not believe in *The Vogues of 1938* except as a money-maker. It is making money.

When I last had the pleasure of talking about the movies with Mr. Wanger, he was in a state of high indignation about the stupidity of exhibitors. These people, the middlemen between the producers and the public, seemed to have a pretty obstinate idea about making money and, according to Mr. Wanger, they reject, sight unseen, any novelties. In his own experience they told him he was crazy when he made a picture whose principal scenes were set in a lunatic asylum; the picture was *Private Worlds* and was definitely a credit to Mr. Wanger as a producer; moreover, by his own account, it did not lose money. Mr. Wanger ranged beyond his own experience and told me that when Fred Astaire was announced as the star of a picture, exhibitors said they "did not want a bald-headed tap dancer to be starred." Mr. Astaire turned out to be not quite bald, one of the most potent money-makers among the men stars of Hollywood, and all of his pictures were a pleasure to see.

The disconcerting thing about Mr. Wanger's ideas is his assumption that a picture he "believes in" must necessarily lose money. Last month I reserved my highest praise for *The Life of Emile Zola* and made emphatically the point that the vigor and drive of this picture, like that of half a dozen other Warner Brothers productions, gave the impression of a profound sincerity behind it. Long before that, I recognized one special aspect of even second- and third-rate movies which distinguished them from all but the very first-rate stage productions. It was that you felt a sense of satisfaction on the part of the moving-picture producers; *you* may have thought that the pictures were bad, but you knew that they were not considered inferior *by the producers.* In other words, the producers believed in them. Mr. Pandro Berman, the late Irving Thalberg, Mr. Zanuck, Mr. Goldwyn might all from time to time produce a conventional melodrama or a lavish and dull musical; but on their major productions they put not only the print of their individuality, but the much more important stamp of their absolute conviction that a good picture was being made. You can see this also in the work of directors. Give them something they believe in, and they turn out tremendously impressive pictures—most of which make money. Moreover, all of these impressive pictures reinforce the habit, vital to the moving-picture industry, of making people go to the movies. Whereas three dozen productions may get to the New York stage with no passionate belief in the scripts, with only a desperate hope that the play will be bought by Hollywood; and such plays do much more than Hollywood has done to destroy the habit of going to the theater.

This matter of having convictions, of believing in the pictures you make, is of the first importance; and the first thing *not* to believe is that a picture has to have a somber or at least a serious theme in order to be a good picture; it is fatal to believe that if a picture is good, it must fail. Mr. Wanger has in short displayed another phase of the appalling intellectual snobbery which has fatally weakened both the popular and the serious arts in America. I hope that his success will not go to the heads of his rivals.

Actually, *The Vogues of 1938* was something that Mr. Wanger obviously did believe in up to a point and if his conviction had been deeper, his picture would have been a little better. Nothing could have prevented this dazzling display of beautiful girls, in magnificent clothes, presented in color more attractive than it was ever seen before, from being what *Variety* called a "sockeroo." What these elements needed was skillful production and for the most part that is what Mr. Wanger gave them; he got the bright Bella and Samuel Spewack to do a light story which was competently acted. At times, invention seemed to fail and old, dull revue elements, like the girls coming out of a magazine cover, were used for the display. But for the most part, good humor and good direction carried the day beautifully. It was a picture which added nothing to what is known of the art of the movies, but it was never in bad taste, it was always pleasant to see, and if it was a foolish entertainment, it was not a bad one, A little shorter, a little brighter, a little more inventive in the presentation of the fashion show and it would have been perfect of its kind.

Another sockeroo now current is *Dead End.* When it was shown on the stage, I considered it a production in search of a play, and oddly enough, the movies found a play in it and have completely bogged down on what must have been

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the simplest and the easiest of all problems, which was the production. After I had seen the name of Samuel Goldwyn, like Abou Ben Adhem's, leading all the rest, and occupying no less than three hundred square feet of space, everything else I saw was a fairly good reproduction of the original stage-setting with real water added and real moving-picture value totally destroyed. Back in the 1890's the players of the *Comédie Française* were directly photographed for the movies in a stage-setting; since that time, with infinite reluctance and considerable prodding from the critics, the movies have learned that the cinematic reproduction of a stage play definitely does not make a movie. The movie version of *Dead End* tries vainly to turn back the clock. To be sure the camera does at times move away from the theater setting. It is, in fact, notable that the two most effective scenes in the picture are the interior of a slum and the running gun fight in the neighborhood. The interior scene which, as I recall, was not even suggested by the original text, shows the mistress of a rich man appalled by the filth and degradation of the tenement-home of the young architect whom she really loves. The whole thing was done by the camera: the fastidious girl picking her way, the stricken lover watching her unseen, understanding her emotions, and slipping away so that she does not even have to explain to him. That was motion-picture work of high order, whereas the reproduction of most of the play was ordinary illustration.

An interesting point was mentioned to me by a professional observer. In the play and in the movie also, a yacht is supposed to be ready to steam down the Bay; obviously it could not be shown in the theater; obviously it could be shown in the movie. Because it was not shown, one did not believe it was there; or, to put it another way, you missed it; you felt that somebody was faking. And this very simple difference indicates that the makers of *Dead End* were so bemused by the success of the play on the stage that they forgot the basic requirements of the motion picture.

To revert to my original theme for a moment, I should say that *Dead End,* no less than *Zola,* represented an honest feeling on the part of the producer. Mr. Goldwyn has a knack for making bright and interesting the kind of social problem which seemed important in the 1920's. His productions are smooth and glossy with the patina of time past; they lose the vigor and actuality which is typical of the best of the Warner Brothers pictures.

Take now the costume piece, *Souls At Sea,* produced by Adolph Zukor for Paramount and directed by Henry Hathaway. Setting aside importance of theme and all questions of social significance, here is a picture in which obviously its creators had a great deal of faith; and if you are thinking of what a moving picture ought to be to provide various kinds of entertainment, all in a high degree, you can hardly find a better example. The characters are not out of stock, but freshly conceived; sudden surprises of humor flash through it while the suspense of a tragedy at sea is carefully sustained; a sense of the strange accidents of life runs through it; almost all the players are perfect in their parts. It is a pure adventure picture and at the end some feeling of nobility is distilled from the adventure. The direction is so neat and so satisfying that *Souls At Sea* becomes a triumph of production.

I make it a point to devote this space chiefly to pictures of considerable merit, hoping that the job of rapping producers' knuckles will be adequately done elsewhere. But there are pictures, lavishly produced, which may be successful and drag down the level of production, persuading people that they need not do good work since bad work gets by. I therefore think it worth noting that *Broadway Melody of 1938* is a disgrace to the entire personnel associated with it and that *You Can't Have Everything* is as near to an entirely negligible film as one can conceive. Furthermore, it seems excessive to me to be heavy-gaited in dealing with a classic when the classic is only *The Prisoner of Zenda,* after all. It may be that my memory deceives me, but certainly this seemed moving-picture material of the first order. Mr. John Cromwell's remarkable gifts as a director for the theater have led him astray so that at moments *The Prisoner of Zenda* is almost a psychological drama and the rest of the time it is a melodrama done as if the movies were still as unmanageable as the stage was in the first period of Owen Davis.

*

It is clear that good movies seem important to me and that I believe good movies cannot be based on bad principles. The bad principles of Hollywood have ranged from a false conception of the nature of the moving-picture mechanism to an exaggerated idea of the privileges of the producer. Mr. Wanger's fatuous remark introduces another element of falseness—a wrong relationship between the producer and the public. It would be less dangerous if the right relationship were generally acknowledged.

On this point I refer the reader, with some misgivings, to *The Arts,* a new work by Hendrik Willem van Loon, full of his intelligence and charm, perhaps too full of his whimsicality and discursiveness, but generally engaging and useful.

On page 8 of *The Arts,* Mr. van Loon makes the point that "in the days when the arts were really an integral part of people's daily lives . . . the artist . . . was merely a craftsman of exceptional ability. . . . But today the artist lives on one side of the street and the craftsman lives on the other side and the two hardly speak." On page 548, after a discussion of modern society, Mr. van Loon says: "The universality of the old cultural ideas was destroyed and the artist was left to grope for himself. . . . No longer able to give expression to the common thought, the artist was now . . . forced to give expression to his own individual ideas." Without attempting to quarrel with or endorse the dozens of ideas and opinions which are expressed in the whole book, I suggest that the two quotations from near the beginning and near the end have a great deal of reference to our present trouble in the arts. Although Mr. van Loon has done an excellent work in connecting the arts and the great artists with the environment in which they flourished, I still feel that the emphasis is a little misplaced. Mr. van Loon thinks of the artist as "one set apart" and says that "all art is essentially a one-man experience" and therefore something innately aloof and aristocratic. He thinks this, although he cannot believe that the same thing is true of craftmanship. His book makes the arts more accessible to the people, but the relation between the artist and the people is still the relation of a superior to an inferior.

In a brilliantly executed map Mr. van Loon has created a sort of chart of world events and artistic expression. The conquerors and the statesmen, the inventors, the discoverers, the physicians, the chemists, the emancipators, all figure on this chart as the loam and subsoil from which the tree of the arts springs. It may have been only the simplest graphic way of associating one element with another, but it repeats the ancient idea that nothing in the history of a nation is more important than the works of its poets, painters, and composers.

I believe that, until the poets, painters, and composers themselves reject this idea, they will remain self-exiled from the source of their greatest power and will be fulfilling only a small part of the mission of which they are remarkably proud.

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"Don't take Medicine—

maybe it's APPENDICITIS"

APPENDICITIS is taking American lives at the rate of one every thirty-one minutes, day and night, week in and week out. Self-treatment often contributes to this loss of valuable human life, for appendicitis may be a relatively simple illness.

Many deaths from appendicitis could be prevented if, whenever an abdominal pain persists, everyone would follow these three simple rules:

1. ***Do not take a laxative, solid food, or medicine of any kind.***
2. ***Stay quietly in bed.***
3. ***Call a doctor.***

Acute inflammation of the appendix is almost always accompanied by a persistent pain and tenderness in the abdomen. Contrary to common belief, the pain rarely begins in the lower right side, although after some hours it usually settles there. It may be accompanied by fever or nausea, or both. Of course, not all intestinal discomfort is caused by appendicitis, but anyone who has a severe, persistent abdominal pain needs the prompt attention of a competent physician.

In cases of acute appendicitis any kind of laxative is dangerous, because it increases intestinal activity and may induce peritonitis, the dreaded and sometimes fatal complication. Even if the pain suddenly subsides, no one but a doctor can tell whether or not an operation is necessary.

During his diagnosis, the doctor often finds it necessary to make blood counts and to observe the patient's temperature over a period of time. He may say that the attack can be relieved without operating, or he may order an operation immediately.

Delay in calling a doctor is dangerous. When an appendix operation is promptly performed by a skilled surgeon, it is generally successful. Authorities agree that if everyone observed the three simple rules which appear above, many of the sixteen to eighteen thousand deaths from appendicitis which occur in the United States each year could be avoided.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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Theater

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

If the present theatrical season does nothing else, it should prove more or less conclusively just how right or how wrong the contention is that playwrights who go to Hollywood for any length of time seldom come back without a fatal *streptococcus septicus.*

Having deserted the theater in its late hour of need and having heard that it is now firmly back on its feet again and in the money, the doughboys are either permanently or temporarily returning in sizable numbers, some elaborately pretending that their souls, at least, have never really been away, some eagerly trusting that their dereliction may find extenuation in the gifts they are about to re-bestow upon the stage, and others cockily, if rather pathetically and ludicrously, seeking to whitewash their Hollywood harlotry with defenses of and even hosannas to the film art.

Among those who are scampering back to the ship, now that they have found it isn't sinking after all, are: Ben Hecht, Laurence Stallings, Clifford Odets, Clare Kummer, Bayard Veiller, Arthur Richman, Bartlett Cormack, Zoë Akins, Herman Mankiewicz, Reginald Lawrence, Max Marcin, Vincent Lawrence, Zona Gale, Louis Weitzenkorn, Sidney Howard, Francis Faragoh, John Emerson, Edward Childs Carpenter, Valentine Davies, and Aben Kandel.

Several of these, before they sold themselves down the river, demonstrated themselves playwrights of a very pretty competence, and some of their plays were among the best that the American theater at the time had to offer. Some of the others never amounted to anything even before they betook themselves to the great Western cultural center, and so do not figure in the present speculation. But what Hollywood has or has not done to the better ones, as we shall determine from the plays they disclose to us, should in the season's final reckoning constitute the first considerably tested and substantial argument either for or against the Hollywood influence.

While I duly and fully appreciate that a professionally hired critic's concern is not with playwrights personally but solely with the plays they produce, and while I, who have a disrelish for almost everything that Hollywood represents—equaled only by my distaste for the libretto of Schubert's *Alfonso und Estrella,* the two nude holy creatures in Bellini's *Madonna, Child and Six Saints,* and French beer—nevertheless for the sake of the theater hope for the best, I privilege myself a snack of disquiet when I contemplate the recent conduct and public utterances of a number of these more material dramatists.

Take, for example, Ben Hecht. This Hecht, fundamentally a fellow of talent and some brilliance, started on his career with independence, integrity, and high pride; and his work in the field of letters and drama reflected his honesty and inviolable personal and professional standards. Then, with the surprising suddenness of a hot-seat, Hollywood's gold electrified him and bounced him like some esurient neo-Forty-niner out of his erstwhile composure. That, since Hecht abandoned himself to its influence, he has written nothing which, up to the present season, has not clearly and unmistakably indicated the habit of invalidating character and standards which that influence seems to have, does not necessarily argue that he may not prove himself reclaimed and redeemed. We shall see what we shall see.

But we may perhaps be allowed a moment of pause when we pick up the amusement trade journal, *Variety,* and observe on the first page the announcement that Hecht has accepted a writing contract with Samuel Goldwyn for $260,000 a year and on the back page of the very same issue this toothsome advertising blurb conspicuously signed by him:

"I've always had the notion that the theater could hit harder than the screen, bounce higher, say more and dig deeper. After an hour and a half look at Mr. Goldwyn's production of *Dead End,* I entered Mr. Goldwyn's office with head hung and ready to join the true faith, and murmur that I may have been wrong. It is a more unflinching, undecorated and brilliant attack on the emotions than any stage play, including its own Broadway origin, I've seen in years. . . . Among the things I did when I broke down and begged Mr. Goldwyn's pardon for not having adored the art of the cinema before, was ask his permission to square myself with the Muses by coming out once flat-footed with a hosanna for a movie. Mr. Goldwyn graciously granted me this permission."

That there could be any slightest connection between a Goldwyn contract for $260,000 and the pronouncement that a Goldwyn movie is superior to any stage drama produced in years—the period covering the plays of Synge, Shaw, O'Neill, O'Casey, Pirandello, and most of the other outstanding world dramatists—is, of course, to be believed only by the most ignorant, scurrilous, and libelous of knaves.

Like Hecht, Laurence Stallings, before the glitter of Kolossalywood mica tempted him, was a writer with a firm, fine belief in himself, in the theater, and in the cause of drama; and everything he did for the theater—surely no one forgets his share in the memorable *What Price Glory?,* among other things—emphasized it. Now, read this, from an article lately published in *Stage:*

"Even now in this relatively enlightened age, a fine critic such as Richard Watts, Jr., of the *Herald Tribune* is moved from his first-class reporting on the new films to shell out the usual woebegone contemplation of the legitimate drama, and this move is called a promotion for Mr. Watts—though the difference is comparable to that of a man leaving the post of tackle on a football team to crawl under grandma's chair for a good old-fashioned cry. . . . In the meantime, the world was going to the movies. . . . Chinamen in remote villages of Suiyan longed for spectacles like Harold Lloyd's, or for women like

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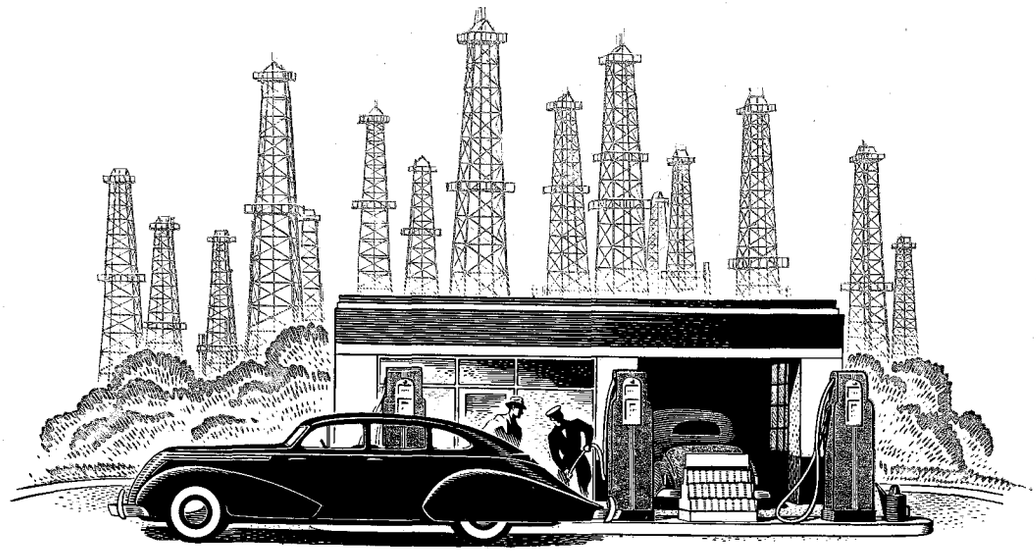
Steel
taps the source of motor fuel



BETWEEN the natural oil reservoirs a mile or so below ground and the filling station where you buy gasoline for your car are many operations in which steel takes the brunt of strenuous service. One is the task of getting oil out of the ground. Except for an occasional gusher, oil must be pumped to the surface from the subterranean pools.

The pump must be at the bottom of the well, because oil can be lifted only a few feet by suction. The engine or motor supplying the power must be on the surface. Steel's job is to supply the connecting link—a pump rod a mile long.

This rod has to be small enough to work within a tube two inches in diameter and leave room for the oil to flow up around it. At each upward stroke this slender shaft of steel lifts a weight of about ten tons and must not suffer "fatigue" from the repeated stretching. Further, the steel must defy the corrosive action of acids, gases and salt water which may be in the oil, as the entire surface of the rod is exposed to attack. And moderate cost is essential—26,000 new wells have to be equipped annually in addition to replacements in old wells. Of course, a single rod a mile long could not be handled, so short sections are coupled together.

As the pioneer producer of alloy steels in this country, Bethlehem has been in a position to contribute substantially to the development of these sucker rods, as the oil-field man calls them. Bethlehem metallurgists have studied not only the merits of different types of steel but also the effect of different methods of forging and heat treating. They have extended their studies to include even points to observe in handling and shipping the completed rods.

Bethlehem is a leading manufacturer of these sucker rods—as well as of other steel products for the oil industry.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

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John Gilbert's. Film had superseded all other carriers of culture and had proved to be the one international instrument of any value in the spread of ideas among mankind."

Overlooking for the moment the unconscious, rich, paradoxical humor, to say nothing of the corrupted intelligence, of such Hollywood bowwowism, what are we to think of the dramatic mind and character of the writer responsible for it? If, as in the instance of Hecht, Stallings is completely honest in the matter, it becomes painfully evident that he has at the same time also become deplorably dumb. If, on the other hand, he is dishonest and is merely catering to Hollywood's favor and good will—which is obviously wholly unthinkable—he is contemptible.*

Passing over Zoë Akins, that once highly propitious writer for the theater who long since surrendered her virtue (esthetic) to the Timons of the celluloid Athens and who since has sought to exculpate herself with such *pâtés de foie gras* as "Anyone who goes to Hollywood simply for the money to be got out of it and not with a great faith and pride and artistic belief in writing for the pictures should be allowed no place there," we come to Clifford Odets, the young man in whom the great majority of drama critics, though hardly the present commentator, once saw enormously promising dramatic gifts.

Like some of the other playwrights mentioned, this Odets began to write for the stage with passionate fidelity and conviction and, whatever might have been held critically against him, there could be no denying that he possessed an inexpugnable probity and even a boiling ardor when it came to the business of sitting himself down and writing his ideas into drama. Then came Hollywood beckoning with its easy money and warm skies and flattering flunkies and facile veneer of grandeur and—almost overnight—this from Mr. Odets to an interviewer for the New York *World-Telegram:*

"The movies, if you ask me, have taken over the field of entertainment in this country. The theater, which once had a potent and powerful voice, has dwindled to a little squeak that sometimes, but not often, sounds something cultural."

That the playwrights I have quoted, together with those whom I have not, may prove to us, through their plays which are to be presented this season, that the Hollywood influence is just what the American drama has long sorely needed for its coming to maturity, is possible. But one wonders how a sneering contempt for the theater and drama, if it be honest and not merely apologia pro vita sewer, may be reconciled with the achievement of sound dramatic writing, even as, on the other hand, a similar contempt for the movies might be reconciled with the writing of superior screen scenarios.

A dramatist of any worth at all writes not simply with his pen but with all the depth of his mind, his emotions, and his inmost character, and when a man's mind, emotions, and character are traitors to his immediate purpose, the result can hardly be other than bastard. It is difficult to imagine any American playwright of true merit and personal honor, whether he has been in Hollywood or not, delivering himself either sincerely or insincerely of such movie baboonery and such drama increpations as the writers noted.

Try to imagine it, if you can, of O'Neill, who would not allow himself to be jimmied into Hollywood with a ten-million-dollar crowbar. Try to imagine it, if you can, of Maxwell Anderson, who took a brief fling at the pictures and got out so quickly that the suction of his flight almost pulled down Grauman's Chinese and the Carthay Circle movie palaces. Try to imagine it, further, of S. N. Behrman and Lillian Hellman, for all the circumstance that both of them have periodically gone to Hollywood to do some writing for the screen. To drop far down the scale, try to imagine it today of even Sidney Howard, and in the face of the fact that he spends a great deal of time in the film factories.

If the plays of the returning prodigals succeed in shattering the qualms and misgivings that I have expressed—a dispensation devoutly to be wished—the event will provide a welcome phenomenon and will be hailed by no hailer more pleased and more vociferously apologetic than myself. But until they have shattered those qualms and misgivings, I shall have difficulty in keeping myself from meditating, indirectly albeit quite relevantly, on the fate of John Drinkwater after he had been persuaded to take $10,000 to write the life story of that great immortal, Mr. Carl Laemmle, and on the fate of that one-time able journalist, Will Irwin, after he accepted a similar amount to celebrate between covers the glory of that other great immortal, Mr. Adolph Zukor, and on the fate to come of that presently even more able journalist, Alva Johnston, now that he has devoted himself to the literary consecration of that third even greater immortal, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. (Incidentally, please, dear God, let me not forget this climactic tribute from Mr. Johnston's well-known biographical performance: "Next year is Sam's real silver jubilee. It is something for everybody to get patriotic about.")

And I shall also, until that happy hour, have equal difficulty in keeping myself from meditating on what Hollywood did, if only, fortunately, for the time being, to a writer of infinite superiority to all and sundry whose names I have herein recorded. His name, H. G. Wells. His magnificent arch-boloney: "The motion picture is a greater art than the arts of music, drama, literature, painting and sculpture all combined."

OUTSTANDING PLAYS are unusually late this season in making their appearance on Broadway. In the next issue Mr. Nathan will review: Maxwell Anderson's *The Star-Wagon,* Teresa Deevy's *Katie Roche,* Ben Hecht's *To Quito and Back,* Valentine Davies' *Blow Ye Winds,* and other plays which are ushering in the season. Several of these *—French Without Tears, George and Margaret, Shadow and Substance,* among them—Mr. Nathan has already commented on in manuscript, and he has also reviewed the tryout performance of *Amphitryon.*

THE SNOB APPEAL

3. Dishabille

Mrs. Two is a lady who entertains easily. She lives in a farmhouse cottage on Long Island and is used to having people drop in all day long. Giving Sunday suppers is routine to her. She flings "Come at eight" to all her friends and they just keep on coming. She covers card-tables with dark green linen and bowls of violets and primroses from her woods, and scatters them all over the house. She uses the dining-room table as a buffet and piles everything on it, so late guests can help themselves. She always serves the dinner on ordinary peasant earthenware pots and plates, but she uses her lovely flat silver. She generally wears something brief and comfortable, such as black jersey pants and a pink chenille jacket with diamond buttons.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

*Since the above was set in type, *Virginia,* an historical musical romance with its book largely the work of Mr. Stallings, has edged under the dead-line. The aforesaid book very pointedly and very sadly substantiates at least one of the fears which I have expressed.

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The Birth of a Nation

(*continued from page 46*)

The Clansman had inspired Griffith; it had also, says Terry Ramsaye in his history of the motion-picture industry, inspired an obscure gentleman named Joseph Simmons, who was looking for a lodge to promote. Originally he planned to call his white-robed order "The Clansmen," but discovered that the name had been pre-empted; as a result he formed the Ku Klux Klan of recent unhallowed memory. Says Ramsaye: "In subsequent years they [the film and the Klan] reacted upon each other to the large profit of both. The film presented predigested dramatic experience and thrills; the society made the customers all actors in costume."

There was trouble everywhere, much of it venial. The threat of Negro opposition was used by many politicians in a futile effort to "shake down" the management. In Chicago it was shown under a permanent injunction restraining the police from interference after the management had agreed not to admit children under eighteen. There were legal difficulties in that city even when the picture was revived in 1924. Aitken remembers that Harold Ickes was retained by the city to prosecute two of the twelve jury trials and that, after a courtroom excoriation of the drama, Ickes turned to him and said, behind his hand, "Best picture I ever saw in my life."

V

THE camera has learned many lessons since Billy Bitzer (his associates called him "Eagle Eye" and said he could focus on a pin at the end of a room) photographed *The Birth of a Nation.* Camera work has become soft and, at times, surpassingly beautiful. Yet without today's artificial light and with the rudest sort of technical equipment (Bitzer had to carry a bicycle lamp on location to keep his camera warm), *The Birth of a Nation* still stands up as a great picture. The harshness of the light gives it an authenticity that all the soft camera work of today cannot equal. The panoramic battle scenes are tremendous; they have no smell of artifice, but, instead, seem to be photographs of actual war. I have never seen a more moving or significant shot than the one utilized by Griffith to tell the story of Sherman's March to the Sea. The camera "irises in" (Griffith invented the iris by focusing the camera through a hole in a cigar box) on a starved mother with two crying children hanging to her skirts. Then the perspective enlarges; the mother and children are on a hilltop. The camera shifts, and with the mother's eye we look down into a broad valley where in far distance an army column shaped like a scythe moves along while haystacks and houses burn.

There are flaws, to be sure—times when the pantomime is oversimplified, when the actors "act" too generously. And the continuous movement quite definitely is strange to eyes conditioned to the more deliberate pace of sound films. Yet the old magic is not lost. An epic story has never been told better—so far as technique is concerned.

Twenty-two years have passed since *The Birth of a Nation,* unforeseen and unprecedented, burst before a wondering world. Today Griffith makes his home in Kentucky. For the moment, at least, he is retired. Thomas Dixon, seventy-three, not particularly affluent, is living in North Carolina, where he recently was appointed to a Federal court clerkship. The actors Bobby Harron, Henry Walthall, and Wallace Reid, who had his first part in the picture, are dead. Lillian Gish, a first lady of the screen, is now one of the first ladies of the stage. Mae Marsh lives in Los Angeles and has three grown children. Miriam Cooper married Raoul Walsh, the director. Joseph Henaberry, who played the part of Lincoln, is now head of the Vitaphone Studios in New York. Elmer Clifton, who was cast as Phil Stoneman, later directed one of the most beautiful silent pictures ever made, *Down to the Sea in Ships.* George Seigmann and Walter Long are still playing parts in Hollywood. Ted Mitchell, incapacitated several years by illness, now is manager of the Majestic Theater in Brooklyn. Billy Bitzer, no longer young, still photographs an occasional film in the East Coast studios.

VI

WOODROW WILSON saw *The Birth of a Nation* at a private showing in the White House and paid the picture its finest tribute. The President had lived in the Carolinas as a child during Reconstruction days. When the two hours and forty minutes of camera reporting at last were over, he rose from his chair and wiped his eyes.

"It is," he said, "like writing history with lightning. And my only regret is that it is all so terribly true."

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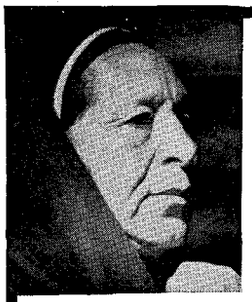

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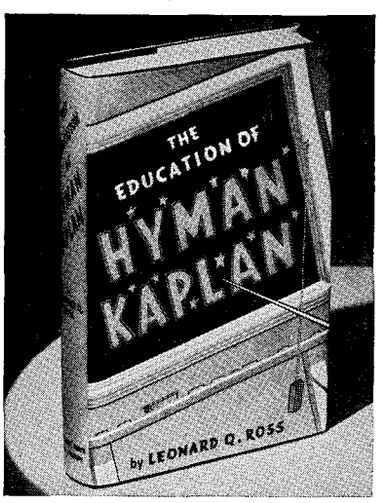

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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

JEAN GIONO'S *The Song of the World* (Viking, $2.50) has been likened to he *Odyssey* by those who praise its 'primitive drama" that goes "to the very oot of the human adventure." The au-hor himself, a Frenchman from the hilly astnesses of the Basses-Alpes, has been ıailed as a "giant" whose "voice is new n the world." He has been commended .s timeless, a novelist to take you out of ontemporary space and time and into a vider, purer, more heroic world than he world of the Popular Front, the Bank of France, and "piracy" patrols in the Mediterranean.

The comparisions and the furore will lo Giono little good in the long run. 'or his voice is not "new" in French let-ers, nor is he wholly comparable to Iomer. A romantic, he likes to write bout primitive stress and people who re ten times life size; but so have innu-ıerable Frenchmen ever since Rousseau anonized the Noble Savage. Only a su-erficial acquaintance with French lit-rature will enable you to recall Cha-eaubriand and Pierre Loti; and just a ew years ago French critics were mak-ıg a fuss about Alain-Fournier whose omanticism differs very little in its basic pirit from that of Giono. The French eem to run to extremes; they produce a Céline and a Giono with equal facility. But Giono is not Homer, although his cenes are often Homeric in their con-eption. He is not Homer for the sim-le reason that his images are often trained (at least in the translation of Henri Fluchère and Geoffrey Myers, which Giono has himself approved). In ıe very first paragraph a river "shoul-ers" its way through a forest, and a ford whinnies." Now and again, as when he peaks of the "lyre-horned bulls," Giono chieves a Homeric aptness and sim-licity, but there is nothing quite so good s the "wine-dark sea" or the "rosy-ngered dawn," or "Poseidon, the earth-ıaker."

The story itself is Homeric in plot and haracter. While it unfolds in the cir-umscribed region of Giono's native Basses-Alpes, it is obviously a syncopation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey,* a story of elopement and kidnaping, of men who go forth in battle and dally long before returning home. Twin, the only living son of Sailor, the man of the forest, has disappeared upriver, into the Rebeillard country beyond the gorges. Thinking his son must be dead, Sailor sets out with the Golden-Mouthed Antonio, the man of the river, to bring back the body. But Twin is not dead; he has adventured into the demesne of Maudru, the ox-tamer, and has dared love his daughter, Gina, who is Helen the Queen and Calypso the Nymph rolled into one. Maudru is the patriarch incarnate; he rages like one of his bulls whenever he is crossed. And Twin, naturally, has crossed him by loving Gina.

When Sailor and Antonio arrive in the country of the Rebeillard, the chase is on; Twin is hiding out. But Twin manages to retain considerable freedom for himself in spite of his pursuers; he manages, for example, to slay his rival for Gina's hand. This killing eventually results in a reprisal in which Sailor is stabbed to death. The enraged Twin can't put up with that, so, instead of slipping away through the gorges to his own country with Gina, he stays on to do battle. With the help of Antonio he comes down like a wolf on the Maudru farmstead, burning barns, bashing in the heads of drovers, killing the cows, and scattering the bulls. The carnage is terrible. It is also a miracle when you consider the odds against two men who are far from their homes.

So much for the *Iliad* in *The Song of the World.* The *Odyssey* commences when Twin (with Gina) and Antonio (with Clara, the blind woman) set sail down the river on a raft. It is an easy home-coming; the Greeks have already done their dallying before Troy, when they might have been fighting or escaping. Twin could have skipped with Gina long before the great battle at the farmstead, and Antonio could have gone off with his blind woman, too. Even Sailor might have escaped if Twin had had any sense.

All of this is thriller stuff; it will fall with a familiar ring upon the ears of Americans who have read Jack London or James Fenimore Cooper, or even James Oliver Curwood. The telling of the story is, however, something that is not usually known to thriller literature. Even in spite of the strained images Giono is always *en rapport* with his scene; he loves the river, the trees, and the hills of his country with a love that is fortunately nine-tenths curiosity. Whether the Homeric psychology of his big scenes is true or not I have no means of knowing; I have never felt like Helen or Ulysses. But the attitudes of some of the minor characters—of Toussaint, the apothecary, for instance—are always perfectly comprehensible and perfectly real. Even if you can't stand Homeric madmen you should be able to find much to your taste in *The Song of the World.*

The real idiocy is not the story, but Giono's attitude towards his own product and his own world. The present time, he says, disgusts him; hence his desire to escape from contemporaneity to the far more "natural" world of the primitive Basses-Alpes, where the peasants still live as they lived two or three hundred years ago. Clifton Fadiman has already pointed out the fallacy of identifying the "primitive" with the "natural"; as he says, anything that man does is natural to man, whether it is killing an ox or sticking a test tube in the flame of a Bunsen burner. (The brain is as "natural" an organ as the heart or the spleen.) But there is a second fallacy involved in Giono's attitude towards his material. He seems to be telling us that primitive man lived a much less conventional and inhibited life than we moderns; he also implies, somewhat paradoxically, that values and order both exist for primitive people, whereas confusion and disorder make the world a hell for the people of 1937. Just why he should think thus is beyond me. Maudru, the patriarch, lives by rigid convention and ex-

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pects his whole tribe to follow suit; he brings all of his misfortunes on his own head by his nitwitted unwillingness to allow his daughter to marry whom she pleases. Only by the most perverse use of language can it be said that "order" results from such "values." And how the murder, holocaust, rapine, disease, and tumult of Giono's little world of the Basses-Alpes differ from the contemporary scene in Spain or South Chicago or Moscow or Shanghai in 1937 is a little difficult to explain. Murder is murder, whether done in the leafy woods or on the picket line or in a civil war. And if we measure instances of violence against total populations to arrive at comparative proportions, does the present day come off any better or worse than primitive times? Giono doesn't know the answer here, since no one can know. But the point to be made is that what is disgusting in the present time was also disgusting in the time of Homer. And what is disgusting about Maudru, the ox-tamer, is also what is disgusting about Mussolini, Franco, Stalin, and Hitler. No one can object to Giono's writing "timeless" stories about the Basses-Alpes, but there is a legitimate kick when he tries, by implication, to make modern man seem more "unnatural" than primitive sluggers who get themselves balled up by needless fights. If there is any lesson to be derived from *The Song of the World,* it is the platitudinous one of *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

The thesis of Quincy Howe's *England Expects Every American to Do His Duty* (Simon & Schuster, $2) is as simple as it is true. Knowing that the U. S. would naturally feel predisposed by ties of language, tradition, and economics to enter any major European war on the side of Great Britain, Mr. Howe asks: "To what end?" The cultural heritage of England is ours already; no defeat of Britain could result in taking Shakespeare and Milton from U. S. libraries, and as for the present crop of British novelists we would not miss them. The English language, as it is spoken in Brooklyn, Des Moines, and Walla Walla, is, likewise, proof against air-raids on London. So on any basis of cold calculation the matter comes down to one of power and economics: "What do we stand to gain by fighting on Britain's side in a European war?"

Mr. Howe says: "Nothing." Any war in which we might engage, he observes, would be fought "for democracy" and against "fascism." But any war fought by us would inevitably mean a military dictatorship over the economic machine, which would not be "democracy." Moreover a war fought by us for Britain would in reality be aimed not at preserving "democracy," but at preserving the *status quo* throughout the world. Arguing for the moment that the *status quo* is desirable, it may reasonably be pointed out that modern wars do not result in the preservation of any such thing. Modern war breeds social revolution in defeated countries; the victors aren't strong enough to stop this social revolution. And every social revolution means a radical change in the *status quo*. A new war would only intensify the mess created by the last war; why, then, should we permit ourselves to fight?

Mr. Howe's book was rather cruelly handled by most New York reviewers. But that is only because most of the reviewers in New York are, subconsciously, part of what Mr. Howe calls "the British network." One would like to see a review of Mr. Howe's book by Alfred M. Bingham, author of a pamphlet called "Beware of Europe's Wars" (*Common Sense,* ten cents a copy). In any event, Mr. Howe is to be congratulated on the best title of the year. Or, rather, Will Durant is to be congratulated, for it was the author of *The Story of Philosophy* who suggested it to Mr. Howe.

Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Conversation at Midnight* (Harpers, $2) is a series of poems, some of them chastely fashioned sonnets, some of them sonnets by courtesy, and some of them not sonnets at all but merely light dialogue held to arbitrary rhyme at the end of a meter made designedly uneven to suggest the colloquial. A stockbroker, a painter, a short-story writer, a communist poet, a priest, and a young advertising man are gathered at the home of Ricardo in Tenth Street, New York City. Ricardo, the type of the everlasting liberal, is interested in hearing all points of view; he is, in his own words, one of the

. . . angelic spies in the loud councils of the confident lost,
The insidious lobby, plausibly in terms of saving and cost
Planting the untemporal seed; the insistent leaven
That leavens the reluctant whole.

The conversation started by Ricardo's hospitality and speeded up by his good liquor is endlessly topical, about women, love, wars, immortal souls, the state of the nation, communism, chaos, and what-not. And, like all midnight conversation, it is utterly inconclusive. The characters are stock; they have no dramatic impact on one another, and consequently they go out by the same door through which they came. Meanwhile Miss Millay has turned many an exquisite phrase, set many a conversational riposte to epigram. It is all good enough of its kind. Miss Millay is pert throughout *Conversation at Midnight,* but never coy. A down-east Maine tartness gives a flavor and an edge to what in other hands might be commonplace.

Miss Millay is obviously playing in most of the *Conversation.* She is not convinced that communism versus capitalism, for example, is an important topic, she can only write in the grand manner when, like Jeffers, she measures man against eternity. None of her characters, in the *Conversation,* has the tragic sense of life; hence the poems cannot be great. Carl, the communist, can speak eloquently when he remembers the poverty of his youth; Ricardo can rise to heights when he defends the spirit of Erasmus. And Young Lucas, the advertising writer, can be pathetic when complaining of his lost love. But Miss Millay has no tigers by the tail in the *Conversation.* As Edmund Wilson suggests, *Conversation at Midnight* is in the mood of Miss Millay's old auctorial alter ego, Nancy Boyd, who used to write light pieces for *Vanity Fair.*

Clarence Day's *Life With Father* gave us a character that will live as the epitome of Victorian-Knickerbocker fatherhood, but it didn't leave us with a completely rounded picture of the Days *père et mère,* Clare and Vinnie. Fortunately for our knowledge of a great couple, the omissions are now rectified with *Life With Mother* (Knopf, $2), a posthumous collection of some "father" pieces which Mr. Day had completed before he died. Here you may read of Clare's measured but peremptory courtship, of how Vinnie finally got an engagement ring, of the various Day homes in old New York, and, finally, of Vinnie's apartment—a "damned hole in the air," as Clare would have called it had he lived to see it, but stamped nonetheless with Vinnie's frail but intense personality. The *mise-en-scène* throughout is New York-Victorian, with its rubber plants and horsecars and brownstone fronts, but the spirit of Clare and Vinnie is, one hopes, perennial. Certainly Father on the corn that wouldn't turn green, and Mother on the servant problem, might be talking in 1937. One hopes that Clarence Day's widow, Mrs. Katherine B. Day, will be able to rescue more "father" pieces from the backs of old envelopes and tax memoranda on which it was Clarence's custom to scribble when his gallant but arthritic hand felt too lame for big pads.

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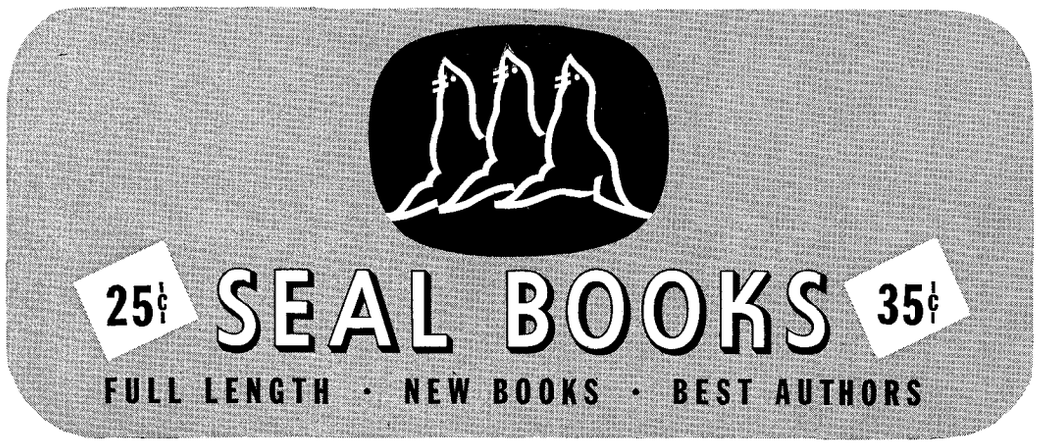

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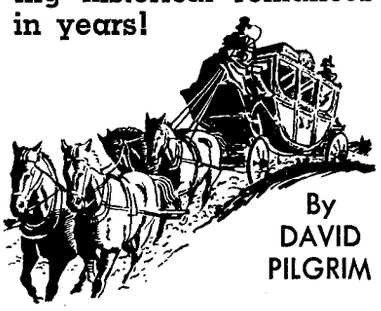

By DAVID PILGRIM

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Book Notes

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*

Many times in the past few years when in a moment of enthusiastic argument we have quoted our favorite columnist, or contemporary historian, we have been met with one particularly withering response: "These authors and journalists! They're always people who write from the outside of life—who simply sit and watch and have no idea how the wheels really go around." As if people who write exist in some miraculous way in a vacuum, and as if objective points of view, even when possible, were something to be despised.

In a new book on Farrar & Rinehart's November list, *Divided We Stand: The Crisis of a Frontierless Democracy,* Walter Prescott Webb presents some pretty stimulating ideas, which interest us enormously and which undoubtedly we shall be found quoting in unguarded moments. And whatever is said by way of discussion, no one can bring the accusation that Mr. Webb does not know, hasn't lived in the middle of his subject.

He is a Westerner who grew up on the edge of the Great Plains of Texas and from this experience and lifelong study, six years ago he wrote an exciting book, one of the few really exciting history or geography books, called *The Great Plains.* This was no dull geographical treatise on rainfalls or historical thesis on the development of the West, though there is plenty about that, too. But whether Mr. Webb writes of the habits of the prairie dog (the Plains squirrel), the effect of barbed-wire fences on our history, or tells the story of the invention of the Colt six-shooter and how large a part it played in enabling Texas to defend her early frontiers against both Mexican and Indian, it is fascinating reading and he is writing straight out of his own background.

He is professor of history in the University of Texas and has constantly taught Western history there, and at times in many other institutions—Harvard, Duke, Northwestern. In January, at the invitation of the University of London, he sails to deliver a series of lectures there on Western and Southwestern history. At one time he had a fine collection of Western books and Colt six-shooters but had to give up both during the depression.

We mention this thoroughly Western background because he says that the first thing people are going to say when they read his new book is that he is an unreconstructed Southerner with a Civil War hang-over. He points out that he has done all his research on the West and that it is his knowledge of the West that has enabled him to write *Divided We Stand.*

Some of the provocative ideas set forth in the book are:

1. The North has been subsidized by the government since the Civil War, through tariff, pensions, and patents.

2. America has today the greatest feudal system in the form of national corporations that the world has ever known. These great fiefs, business fiefs, are spread over the nation like the layers of an onion. They are not territorial.

3. *American democracy was founded on government relief.* [Italics his.] If a man wanted to farm, the government gave him 160 acres of land; if he wanted to dig gold, the government gave him the gold; if he wanted to raise cattle, the government gave him water and grass. And if he wanted to build a railroad, the government gave him over 12,000 acres of land for each mile built. The government gave to railroads an area equal to that of France; it gave to the Union Pacific an area equal to that of New York.

"The crisis of 1929–30," says Mr. Webb, "was the result of cutting off relief for farmers, laborers, gold miners, and sundry with the closing of the frontier in 1890. The crisis of a frontierless democracy demands the substitution of one form of relief for another, for relief that existed from the time the first white man landed on American soil.

"Here is another angle: We dispossessed the Indian and then put him on government relief. If the new feudal lords, most of whom are concentrated in the North, dispossess the people through machinery and economic exploitation, should they, the people, not also be put on relief? We must either do that or take the vote away. Bread and votes must go together."

We may believe that in the long run there are ways better than the present relief system for putting the dispossessed on their own feet, but for now there is only the one answer. Mr. Webb seems to be posing a vital question: Either we must make our democracy work, or else stop pretending that we have one. It's a sample of the excitement to be found in his book.

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In the course of a heartening review of *The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N,* that bright addition to our American characters in fiction, Joseph Krutch remarks: "Of his creator I know nothing, but I call him a creator rather than a historian because I am confident—whatever rumors to the contrary may be circulating—that H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N is essentially a creation; that nothing so rounded and complete and self-consistent exists in the realm of nature . . ."

Well, we can help him out a little both on the creator and the creation. Leonard Q. Ross (which is by no means his real name) wrote the Kaplan stories as his first efforts in fiction. For several years he had been writing "heavy stuff" on politics and social problems. His university training, both undergraduate and graduate, was in political science and the social sciences. He wrote the first Kaplan story without any clear idea that it could be built into a series and it was only after the fan mail began coming in that he really sensed the possibilities. At the moment he is working on a motion-picture script in Hollywood.

"My plans for the future," he writes, "distinctly include the writing of more Kaplan stories. Frankly the delectable Hymie has achieved a tyrannical reality to me, and, in one sense, all I have to do for future stories is to let him talk and write and act. This makes Mr. Kaplan's future auspicious, and I look forward to it with much interest."

Mr. Kaplan's creator got a Phi Beta Kappa key back in 1929, has been on extended trips to Europe twice (for study and travel), is married, and "got the materials for the stories in two years of teaching at a night school where the Kaplans, the Mitnicks, and the Caravallos taught him far more than he could possibly teach them." Well said, Mr. H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N's creator, and worthily.

—Katherine Gauss Jackson.

Scribner's Recommends:

These books which the editors of Scribner's *and the publishers choose as outstanding among the October publications:*

1. *To Have and Have Not,* by Ernest Hemingway. Scribners. $2.50.

Mr. Hemingway's first novel in eight years is a story of life and excitement in the Florida Keys.

2. *The Faithful Wife,* by Sigrid Undset. Knopf. $2.50.

The two partners in a modern and "progressive" marriage become entangled in extra-marital affairs, and resolve their troubles in their own way.

3. *Of Men and Music,* by Deems Taylor. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

Informal essays, like Mr. Taylor's radio talks, about musicians and the music they make.

4. *The Enemy Gods,* by Oliver LaFarge. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

In another novel of the Indian Southwest, the author of *Laughing Boy* writes of the struggle of the Indian to adapt himself to the white man's world.

5. *Salute to Yesterday,* by Gene Fowler. Random House. $2.50.

The man who wrote *The Great Mouthpiece* and *Timberline* deserts biography to do a rousing novel of the Rocky Mountain past.

6. *Thirteen O'Clock,* by Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

A collection of Mr. Benét's famous short stories, including *The Devil and Daniel Webster.*

7. *Architecture and Modern Life,* by Frank Lloyd Wright and Baker Brownell. Harpers. $4.

The head of the Department of Contemporary Thought at Northwestern University and a brilliant architect explain how "architecture interprets the society in which it is."

8. *The Chute,* by Albert Halper. Viking. $2.50.

Union Square and *The Foundry* have already made this novelist, now writing of life in a Chicago mail-order house, familiar to thousands.

9. *New Frontiers of the Mind,* by J. B. Rhine. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

The October Book-of-the-Month deals with the startling experiments which Professor Rhine has been conducting at Duke University.

10. *The Rains Came,* by Louis Bromfield. Harpers. $2.75.

A novel of modern India in which human problems are inextricably mixed with the flood and disaster that always come with the rains.

It is interesting to note:

. . . that *Ghosts,* by Edith Wharton, *Enchanter's Nightshade,* by Ann Bridge, *America's Sixty Families,* by Ferdinand Lundberg, and *Invitation to the Country,* by Charles Allen Smart, all tied for eleventh place on the list and are well-worth reading.

. . . that W. W. Norton has had to postpone *Invitation to the Country* (above) and substituted *Discovering Drama,* by Elizabeth Drew, on their list.

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Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

THE appearance of an album of recordings of songs by Stephen Collins Foster[1] at a time when musical America is recovering from the shock of George Gershwin's sudden death invites a comparison of these two widely appreciated composers of popular music. Foster and Gershwin were typical of their respective epochs. The music of the latter is as valid an expression of the sophisticated, wisecracking, drinking, and dancing twenties as that of the former is of the romantic sentiment, gallantry, and naïve humor of the age of the Abolitionists and the covered wagon. It is, I believe (and this is more important than any comparison of musical values), regrettable that Gershwin's world of banter and hot-cha had scant use for such fundamental emotions as gave to Foster's finest songs an ageless appeal.

Stephen Foster's time was rich with the sagas of expansion and conflict. During his early twenties in the thriving border city of Cincinnati he came in close touch with the agrarian atmosphere of the Ohio River valley. Through this gateway poured a steady stream of emigrants bound for the plains and California gold. The lilt of *Oh! Susanna* sped the rugged Forty-niners roaring on their covered wagon ways. In his last rum-sodden years Stephen came to New York, but the city in Civil War time had little if any effect on his musical production. His best songs had been written, and "Jeanie with the light brown hair," his courageous wife, remained in Pennsylvania. Foster died in 1864 only a few steps from where, half a century later, Gershwin was to begin life amid the roar of the "El," the cries and confusion of the Ghetto, and the jarring chaos of nickel-in-the-slot pianos in Grand Street penny arcades.

We find in the mazda environment that first hailed George Gershwin none of the epic qualities of the influences that molded Stephen Foster. But if Foster's songs were sung throughout the civilized world during his lifetime, Gershwin's were danced to wherever a saxophone and a trumpet provided entertainment.

That George Gershwin's music will continue to grip the affections of the multitude eighty years hence as Stephen Foster's does today seems reasonably doubtful. The full measure of each composer's talent is plainly evident; both were highly gifted for a *métier* that makes no pretensions of bigness or profundity. The appeal of Gershwin's music (I am not concerned here with his so-called "serious" works) with its rhythmic emphasis was mainly to the feet; with Foster, of course, it was overwhelmingly directed to the heart. As I have already suggested, it was unfortunate, perhaps, for Gershwin's undeniably bright talent that a period, more adept at making whoopee in night clubs and speakeasies than at gathering under flickering lampposts to render "Weep no more, my ladies," should have had little use for the more memorable sentiments of the heart. *Mammy* chanted by a Yiddish black-face thrilled the post-war playboys instead of the crooning of *Old Black Joe* by genuinely dark and indigenous river-boat rustics.

When Foster and his brother searched out "Swanee Ribber" with their fingers to a map, it was simply a matter of literary judgment: *Old Folks at Home* is as steeped in the ante-bellum South as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But when Gershwin called a mammy-singer's vehicle *Swanee*, it was a pure *cliché* of Tin Pan Alley, acceptable to a generation less concerned with atavistic devotions than with the spotlight on Al Jolson and the inevitable "You ain't heard nothin' yet." Both composers were strongly affected by the minstrelsy of their times, both made considerable use of Negro idioms, and each turned to the South for inspiration. If, when you weigh the sincerity of these two songs, you find Gershwin's singularly lacking, remember that he was just as much a symbol of an era as Foster. And, as such, he stood out conspicuously from among a profusion of excessively maudlin and self-conscious writers of popular tunes.

Foster had a great advantage over the composer of *Rhapsody in Blue* and that was an environment content to accept him on his own terms. His talents for simple melody and infectious rhythm were not goaded into strange fields of composition dignified by the impressive terms "symphonic" and "large and sustained forms." True, he has caused musicians to wonder whether he might not have achieved a higher place in the world of art (as distinct from the particular province of popular music) provided his technical training had been of a more elaborate order. In Gershwin's case, posterity will have no such opportunity to ponder the probable capacity of his natural gifts. An ambitious jazz-orchestra leader and his arranger saw to that matter at Aeolian Hall in 1924.

The legend concerning the importance of Gershwin's contribution to serious music and his part in making an honest woman out of Lady Jazz, I would rather leave to more sympathetic commentators. Many of his songs unquestionably deserve to endure. The preservation of the best of these, while of a vastly different order from those of Foster, constitutes the nation's real debt to George Gershwin. Whether an age given to mass production of an ephemeral expression will take the time to remember *Someone to Watch Over Me, Clap Yo' Hands, Do Do Do, Oh, Lady Be Good, Strike Up the Band, The Man I Love, It Ain't Necessarily So, My Man's Gone Now,* and others appears at the moment problematical. It would be ironical, not to say tragic, if the era that lavished Gershwin with so great an acclaim failed to perpetuate the most

[1] *Stephen Foster Album.* Ten songs sung by Richard Crooks, tenor: *Old Folks at Home, Oh! Susanna, My Old Kentucky Home, Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground, De Camptown Races* (with The Balladeers, male quartet, accompanied by Frank LaForge, piano, and Ralph Colicchio, banjo); *Old Black Joe, Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming* (with The Balladeers, accompanied by Frank LaForge); *Beautiful Dreamer, I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair, Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway* (accompanied by Frank LaForge). Five 10-inch discs. Victor set No. M354.

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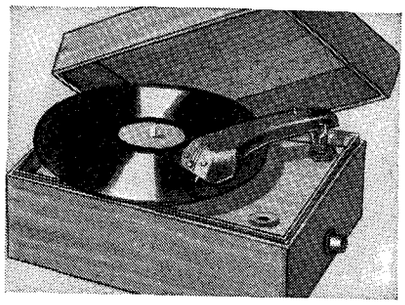

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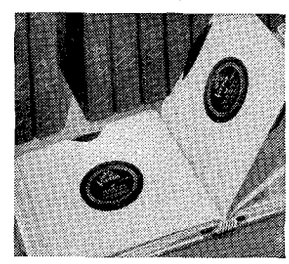

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vital and really representative part of his legacy. For, as a composer of exhilarating tunes and racy rhythms, rather than one of sentimental airs, he had a refreshing spontaneity about which he might well have boasted to the tune of his last hit, *You Can't Take That Away From Me.*

Of the two hundred or more songs written by Stephen Foster, at least fifteen are still constantly sung; and, as John Tasker Howard points out, "Not less than fifty are worthy of preservation." Needless to repeat, "they form the most important group of people's songs that have ever come from the pen of any single composer of music."

It is unnecessary to comment on the first five Foster songs listed in the footnote; or, for that matter, the next two—in the accompaniments to which the color of the banjo, so appropriate to the former group, is tastefully absent. The minstrel background is not out of place; in fact, I for one would prefer most of these songs in a straight quartet version, the honest overalls of the levee to the punctilious white tie and tails of the concert hall. The singing of Richard Crooks, particularly in the last four romantic ballads, is, however, agreeably restrained and his enunciation is unusually clear. The loveliest of the Foster ballads, *I Dream of Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair,* is the gem of the album, although many might consider the comparatively unfamiliar *Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway* equally cherishable. Finally, Frank LaForge's splendid piano accompaniments call for special commendation, as does Victor's amazingly lucid recording and general tastefulness in the presentation of the whole collection.

*

As a postscript to the above, I would like to add several recent recordings by hot-jazz musicians. I can find nothing particularly desecrating in Louis Armstrong's swinging of *Old Folks at Home,* with the Mills Brothers (Decca No. 1360). On the contrary, the plangent tones of the dusky Eulenspiegel's trumpet, getting off on the first chorus, give to the air a poignancy of expression that is highly desirable. Louis's playing here, and there is far too little of it—as in *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* and *Darling Nellie Gray* (also with the Mills Brothers—Decca No. 1245)—recaptures something of the unaffected but provocative style that was his in 1925 (cf. *Cornet Chop Suey,* lately resuscitated by the Hot Record Society). His guttural singing, however, is quite uninspired and, for many, will mar the performance

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as a whole. But the quintessence of "Swanee Ribber" will be found in the subtle phrasing of the trumpet chorus.

One of the most artistic tributes to the memory of George Gershwin may be observed in a recording of *The Man I Love* by four of the leading exponents of swing music, in which field Gershwin was never regarded as really important. The Benny Goodman Quartet's homage is an eloquent lament formed by a series of reticent choruses by clarinet, piano, and vibraphone above a dirge-like rhythmic foundation in the drums (Victor No. 25644). Another new disc by this group makes use of *Liza* only as a point of departure for some magnificent ensemble and solo jive, in which latter phase the piano improvisation of Teddy Wilson is truly inspired (Victor No. 25660). The couplings of these Gershwin tunes are, respectively, hot versions of *Avalon* and *Smiles*.

*

You will not want to miss the Boston Symphony Orchestra's record of the prelude to the folk-opera *Khovanstchina,* one of Modeste Moussorgsky's most impressive tone-pictures. Depicting "Dawn on the Moskva River," the piece opens with a lovely, clear-cut theme of Russian character, and proceeds through a series of striking variations to create an unforgettable atmosphere of changing light by means of a simple but highly ingenious instrumental device. These episodes are unfolded with the Bostonians' customary tonal brilliance. Dr. Koussevitzky paces and shades the music with rare insight. Needless to add, the recording is something to marvel at (Victor No. 14415).

You will also marvel at the amazingly sumptuous registration given Jascha Heifetz's performance of Tschaikowsky's *Concerto in D, op. 35,* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by John Barbirolli (Victor set No. 356). Heifetz, of course, commands all the variety of tone essential to music of this lushness. Mounted on an opulent orchestral pedestal, his interpretation establishes a definitive edition of the work.

In the ballet suite which Mottl arranged from Grétry's *Céphale et Procris* (1775) you will discover a number of charming tunes and airy dances, delightfully instrumentated. These buoyant period pieces are played with ingratiating verve by the Brussels Conservatory Orchestra conducted by Desire Defauw. The recording here, while not of a wide-range character, is satisfactorily lucid (Columbia No. 69002).

There has been such a profusion of recordings of Mozart's music recently that, it being virtually impossible to do them justice with brief comment, I am simply listing the lot, calling your attention to the exquisite performances of Walter Gieseking, Joseph Szigeti and the interpreters of the D major quintet.

Sonata in B-flat (*K570*). Walter Gieseking, piano (Columbia set No. X79).

Sonata No. 28 in E minor (*K302*). Joseph Szigeti, violin; Nikita Magaloff, piano (Columbia No. 69005).

Fantasia in F minor (*K608*). G. D. Cunningham, organ (Columbia No. 69009).

Trio No. 5 in E (*K542*) and

Trio No. 7 in G (*K564*). Mme. Walter Lang, piano; W. Kagi, violin; F. Hindermann, 'cello (Columbia set No. X81).

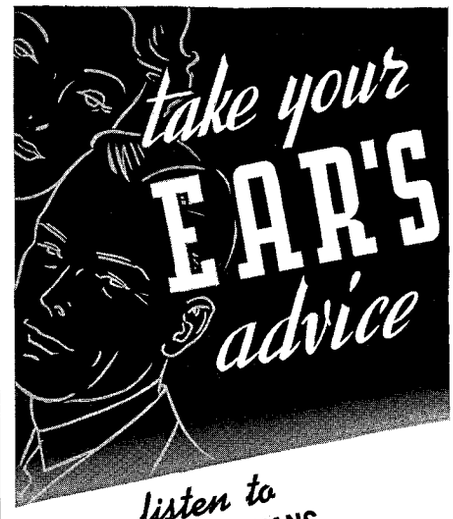
Quintet in D (*K593*). Pro Arte Quartet; Alfred Hobday, 2nd viola (Victor set No. M350).

Quartet in D minor (*K421*). Perole Quartet (Musicraft set No. 4).

Harpsichord Addenda

Since my article on the harpsichord (in the September SCRIBNER'S) a number of fine recordings of old pieces have appeared that are eminently worth noting. Some of these are for harpsichord solo, others place the keyboard in a more or less secondary rôle.

Wanda Landowska's playing of Bach's gay *French Suite No. 6 in E* (Victor No. 14384) is pervaded with the intuitive qualities of a rare interpretative art. Her spirited touch and tasteful selection of registers realize completely the radiancy and variety of these happy dances. . . . Bach's *Suite in A* is recorded by Stefan Frenkel, violin, and Ernst Victor Wolff, harpsichord (Musicraft set No. 3). Both musicians have a clairvoyant conception of the olden style; the former's playing is quite undisturbed by the obfuscations of traditional violinistic spellbinding. . . . With the recordings of Handel's violin *Sonata in F, op. 1, No. 12,* by Frenkel—Wolff and Sterling Hunkins, 'cellist, supply the figured bass —(Musicraft Nos. 1030 & 1031), and Purcell's harpsichord *Suite No. 7 in D minor* and *Toccata in A,* by Wolff (Gamut No. GT-12.104), the scene changes from the workshop of Bach to London of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. The fluidity of both Handel's and Purcell's music and the forthright manner of its presentation will appeal to all devotees of the archaic style. . . . Another superb solo record is that of Domenico Scarlatti's G major and F minor sonatas, played by the ubiquitous Ernst Victor Wolff (Gamut No. GT-12.105). . . . Also recommended is the single disc of Haydn's jovial and iridescent *Concerto in F,* played by Marguerite Roesgen-Champion with an orchestra conducted by Piero Coppola (Victor No. 12042).



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and the LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA in a superb performance of Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D Major. Sir Thomas' rendition of this symphony has always been regarded as a masterpiece of interpretation. His current presentation is worthy of a permanent place in every music library. Set No. 302

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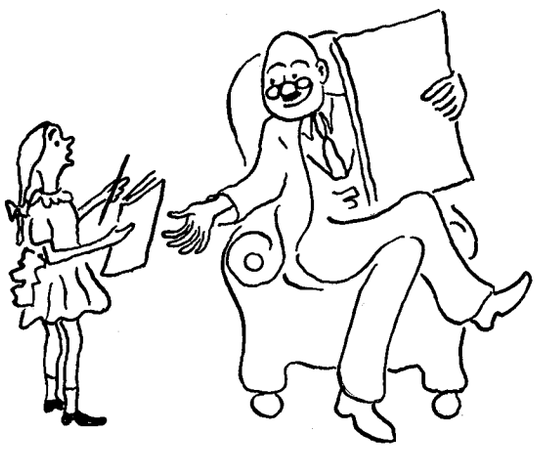
The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

SCHOLARS and stockbrokers, mathematicians and musicians—everybody has an equal chance to pass this examination, because the questions vary from A to Z, from advertising to zoology. Some are silly, some are serious—but all together they will give you a good idea of how well-informed you are. To determine your S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*), read each question and the possible answers following, then check the answer you think is correct. After you have completed all fifty questions, look up the answers in the back of the book and find out how many you missed. Deduct two points for each error. (If you missed 11 questions, deduct 22 from 100, which leaves you a score of 78.) A score of 60 is passing, 76 good, 86 excellent. Skip no questions. (*answers on page* 99)



1. By combing your memory you can probably recall the name of that Austrian castle where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have been staying:

Wasserfarbe *Badschnitzenpoofle*
Wasserloenburg *Bad Nauheim*
Neuschwanstein *Mecklenburg*

2. In memory of the American soldiers who died abroad during the World War, the U. S. Government has lately:

erected wooden crosses over each grave
spent $4,500,000 for memorials and chapels
appropriated $500,000 for marble markers
sent bronze medallions to each family

3. The 75th Congress adjourned *sine die*, meaning that it adjourned:

without benefit of clergy
without setting a reassembling date
without finishing all of its business
without saying good-by to the President

4. And incidentally, even if this Congress didn't get much accomplished, it did pass one of these bills:

Copeland Food and Drug Bill
Child Labor Restrictions Bill
Wagner-Steagall Housing Act
Let-Our-Grandchildren-Pay-For-It Bill

5. In 1917 the United States purchased the Virgin Islands from:

the Minsky brothers *Germany* *Ireland*
Russia *Denmark* *Brazil*

6. Most of the big boxing fights these days are being staged by:

Madison Square Garden *Grover Whalen*
N. Y. State Boxing Commission *Max Baer*
Rudy Vallee *Mike Jacobs* *Al Smith*

7. In addition to being Ann Harding's husband, Werner Janssen has made a reputation for himself as:

a cameraman *a symphony conductor*
an actor *a writer* *a poet*
Robert Taylor's only male fan

8. If you were a detective and found that the tire tracks left by your quarry's car were diamond-shaped treads you would deduce that he was riding on:

Goodrich tires *Goodyear tires*
U. S. Rubber Company tires *General tires*

9. When passing through a Panama Canal lock a ship usually:

douses boiler fires and dumps ballast
is towed by forty horse teams
moves under its own power
is towed by small electric locomotives

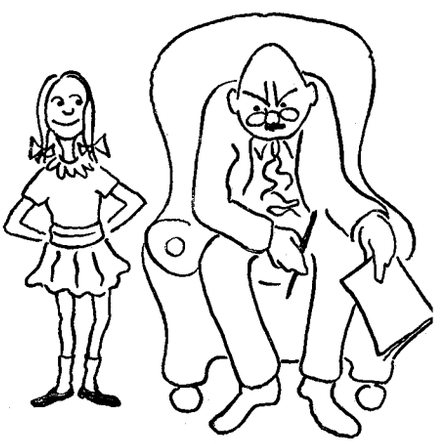
10. In England, don't y' know, they have a patriotic song, *God Save The King*, and blimy if it isn't the same tune as our:

When It's Springtime in the Rockies
Star Spangled Banner *Columbia*
America *My Old Kentucky Home*

11. Any wild rabbit living on that huge California estate named San Simeon knows by sight its owner:

Bing Crosby *William Gibbs McAdoo*
Governor Merriam *Herbert Hoover*
Leslie Howard *William Randolph Hearst*

Part II of "The Scribner Quiz"—"How Well Do You Read?"—is omitted this month. It will be resumed in the December issue.



12. Ex-Senator Black of Alabama, our new Justice of the Supreme Court, was replaced in the Senate by:

the wife of the Governor of the State
the Governor of the State of Alabama
the brother-in-law of the Governor
another distant cousin of the Roosevelts

13. If a friendly-looking horse came up to you, coughed embarrassedly, and asked to be patted on the withers you would pat:

the thighs *the belly* *the flanks*
the ridge between the shoulder bones
the part just south of the knee

14. In one of these sentences the word nitrate is correctly used:

the nitrate from Boston to New York is $5
very few zoos possess an African nitrate
sodium nitrate is a colorless fertilizer

15. "Flying Fortress" is the name the newspapers have given to:

the Navy's big new airplane carriers
the Army's enormous sea-going tanks
the Army's huge new bombing planes
Gossard's new lightweight corsets

16. Just to find out whether you have any idea of the Negro population of the U. S.

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one of these figures comes closest to the number:

3,000,000 *5,000,000* *12,000,000*
15,000,000 *20,000,000* *25,000,000*

17. If you were to say to a lady, "What an unusual gusset you have there!" she might very well reply:

"I'll call a policeman, you're insulting!"
"He was only a puppy when I got him"
"Yes, I put it in the dress all by myself"

18. *Dead End* is the name of a movie which deals with:

a stenographer dumb enough to be good
the ghost of a Hudson River Dutchman
New York City's East River slum urchins
an imaginative paradise for human souls

19. When you use the word *mien* do you always pronounce it as it should be:

mine *mean* *my-enn* *mee-enn*

20. It's the football season, yes, but in the Midwest they're also holding Bang-board Derbies, another name for..... contests:

log-rolling *shingle-splitting*
hog-skinning *rail-splitting*
corn-husking *hog-calling*

21. "Idaho's gaunt old lion" is *Time* magazine's accurate description of Senator:

McNary *Ashurst* *Wheeler*
O'Mahoney *Borah* *Pittman*

22. One of the more recent developments in railroad service is the supplying of:

diaper service *a dining-car hostess*
copies of very old magazines
free cinders *joltless starting*

23. Following his death, virtually the entire personal fortune of the late Andrew W. Mellon was left to:

his children and close relatives
an educational and charitable trust
the Universities of Pittsburgh and Yale
the Republican Party and dependents

24. 1937 has seen U. S. athletes lift or retain all but one of these cups:

Davis *Wightman* *America's*
Ryder *British Open Golf Championship*

25. The most recent statistics continue to show that..... still leads other states in per-capita consumption of beer:

New York *Pennsylvania* *Wisconsin*
Michigan *Ohio* *New Jersey* *Maine*

26. North Carolina held quite a celebration this year in honor of the 350th birthday of Virginia Dare, who was the first:

to die in the siege of Asheville
commercial producer of U. S. wine
South'n gal to slay a man with her accent
child born of English parents in America

27. After Wordsworth's famous line "She was a phantom of delight" comes:

"Not quite sober, not quite tight"
"Moving graceful as a bobbing kite"
"When first she gleamed upon my sight"
"Eyes aglowing in the soft moonlight"

28. The British Ambassador to China was shot by a Japanese plane while:

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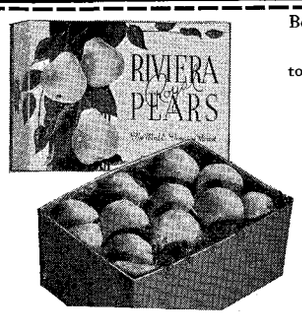

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having tea in the garden of the embassy
paying a visit to the Japanese consul
driving along a highway in his car
aiding British refugees to board a liner

29. One of these is not the name of a camera:

Zeiss *Ansco* *Kodak*
Leica *Contax* *Panatomic*

30. If you were seated beside an old lady named Maria Montessori you might logically say:

"And how are Mademoiselle's exercises?"
"I do admire your child-education methods!"
"Did you enjoy teaching Hoover to dance?"

31. In this era of frenzied efforts to maintain world peace, you should know that the World Court meets in:

Basle *Berlin* *Vienna* *Geneva*
The Hague *Rome* *London* *Paris*

32. Anyone falling in love with a certain Mme. Lupescu would probably sooner or later have to fight:

Edsel Ford *Joe Louis* *Tommy Manville*
King Carol of Rumania *General Goering*

33. In the heart of Moscow the Russians are erecting a structure which will be the world's:

only all-glass building *tallest*
longest *lowest* *flimsiest*
most bomb-proof *most beautiful*

34. The Fruehauf Company is one of our largest manufacturers of:

washing machines *paper cups* *batteries*
trailers of all kinds *bird seed*
electric-light bulbs *asbestos shingles*

35. Month after month, Ethel V. Mars has been in the headlines as:

a defendant in a Chicago murder trial
the best woman wrestler yet discovered
the owner of successful race horses

36. Only one of the following words is misspelled:

discriminatory *nonentity* *magnanimity*
metamorphose *imponderibility* *icicle*

37. If you were asked when the period known as the Middle Ages existed, you would have to reply, to be accurate:

"The period between 1500 and 1600 A.D."
"The period between 400 and 1400 A.D."
"The period between 1000 and 1700 A.D."
"The period between 35 and a third chin"

38. Doubtless you are familiar with the *Mona Lisa's* smile, but perhaps you are not sure that she was painted by:

Raphael *Titian* *Leonardo da Vinci*
Michelangelo *El Greco* *Norman Rockwell*

39. If your doctor told you to go to the Mayo Clinic, you would head for:

Syracuse, N. Y. *Philadelphia, Pa.*
Chicago, Ill. *Rochester, Minn.*
Rochester, N. Y. *Cincinnati, Ohio*

40. In England, able Cabinet Minister Leslie Hore-Belisha is having quite a struggle getting:

British men to join the Army
English drivers to obey new traffic laws
British youth to adopt American baseball
English women to improve their looks

41. One of the greatest losses through resignation recently suffered by the Administration was that of Edward F. McGrady, whose job was to:

act as a Labor conciliator
write barbed jabs for the Democrats
sell bonds faster than the rising deficit

42. Ogden Mills has lately written a book entitled *The Seventeen Million* concerning:

the voters opposing Roosevelt in 1936
the unemployed in the next depression
the Republicans' potential strength
the years it will take the President to forget the Supreme Court defeat

43. You have, or should have, heard the name Leonide Massine in connection with:

ballet dancing *Hollywood Symphony*
Pulitzer Novel Prize *French painting*
Russian commissar *Spanish monarchy*

44. The new 1938 radios are mostly featuring:

static-proof tubes and one-zone aerials
period cabinets and bell-tone speakers
automatic tuning and visible dials
automatic fading of commercial talks

45. Among the French scientists who collaborated to make the Paris 1937 exposition a success was Mme. Curie-Joliot, daughter of the:

discoverer of radium *inventor of rayon*
World War Premier of France *tennis star*
man who first called Paris a City of Sin

46. The name of the U. S. flagship of the Asiatic Fleet, struck by a shell in the early days of the Sino-Japanese war, was:

Brooklyn *Hastings* *Augusta*
Nashville *Indianapolis* *Texas*

47. If you offered a medal to the best female high-diver in the country, it is not improbable that it would be won by:

Lenore Kight Wingard *Marion Miley*
Dorothy Poynton Hill *Carolin Babcock*
Dorothy May Bundy *Eleanor Powell*

48. One of the most serious problems facing Germany this coming winter is:

her inability to get Hitler to shave
her shortage of home-grown grains
the acute lack of trained chemists
a surplus of beer and a shortage of gin

49. After the defeat of his *Endeavour II*, T. O. M. Sopwith announced he would:

race again if a syndicate supplied money
never race again for the America's Cup
like to build a new boat and race again
buy a shirt to replace the one he lost

50. One of these statements is true:

Hitler's Germany has had no bond issues
Italian-British relations are improving
the Spanish war is less than a year old
no German planes have flown the Atlantic

The Hungry Meadows

(*continued from page* 54)

law and come fishin' up my brook without a license?"

Fury choked me. "If you're a warden, come down to the car and talk to my husband. You have no right to detain me here against my will!"

The words fell as flat and silly on my own ears as they evidently did upon Grandy's. He was grinning with pleasure.

"So? Who's going to stop me?"

I glanced around. I was encircled by a solid phalanx of humanity. The smell of them, rancid, animal, the look of them in their dingy rags . . . rows of carrion eyes, lips withdrawn from pointed teeth, afforded me my first real thrill of dubiety in this world's innate goodness . . .

"Who's to stop me?" inquired Grandy again. He took a deliberate step forward, and I decided then that if he came any nearer I would duck suddenly under his arm.

I made one last bid for sanity. "Will you tell me just what it is that you want?"

Again the serpentine tongue licked out across cracked white lips. The red-lidded eyes blinked.

"Seems you're askin' all the questions. You'd think 'twas me done the trespassing."

"I tell you I've got a license down at the car!"

My voice cracked, my knees were trembling.

"Aye, so you did! And a husband too!" He winked fearfully at the gathering. The laughter broke out afresh—gurglings and hissings, like escaping steam.

"She got a license to fish, and she got a husband . . . And she ain't been breakin' the law. What'd you suppose we can do about that, huh?"

I said quietly: "I'll tell you what I'm going to do about it. I'm going to give you two minutes to get out of my way . . ."

I pulled up my cuff and looked at my watch. Then I looked at Grandy. The smile on his face was beatific.

"Hold a minute, honey. You talk bold. You talk 'most like you was a man. Kind of look like a man too—short hair and

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everything. All dressed up in them jeans . . ."

He twisted his head sideways, like a turtle, and glanced at the silent throng. I saw their faces surge towards me, excited spidery eyes, mouths opened . . . the hissing sound of laughter rising in every tense mirthless body. There was not a human expression amongst them.

I heard my own voice speaking very coolly but from a remarkable distance: "If any of you lays a hand on me, you understand how that will stand in the eyes of the law, don't you?"

Grandy's hairless brows moved upwards.

"Well now! What do you think we are? Who's ever goin' to lay a hand on ye? But you aim to *prove* something, why you got to prove it! That's the law, ain't it?"

The silence which fell upon this query might be lasting yet but for what happened then. A door propped on its hinges on the piazza fell with a crash, and a young man came out, running. A young man in blue trousers, his body bare and rosy as an apricot, and after him a girl dressed as these others were dressed, her brown hair flying. Both were laughing . . . laughter clear as honey, ringing and joyous.

The group which surrounded me seemed to melt away, to disintegrate . . . and the last I saw of Grandy he was shuffling off with stooped shoulders, around a corner of the house, followed by the shambling figure of his mother.

The young man saw me and paused. He smiled in a shamefaced fashion, flushed, drowsy, his eyes porcelain clear. His voice, too, was clear—and courteous.

"You lost, lady?"

I admitted that I was. He stood beside me and lighted a cigarette. He smelled of hay and sunlight. "I'm goin' out to work in the meadows now . . . I'd be glad to put you on your way . . ."

I thanked him. Together we walked down the rough track between the scraggy elms. Behind us silence fell, and I did not look back.

I glanced at the young man striding silently beside me. He looked slightly ill at ease.

I said: "Who are those people . . . and who is Grandy?"

There was a slight hesitation. He smiled in an embarrassed sort of way. "Their name is Gerda. You mustn't mind Grandy. He used to be game warden here long ago, but he lost the job and he's always been kind of funny about it. He wouldn't harm nobody . . ."

We walked in silence. The young man nervously pulled at his cigarette and gazed at the scenery. We were in the meadows again, the grass waving high about us.

I asked negligently: "All those children . . . are they Grandy's, or the old woman's?"

"Why . . ." he spat in a troubled sort of way beside the road. "Why . . . both. Some's hers and some's his . . . and some's . . . they all b'long to somebody!"

"I see," I murmured. I looked away from his flushed brown face. "And the hay? Who does all this hay belong to?"

"Oh, the hay?" He gave a faint sigh of relief.

"The hay, why it b'longs to folks around here a ways. Some of it to Grandy . . . the rest to somebody else. Summers we all comes to mow it . . . we kind of divide it off . . . and takes our share . . ."

I nodded, enlightened. The sun was high and hot. The perfume of the meadows rose up in dry, eddying waves.

"And why—I seem to be asking a lot of questions—but why are these called the Hungry Meadows, do you know?"

He looked down at me. His eyes were a piercing blue in this light, clear and intelligent. He smiled, shrugging.

"Nobody knows. They always been called the Hungry Meadows. I suppose . . ." he spat again. "I suppose they got to be called *something!*"

"That's true. It must be hard work coming so far to cut the hay. How do you manage about food . . . and shelter?"

"Ah?"

"I mean where do you stay when you're not cutting the hay, at night for instance?"

"Oh, then! Why, we boards with Grandy. Every year we boards with Grandy . . . until the hay's all cut . . ."

I said pleasantly: "That must be nice."

Telephone wires flashed in the distance. Away off to the right a pair of gray horses moved towards us. I heard the noise of a mowing machine, a man's voice crying softly: "Ho there, ho there!"

The young man paused. "There, lady. You keep right ahead in them tracks and you can't miss your way. The bridge is right down there . . . in them birches. I go this way . . ." He waved a muscular brown arm, tattooed at the wrist, towards the stretch of meadow which now bent like steel in the sunlight. I thanked him. We smiled at each other, shyly, curiously, distantly. Then he turned and breasted the standing hay, parting it with his brown arms like a swimmer.

IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE 100%

Have that healthy

TAN

that Men and Women Admire!

DON'T lose that rugged "outdoor" appearance ... that healthy out-in-the-sun-and-wind color, just because you can no longer get out in the sunshine in a bathing suit! You can keep that tan and get even more right in the privacy of your own room! Just a few minutes a day under a Health Ray Sun Lamp and your friends will think you spend your week-ends in Palm Beach!

LOOK SUCCESSFUL — BE SUCCESSFUL!

■ A good, healthy coat of tan has a surprising effect on your business success. You look healthy and virile and instantly command attention. Salesmen find their sales actually increase after they have acquired a real bronze *tan!* And you will find yourself more popular, for both men and women are attracted by that healthy outdoor look!

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■ Frequent exposure to the ultra-violet rays of the sun tones up the entire system, stimulates the body into energy and vitality, increases gland activity, builds up resistance to colds . . . . and aids in clearing up many skin diseases.

4 TIMES AS POWERFUL AS SUMMER SUN!

■ Now Health Ray has perfected an inexpensive sun lamp that will give you the same amount of beneficial ultra-violet rays in 15 minutes that you could get from one hour of clear summer sunshine. You know what a glorious tan your skin would acquire if you could spend an hour every noon sun-bathing ... doctors tell you how much physical benefit you would derive. NOW with the Health Ray Lamp, you can get the same healthy tan, build up the same vitality and health in a few minutes morning or evening, in your own home.

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☐ Send Health Ray Lamp at once. I enclose $1. In 7 days I will either pay $6.95 or return the lamp and receive my dollar back.

Name ---------- Please write Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address ----------

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Not Merely a Schport

JOHN KIERAN

COLUMBUS discovered America of an autumn day, but about four hundred years later Otto Eugen Schniebs discovered it in winter and immediately started to tell the Americans about it. Apparently a lot of them didn't know. Otto is a small but solid Teuton with clear blue eyes and a glorious way of using good broken English when excited, which he is practically all of the time. A forthright fellow with no end of enthusiasm and a tremendous voice, he told the ignorant inhabitants of this country where they could go on skis—and made them like it!

Quoting Otto the Great to ski addicts is like mentioning Blackstone to barristers. It's an old story to them. His Dartmouth biographers and disciples have made famous some of his greater sayings such as:

"Skiing iss not merely a schport; it iss a vay off life!"

And his answer to a downhill problem put to him by a ski novice who pictured a steep descent suddenly uncovering a terrain spotted with sturdy trees and dotted with dangerous rocks—he asked what Otto would do if his skis suddenly carried him swiftly toward such a merry mess.

"Get off und valk—oder schtem, schtem like hell!"

Those Dartmouth grads and undergrads have had a lot of fun with Otto, in print as well as in the snowfields, because

Otto Eugen Schniebs

he lends himself to both with equal fury and brilliance. His job as ski coach at Dartmouth became a take-off for wider adventures that have carried him to far white fields and strange dark places, including lecture platforms. Of course, the Dartmouth boys knew his ways and words, but the first time he lectured on the gentle schport of skiing in sedate Boston they say his opening paragraph, mit gestures, blew the hats off the ladies present and knocked his men listeners right into the aisles. For the older subscribers, Herr Schniebs orating on his favorite pursuit might be described as a combination of Weber and Fields on skis.

Of course, Otto the Great didn't invent snow, make our mountains, or hew out the ski trails that now stretch across the slopes of this country, but he had much to do with a lot of the natives finding out about these things. He raised such a hilarious row on and off the snowfields that curious citizens began asking one another: "What's going on around here?" And they looked, and there was Otto, brandishing a couple of ski poles in the snow and shouting:

"Himmel! Kommen-Sie heraus! Skiing iss der schport. Ja, wunderschon! Unglaublich!"

Just a bit above twenty years ago, when the Dartmouth Outing Club was getting the student body on skis, Otto was one of the leaders in the ski battalion of the Central Armies in the World War. Herr Schniebs was wounded three or four times, which he considered getting off lightly. Most of his fellow skiers in uniform were killed, and not from running into soft snowbanks, either. With the War over, Otto turned to various methods of trying to earn a living. He was a mechanic, a landscape painter, and a sculptor without coming close to making a fortune in any of these pursuits. He went back to skiing and became the head instructor in the Bundeschule of the Schwabischen Schneelauf Bund. Then he took off for the United States to make his fortune on skis but, temporarily at least, he must have taken a wrong turn in the road because, as he puts it himself, he "wound up in a Connecticut watch factory." Luckily, he unwound himself before he became permanently entangled in the watch works and turned up on skis at Dartmouth.

Taking nothing away from the Dartmouth men who had been doing pioneer work through the snow long before Herr Schniebs showed up with his sleek skis, his heavy boots, and his light heart, Otto was the mid-winter maestro who set the woods afire.

To the college contingent he became the Knute Rockne of the snowfields. He turned out champions, individual and team. He fired the faculty and the farmers about and the visitors to Hanover with the belief that here was something fine that had been neglected too long. He coached every skier who came near him and he preached skiing to all and sundry who would listen. He traveled across the country to ski competitions

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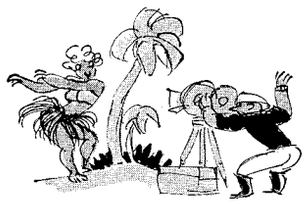
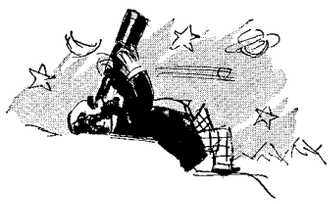
WHO'S DISCOVERED Southern California?

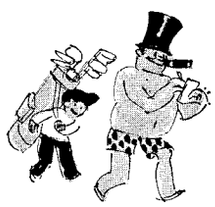
VACATIONISTS discover orange groves, mountains, desert, tropic isles, Missions, fishing, swimming, golf and tennis, every other sport and fun.



MOVIE PRODUCERS find every kind of "location" from jungle to arctic, from Swiss Alps to desert oases within easy reach of Hollywood.

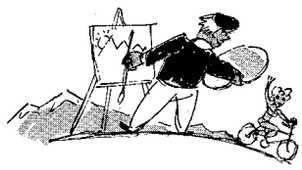


SCIENTISTS watch stars through world's largest telescope. Visitors see movie, stage and radio stars in world famous night clubs.



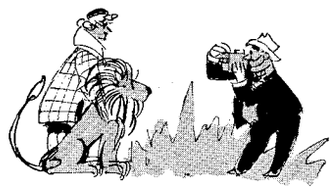
TYCOONS discover a glorious vacation just overnight by plane, even from New York; 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by auto or bus, 2 weeks via Panama.

RADIO PRODUCERS were broadcasting 17 of the 20 leading network programs from Hollywood when we went to press! Visitors can watch many of them.



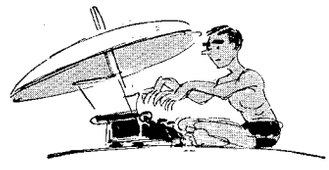
ARTISTS discover quaint Spanish Missions, blazing wild flowers, sea and mountains, desert and snow in a dazzling kaleidoscope of nature's colors.

SPORTSMEN discover Santa Anita, international polo, tennis, golf, east-west football, yacht racing...new thrills every minute!



SIGHTSEERS visit Los Angeles, Pomona, Glendale, Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Long Beach, Santa Monica, scores of others in Los Angeles County and its neighbors.

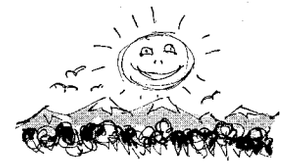
HOUSEWIVES discover vacation costs here average 22.8% under those of 20 other leading U.S. resorts, exclaim at outdoor markets.



WRITERS find local color, excitement and beauty...visitors find big-name writers, columnists, scenarists, novelists and pundits on every side.

ADVENTURERS climb highest U.S. mountain, explore desert oases, sail yachts off a tropic isle, prowl through the ghost towns of Forty Nine!

AGRICULTURISTS find climate that produces oranges, avocados, grapes, cotton, dates, artichokes and tropic fruits galore.



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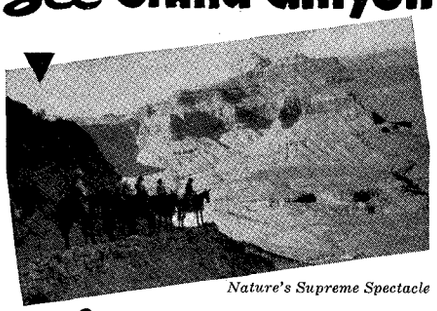
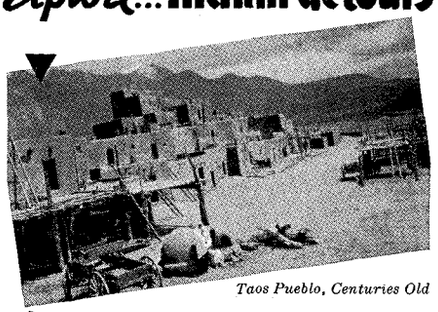


Nature's Supreme Spectacle

Explore... Indian-detours



Taos Pueblo, Centuries Old

Play at a dude ranch

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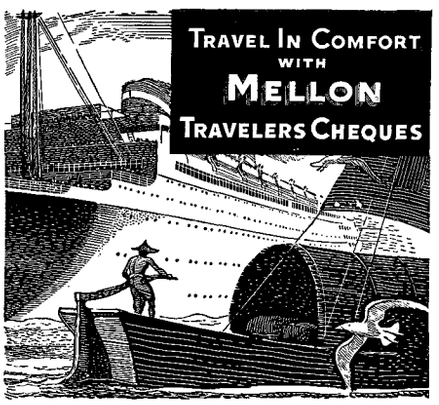
and proved to be a ski-germ-carrier of the most virulent kind. Conservation commissioners, forestry officers, and park officials had only to hear Orator Schniebs once in full flight and they rushed to their own domains to build ski trails by the mile.

Probably it wasn't all Otto's fault. Maybe the time was ripe for the man. The groundwork had been laid long ago —in fact, just after the glaciers retreated. Some imported and some native stock had given a little impetus to a ski movement around the bend of the century. The Dartmouth Outing Club did the heavy work of clearing the way through the deep snow with only a few hands to help at first. But by the time the Winter Olympic Games came to Lake Placid in 1932 and the railroads waked up to the transportation profits in "snow trains," Otto was in there skiing to beat the band and leading the snow parade uphill and down dale. Otto's enthusiasm was tremendous, and he sold it to the public—which was one reason why skiing suddenly became big business with a rush.

Big business, *ja wohl!* Consider the value of the park lands and the cost of construction of the ski trails and ski jumps on national and state territory alone from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, and from Valle Grande, New Mexico, to—no, don't do that! Conservative citizens already troubled by unbalanced national and domestic budgets might get a glance at the figures and start screaming. With the zeros stretched out to full length, the total expenditure for ski trails would make it look like Muscle Shoals cut in sidehill lengths or a Passamaquoddy project laid in thin strips on slopes and garnished with snow.

They aren't made of rubber but how they stretch, those ski trails! Have you the Switzerland of America in your home



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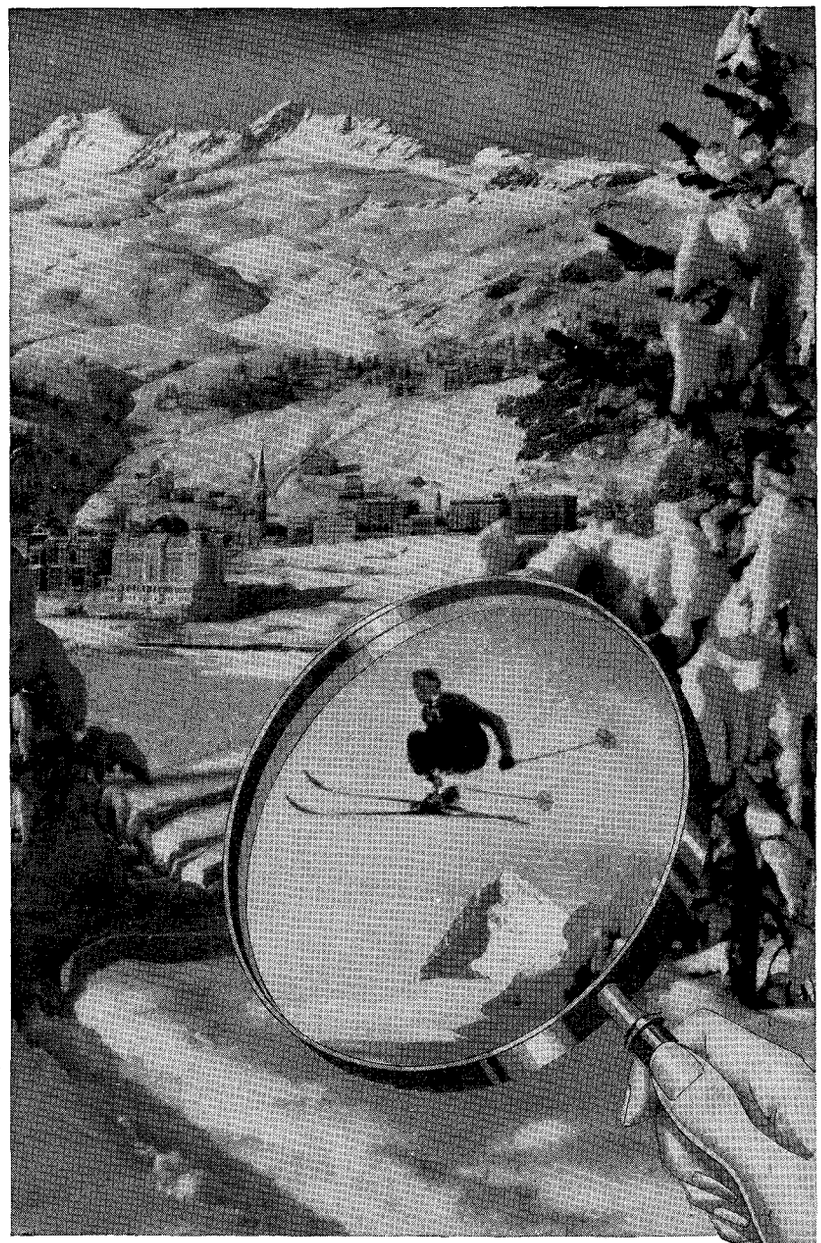
state? If not, the public relations department needs a heavy overhauling. All a terrain requires is a light fall of snow on a slight slope and the local press agent is hotfooting it for the news-agency offices with pictures of he-men and ski-girls going downhill in a dashing way to prove that here—or there—is the Switzerland of America. If he has a native who can yodel, that clinches it. Rates quoted on the American or European plan. Come one, come all, to this Switzerland of America, which is variously located in the White Mountains, the Green Mountains, the Adirondack Mountains, the Alleghenies, the Rockies, the Olympics, or subsidiary ranges thereof. They have skiing on natural snow in favored spots from late September to early June. When the snow gives out, there are some ski

addicts who will strap on the long wooden shoon and skid down slopes or *chutes deliberately feathered with defunct pine needles.* Why, the way people have gone in for this ski business, a traveling man at any season of the year is liable to run head-on into a perfectly furious skier anywhere except under water.

Mention of traveling brings to mind the thought or suggestion that an enthusiastic skier could almost leap from one ski trail to another all the way from Brunswick, Maine, to Seattle, Washington, and thence down the California high line and over into New Mexico, after which he might have to pull up and look at a road map for an alternate route back home.

But think of the stopovers: Franconia Notch, the famous Tuckerman Ravine, "Hell's Highway" on Mt. Moosilauke, Woodstock, Vermont, Salisbury, Connecticut, Lake Placid and Bear Mountain Park, New York, Cary, Illinois, Teepee, Wyoming, Sun Valley, Idaho, Aspen, Colorado, Mt. Washington, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker, Lake Tahoe, Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite . . .

The modern movement is toward the



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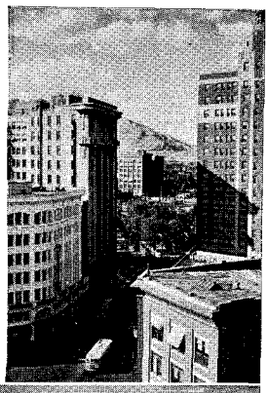
Come! Ride with me in Southwestern sunshine★ this winter!

• You'll enjoy El Paso in the winter.. with golf, riding, and other sports in warm dry sunshine..or lazy days in cozy patios. You'll enjoy the sights of the southwest, too: Carlsbad Caverns National Park, White Sand National Monument, the famed Rio Grande, mighty mountain peaks, broad expanse of desert and colorful Old Mexico. Come this winter.



At right, view of downtown El Paso, metropolis of the southwest; below, the White Sands National Monument.

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SUNSHINE PLAYGROUND OF THE BORDER

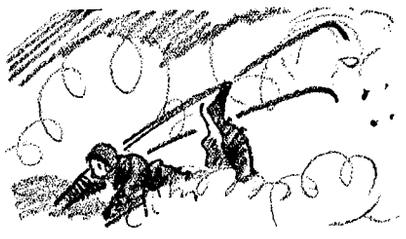
great outdoors, and skiing is a grand game that is getting a good push, splendid co-operation, as it were, for some very good business reasons. Ah, the great outdoors—the wide sky—the wind on the cheek—the thrill of the jump—the glorious downhill rush with the high-speed turn—the thrill, the spills—the laughs—the honest hunger from earnest exercise—the lonely slopes—the lovely white landscape—what marvelous experiences! (If you can't get out yourself, see the newsreel pictures any day now for six months. Skiers coming down the mountain will hold their own with battleships plunging heavily across the silver screen or bombs bursting in air, while the Marines land.)

But the splendid co-operation of the railroads, the department stores, the bonifaces of winter-resort caravansaries, and the manufacturers of ski equipment and accessories is not entirely amateur in spirit. The "snow trains" that have made it easier for the skiers haven't made it any harder for the railroads to get along. The summer resorts that used to be deserted after Labor Day have now blossomed out as glorious winter resorts under a blanket of snow.

Leaving mercenary matters and going in for the pure sport of skiing, the general opinion of veteran experts with German or Norwegian accents is that native youngsters need only skis to get them going but that native oldsters could do with some instructions and a few warnings for safety's sake. The instruction may sound complicated and it might be hard to learn to ski in a hurry, but it's better than striking a defenseless tree a stunning blow with the top of your head or stopping a downhill rush to break rocks with your knees. Such annoyances tend to dampen the morale of the newcomer on skis or hold off prospective recruits.

Skiing in all its branches and reaches is now a widespread sport, a broad topic, and the apologetic explanations of the short and light treatment in this essay can best be expressed by quoting Otto the Great's words when he made a record run on skis over a terrific terrain:

"Ach, dot's nicht etwas! I yust skimmed ofer it!"



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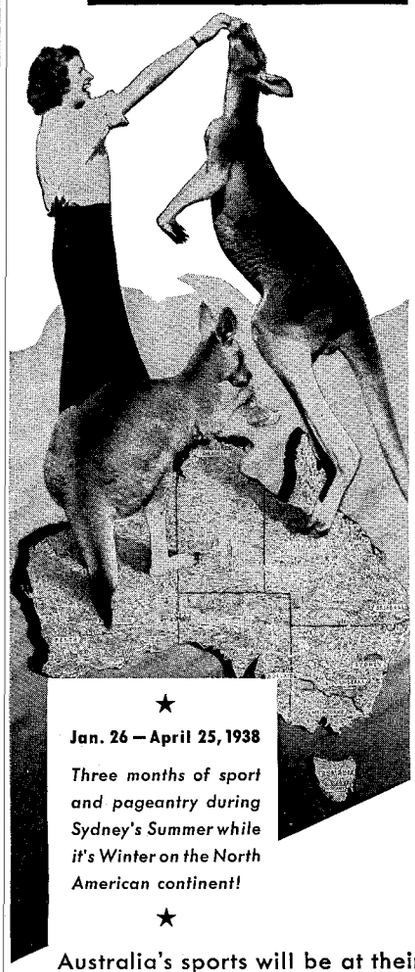
Australia's
FESTIVE YEAR

SPEND A FASCINATING MONTH OR MORE IN AUSTRALIA DURING THE 150TH Birthday Celebrations



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Jan. 26 — April 25, 1938

Three months of sport and pageantry during Sydney's Summer while it's Winter on the North American continent!

★

Australia's sports will be at their best during the Celebrations, including surfing, swimming, yachting, game and trout fishing, duck and rifle shooting, golf, tennis, cricket, horse-racing. The Great Empire Athletic Games and the Royal Agricultural Show will be among the major attractions.

Australia is alluring at all seasons and is easily reached by way of glamorous South Sea islands. Costs are low... the exchange favorable.

Australia

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[A non-profit Community Organization]
Suite 317B, Hotel Clark, Los Angeles, California.

Festival Year at the Antipodes

With the opening of the New Year, Australia will begin a long festive season in celebration of one hundred and fifty years of settlement. Historical pageants will re-enact the arrival of Captain Phillip with the First Fleet in 1788, and Australia's March to Nationhood. Sporting events of international interest, spectacular surf carnivals, naval, military and air-force demonstrations, national musical festivals, country fairs, and professional meetings will make more intriguing than ever a visit to the Fifth Continent.

Several ship lanes traveled by the most modern liners lead to Australia. From the West Coast, the Matson Line offers several South Pacific cruises. Honolulu is the first port to call, then across the equator to Pago Pago, called the most colorful market-place of the South Seas. Thirty-seven hours beyond lie the Fiji Islands with their wealth of tropical beauty. Next comes Auckland, New Zealand; then Sydney and Melbourne, where the major portion of shore time allotted during the cruise, is spent. The return voyage calls for stops at the same ports with shore excursions that do not duplicate those on the outbound passage. Minimum first-class rate (including the scheduled, personally conducted shore excursions) is $725.

Two routes on the Canadian Pacific Round-the-World Tours include Australia. Leaving from the West Coast, both trips call for stops at Honolulu, Suva, Fiji, and Auckland on the trip to Sydney. From there, one tour is scheduled to stop at Melbourne, Adelaide, Fremantle before crossing the Indian Ocean to Aden and Suez on the east coast of Africa. After visits at Marseilles and Gibraltar, the tour turns northward to England, then home again across the Atlantic. The other route proceeds by way of South Africa. Minimum first-class passages (independent of shore excursions) are $820 and $755.90.

From the east coast of the United States, independent cruises to Australia can be arranged through such agencies as Raymond-Whitcomb and the American Express to include South American and African ports.

Australia is worth a leisurely stay. Beyond her splendid modern cities, lie not only great forests, long rivers, wide fertile plains, and alpine heights, but also untamed jungles and sandy wastes still plodded by camel train. —K. K.

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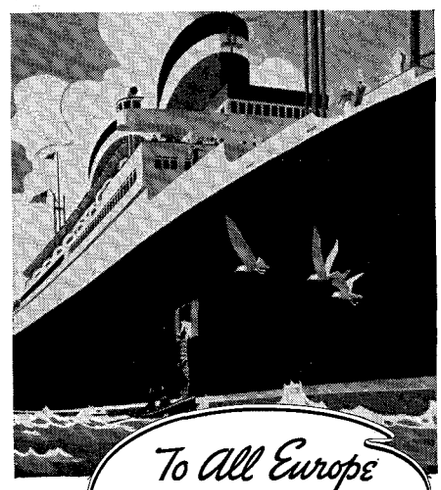

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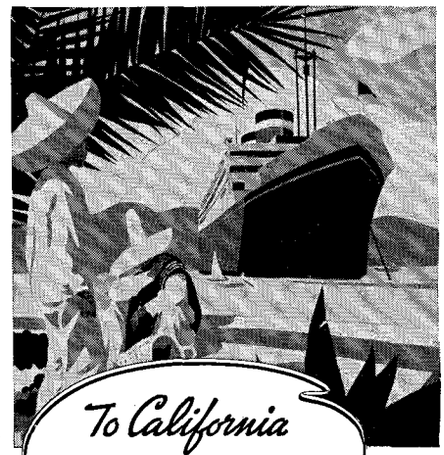

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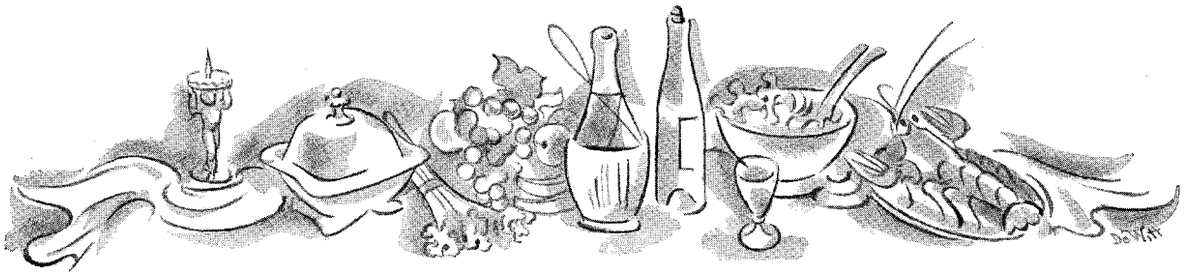

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

DINNER, according to one writer, may be considered the meal of the body, and supper that of the mind. And perhaps therein lies the explanation of the sudden revival of interest throughout the nation in that long-neglected meal.

In the pre-prohibition era, supper was the high light of the day. Breakfast, luncheon, and dinner were everyday necessities, but the meal conducive to mental enjoyment was supper, meaning by that term not the old American evening meal, but the after-theater, after-card-party, or after-the-movies "midnight snack."

From a vast collection of recipes we have culled a collection of "midnight snacks" which we trust will meet with approval. The recipes have been selected with the thought that no domestic help is available and that the dishes suggested must be simple enough to be made by either host or hostess.

First among the dishes which appear to be winning favor is the simple preparation of melted cheese known as "fondue," for which innumerable recipes exist. Although it has been unnecessarily complicated by the addition of a number of other ingredients, the fondue in its simplest form is a wholesome, savory, and appetizing dish which is very quickly prepared.

Many years ago Brillat Savarin wrote that the best fondue was made of fried eggs and cheese, and submitted as proof an old Swiss recipe said to have been found in the papers of M. Trolliet, Bailif of Mondon, in the Canton of Berne. Here is the recipe, in M. Trolliet's words:

"Take as many eggs as you wish to use, according to the number of your guests. Then take a lump of good Gruyère cheese, weighing about a third of the eggs, and a lump of butter of about half the weight of the cheese. Break and beat up the eggs well in a flat pan, then add the butter and the cheese, grated or cut in small pieces.

"Place the pan on a clear fire, and stir with a wooden spoon till the mixture is tolerably thick and soft; put in a little or no salt, according to the age of the cheese, and a good deal of pepper, which is one of the special attributes of this ancient dish. Let it be placed on the table in a hot dish, and if some of the best wines be produced, and the bottle is passed pretty freely, a marvelous effect will be beheld."

The dish prepared in the foregoing manner is quite appetizing, but many are those who disagree thoroughly with the Bailiff of Mondon. The fondue was unquestionably invented in Switzerland, but cooking experts of that country declare today that only real Swiss or Gruyère cheese, without the addition of anything else save perhaps a slight touch of liqueur, will make a real Swiss fondue.

Our favorite formula is that prescribed by Louis Maillard in his old Geneva cookbook, and the recipe is given on another page as the recommended dish of the month. Now follows an entirely new collection of "midnight snacks" of which every one is worth a trial. As in the case of the drinks for which recipes also follow, the main ingredients for these dishes should be prepared in advance, leaving only the final operations to perform at the time of service.

Mr. Fougner, an authority on foods, wines, and liquors, is particularly keen about assisting men who take a real interest in the arts of the table. His column in The New York Sun, *"Along the Wine Trail," has a large and enthusiastic male following, and so does his department in* SCRIBNER'S, *judging by the mail. Mr. Fougner will be happy to formulate menus, suggest foods and drinks for all occasions. Simply write him in care of* SCRIBNER'S.

HAM CUMBERLAND

Make a sauce of one tablespoon of butter, one-half cup of currant jelly, and one-quarter glass of sherry. Add a dash of cayenne and bring to a boil. Now add one pound of very small thin slices of lean boiled ham; heat thoroughly and serve dusted with paprika.

FILET BOULEVARD

On a shallow mound of creamy purée of potatoes place a thin filet of beef which has been sautéed in browned butter. Top with a fried egg.

CROUTES MONSIEUR

Make a sandwich of very finely sliced white bread from which the crust has been trimmed. Fill with a thin slice of ham and a thin slice of Swiss cheese. Cut in half, press tightly together, dip in beaten egg, and fry in a generous amount of butter.

EGGS ON HORSEBACK

Boil an egg five minutes. Plunge in cold water and remove the shell (the white should be firm and the yolk medium soft). Cut in two lengthwise. Cover a slice of toasted white bread with a slice of lean ham, place the two halves of the egg on the ham, and cover with a sauce made of melted cheese and the yolks of very fresh eggs. Brown lightly under a broiler.

MUSHROOM CRISPS

Cover crisp toast with finely sliced creamed mushrooms. Place on top two carefully poached eggs and cover with two spoonfuls of creamed tomato sauce,

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HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

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PROOF

The Brandy Cocktail was a favorite even in the Victorian Era. Even then, Three-Star Hennessy was recognized as *the* brandy to use, if one would achieve that suave smoothness for which this delicious cocktail is noted. Indeed, the quality, bouquet and "clean" taste that make Three-Star Hennessy the preferred liqueur make it the logical choice for *any* drink calling for brandy.

Insist on HENNESSY in a

Brandy-and-Soda	Side Car
Brandy Sour	Brandy Flip
Brandy Fizz	Mint Julep
Brandy Daisy	Pousse Cafe
Stinger Cocktail	Old-Fashioned

BRANDY COCKTAIL

⅔ glass fine ice, 3 dashes plain syrup, measure 3 dashes aromatic bitters, 1 or 2 dashes orange bitters, 1 wine glass Three-Star Hennessy, 1 piece lemon peel. Stir and strain into cocktail glass.

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to which the yolk of an egg has been added. Brown slightly.

What to drink with these "midnight snacks" is the next question before us. The obvious answer is, of course, that almost everything from champagne to beer goes well. But the trend today is toward a different type of party drink, and here again we are reverting to a custom of the distant past.

Punch meets all requirements, because it can be made to suit any type of appetite; it may be hot or it may be cold, according to the prevailing temperature, and it may be strong or weak. When a cold punch is to be made, its greatest adjunct is ice, but it is important in most cases that the various ingredients used be thoroughly mixed before the ice is added. While no general rule may be applied to all punches, the main secret of a good mixture is to so compound it that nothing predominates.

Lemon and orange peel are often essential to obtain a good flavor, but it is important that the rind be pared as thinly as possible, for it is only in the extreme outer portion that the real flavor is contained.

Old punch recipes often mention borage among the herbs used to flavor the beverage. Borage is a plant having a small blue flower, growing luxuriantly in many gardens in England. By placing a sprig or two of it in any cool drink a peculiar refreshing flavor will be obtained which cannot be imitated by any other means.

When, however, borage cannot be obtained, one authority suggests the use of a thin slice of cucumber peel as a very good substitute; but care must be taken to use but one slice, or the punch will be too much impregnated with the flavor to be palatable. Balm, mint, and verbena are the other herbs recommended.

The best method of handling the lemon peel is given as follows by William Terrington, whose *Cooling Cups* dates back to 1769:

The reason for cutting the peel very thin is that the flavor and scent which constitute its most valuable properties reside in minute cells close to the surface of the fruit, so, by slicing thin, the whole of the minute receptacles are cut through, and double the quantity of oil is obtained.

Another method is to rub the outer rind with a lump of sugar which, as it breaks the delicate vessels, absorbs the essence. As the sugar is impregnated with the essence, scrape it off with a knife from the lump.

Orange and lemon play an important part in the making of punch, but there exist many other means of imparting a fine flavor to the drink, whether its base be whiskey, brandy, rum, or plain wine. A tablespoonful of guava jelly will greatly improve it, and apple jelly may be used in the same manner, but both of these sweetening ingredients must be well stirred into the mixture.

Recipes for punches both strong and weak will complete our chapter on the subject. First comes the famous "George IV," which is made as follows:

Three bottles of champagne, one of Rhine wine, one of Curaçao, and one of brandy; a half bottle of rum, two of Madeira, and two of water, to which may be added a quart of green tea. The juice of twelve oranges and twelve lemons is now added, together with grapes, peaches, and other fruit in season. The whole mixture to be thoroughly iced.

Of the other recipes which follow, the first two are moderately strong and suitable therefore to card parties. The second two are more potent.

BURGUNDY CUP

To two bottles of Burgundy add two glasses of port wine, the juice of 4 oranges and 2 lemons, 1 slice of cucumber, 4 pints of carbonated water, and sugar. Add plenty of ice. This will serve eight.

PINEAPPLE BOWL

Peel a fresh pineapple and slice it as thinly as possible, then place the slices in your bowl, powdering thickly with sugar between the slices, and pouring one glass of Madeira wine on top. Now cover your bowl and let it stand for twenty-four hours, after which the required amount of Moselle or Rhine wine should be added.

RYE AND RUM PUNCH

For a party of from fifteen to twenty. Two quarts of good rye whiskey. One pint Jamaica rum. One sliced pineapple. Six sliced oranges. Four quarts carbonated water. Ice well and sugar to taste.

MR. FOUGNER RECOMMENDS:

SWISS CHEESE FONDUE

Melt a tablespoon of butter in a small earthen pot. Add enough flour to cover the point of a knife; also a wine glass of white wine and pinch of pepper. Place the pot on a slow fire and when the liquid begins to warm up, add one quarter-pound of good quality Swiss cheese either grated or cut in small squares. Stir constantly until the cheese has completely melted and the contents of the pot begin to boil. In the last minute add a liqueur glass of Kirsch.

THANKSGIVING NIGHT PUNCH

(If the weather is cold)

This recipe makes up one of the most delightful party drinks ever conceived. But it is a cold-weather drink, and readers are advised if the weather stays warm to clip this recipe and put it away until later in the year.

Infuse an ounce of the best green tea

in a quart of boiling water. Now, put before the fire a silver or other metal bowl, allowing it to become quite hot, after which pour into it a half-pint of brandy and a half-pint of either Jamaica or New England rum; add a quarter-pound of sugar and the juice of a good-sized lemon.

Place a lump of sugar saturated with brandy in a spoon over the bowl and set it afire; the flame will promptly communicate itself to the liquid in the bowl and as it burns, the tea should be poured in gradually while stirring the mixture.

THANKSGIVING NIGHT PUNCH

(For warmish weather)

Fill a teaspoon with cinnamon, cloves, cardamoms, and allspice in equal proportions and drop it all into a tumbler full of good brandy. Add the strained juice of one lemon and two oranges and then pour the mixture into a bowl together with two bottles of good claret. Mix all together, then strain clear; put in a good quantity of ice, add a thin slice of cucumber and, just before serving, two bottles of carbonated water.

WINTER APÉRITIF

½ Jamaica rum
¼ Curaçao
¼ lemon juice
Ice and shake well.

*

In the December issue Mr. Fougner will offer a full collection of special holiday recipes.

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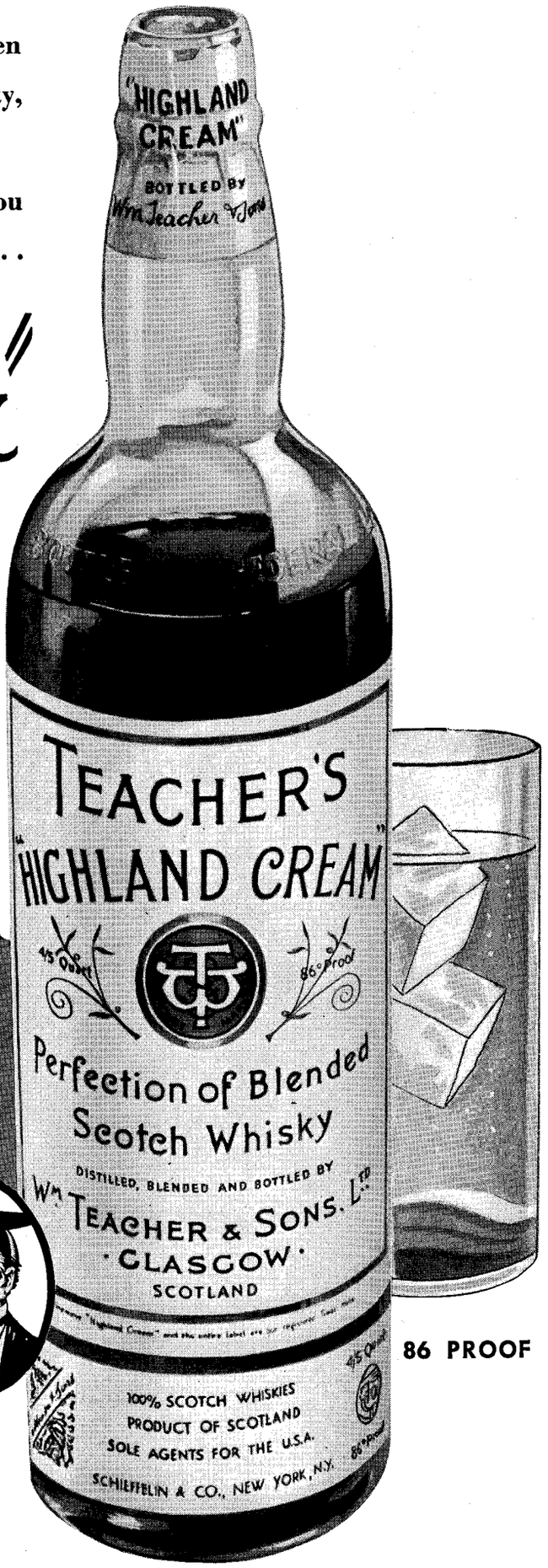

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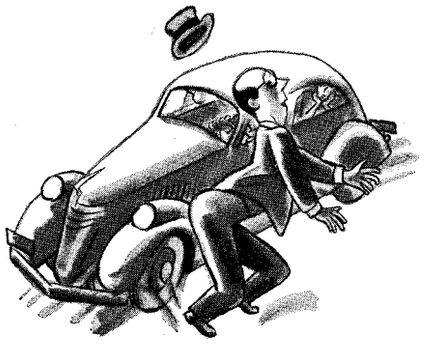
How Safe Is Home?

KATHERINE KENT



1.

2.

3.

RARELY do accidents in the home —even fatal and frightening ones —make the headlines. They are too commonplace.

In 1936, deaths from domestic accidents *outnumbered* fatalities due to automobile accidents. They far exceeded all the homicides and suicides combined. In addition, more than five and a half million persons suffered non-fatal injuries in the home, with a resultant economic loss of more than seven hundred millions of dollars.

Many of the non-fatal accidents were, of course, climaxed by permanent disabilities. Dollars and cents can never cover the cost of these in mental, emotional, and occupational maladjustments.

Accidents don't *just happen*. Accidents are *caused*. The causes of the majority of domestic accidents are quite simple. They lend themselves readily to control. With reasonable foresight, virtually all of them can be avoided. The data compiled by the National Safety Council reveal these basic facts:

Falls and burns cause two-thirds of all home accident fatalities.

Personal and mechanical factors within the control of the average household play a major rôle in these accidents.

*

During the past month, your local fire department has no doubt brought to your attention the common fire hazards that lurk in basements, garages, attics, and closets. So right now, with the holiday season almost upon us, let's see what special hazards lie just ahead.

4.

Toys come first to mind. The vogue for electrical gadgets for children creates increasing hazards as manufacturers put out cheaper and cheaper wares. Electrical toys are safe only when they are well made. But even this safety is a relative one. It is imperative that such toys be inspected regularly to check the condition of the cord, the connection, and switches. It is of prime importance that children be taught to handle them properly. Connections that are roughly pulled in play, cords that are tramped on, or otherwise abused, are sources of fire and painful burns.

Dolls and other toys of pyroxylin plastic or celluloid are unsafe. They not only burn, but they explode when exposed to fire. Children are badly burned each year because of such toys. Many of them, no doubt, are children of parents who pride themselves on their watchfulness in the matter of matches and open fires. But anyone who is familiar with youngsters knows full well that there is no guarantee that a doll will not be tossed (in play or annoyance) into a fireplace, furnace, up on top of a range, or be subjected to experiment by such equivalents of the match as cigarette lighters.

All the familiar rules regarding toys for the very young hold good as ever. Toys with whistles and squeakers are taboo. Too many of these noisemakers lodge in little throats and lungs. Similarly, toys with parts small enough to swallow, weak enough to splinter, or sharp enough to scratch are banned. Bunnies, Teddy bears, and all the stuffed-animal kingdom should be scrutinized for excess fuzz and hatpin eyes.

Electric lights for Christmas trees mark a tremendous advance in safety over the open candle. But electric lights are by no means hazard-proof. A study made by the Electrical Testing Laboratories of electric strings from twenty-four manufacturers, on sale before Christmas, 1935, revealed that in 46 per cent of the cases, the sockets were too shallow (short circuit and shock danger); 92 per cent used inflammable sockets; only 34 per cent provided stress relief in socket connections; and 47 per cent were equipped with inferior bulbs.

Since then many improvements have been made, but because there are no Federal or local restrictions upon manufacturers, it is wise to purchase light strings that bear the little yellow band indicating the approval of the Underwriters' Laboratories. Sets whose sockets

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are provided with a rubber or fiber collar, so that nothing can come between the mouth of the socket and the stem of the light bulb to cause a short circuit, are a good investment. Old strings should be carefully examined and those with worn places thrown out. Where salvage is possible, only a reputable electrician ought to be trusted with the job.

Unprotected metal tinsel is the evil genius of many a Christmas fire. When it falls across an open circuit, or when sparks from a short reach it, up it goes in explosive flame.

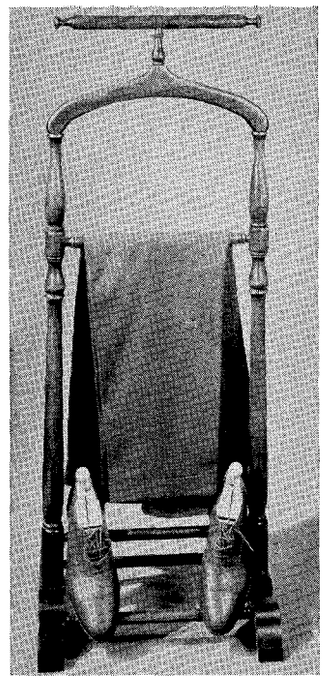
For lighting evergreen outdoors, be certain to get strings meant to withstand dampness and wind strain. Though fire hazard is at a minimum outdoors, shock danger from faulty, wet, and injured wiring increases. Lights have a tremendous fascination for children, pets, and even adults. Someone is going to touch those lights, someone whose feet are not shod in rubber. Keep them safe!

The widespread belief that ordinary house current cannot kill is entirely erroneous. It does kill; it causes fatal burns and painful injuries. All you need is to touch a piece of metal in the circuit (a worn cord or faulty socket, for example) and then *complete* the circuit by coming in contact with a ground (a radiator, bathtub, range, or the earth itself). The fact that defective wires, lamps, electrical toys, therapy, and cooking devices have been used for months without mishap is no argument to the contrary. It simply means that the user has been fool-lucky enough never to have come in contact with a grounded object that would have completed the circuit.

The bathroom is no place for electrical equipment except under very, very special conditions. Let's begin with the innocuous little metal pull chain familiar in older houses, and even in extra bathrooms in newer ones. Wet hands should never touch it. Either an insultor should be put somewhere along the length of chain, or a fabric cord should be tied to the end of it, to forestall shock hazard.

If you must have a portable heater in the bathroom for comfort, have it installed *permanently and controlled by a wall switch*. To touch such a heater, or to use any electrical device (vibrator, hair dryer, etc.) while taking a bath is to court electrocution. If anyone in your household needs the warning of concrete cases, get a copy of Dr. Louis I. Dublin's article entitled "How to Take a Bath and Live" (*This Week*).

With youngsters home from school, and with holiday guests around, there is usually an added drain on already heavily loaded electric circuits. Temporary



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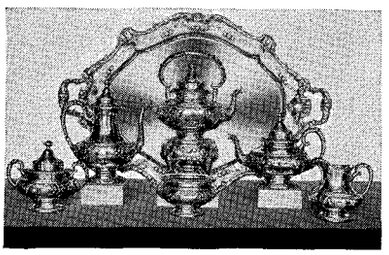

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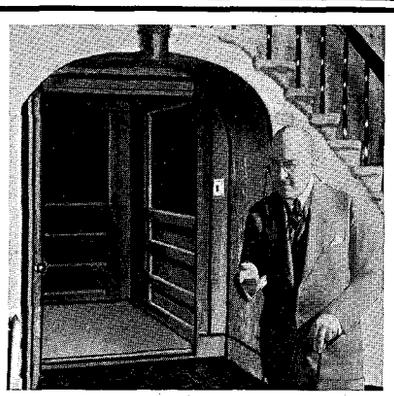

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outlets are often added along baseboards, and three-way outlet plugs where only one was meant to be. More washing and ironing is in progress, more reading lamps in use, not to mention toasters, waffle irons, grills, and tree lights.

Fortunately, blown fuses give us timely warning, not only of shorts along the line, but also of overloaded circuits, *provided* the proper size fuse is in use. To use an oversize fuse is exactly like tying down the safety valve of your steam boiler.

A fuse that continues to blow out requires the attention of an expert electrician, not of an amateur. Be especially chary of the adolescent wizard who knows all the *tricks*. He'll fix it for you. He'll put a penny in the box, or install wires around it. Presto! The lights are on. But let's look at the magically fixed circuit. The wires in the partition are getting warm, and so is the lath and the studding. There's not much oxygen there. It will all heat up slowly and thoroughly before reaching the main part of the house. The family will probably have dined, danced, and retired before flames lick the air.

*

Falls, which cause such a large quota of serious and fatal home accidents, are due to three main hazards. Improper floor and ground conditions come first. Too much wax, ice, and disorder are all too common dangers; scatter rugs, a perennial peril. If you are incurably addicted to the last, take special measures, especially at this time of year when there is so much hustle and bustle across floors and up and down stairs. Scatter rugs should never be placed on landings, or at the head and foot of stairs. Then there are the non-skid preparations worth investing in to help keep them in place.

Stairways are, as a rule, the worst offenders in the matter of light, the second of our main fall hazards. For supplementary use, the hospital-type light, set flush with the wall above the baseboard, is excellent on stairways and in halls. Small bulbs in reflectors, installed behind handrails, or better still in coves hollowed out on the underside of the rail, throw a direct light on footways, and consume a minimum of current.

Another life-and-limb saver is the time, or delayed, switch. Let's say you've put your car in the garage. Shall you put the light out, grope your way across the icy lawn, praying that Junior has not left his express wagon in the way? Or shall you play safe, leave the light on, cross to the porch, and put on that light, then return to switch off the ga-

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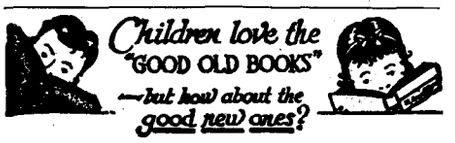

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rage light? A time switch avoids all that. At the garage you turn off the switch as you leave your car, but the light remains on another forty seconds —time enough to cross the lawn. If more time is needed, there are other types of these switches to do the job.

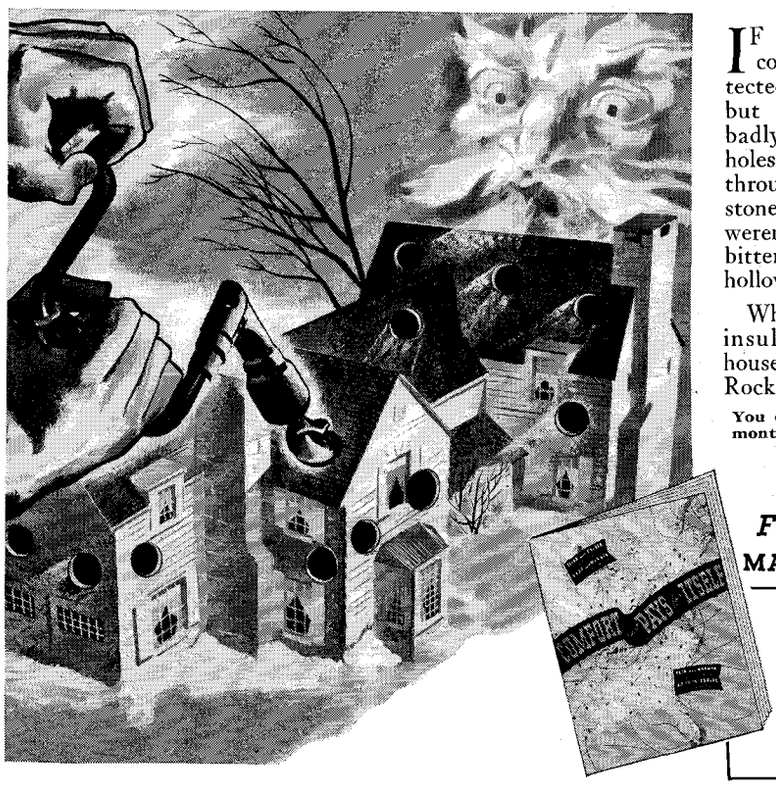
Last, but far from least, is the step-ladder, for which boxes, chairs, and other makeshifts are no substitutes. You need a *good* one for trimming the tree and for rummaging through high shelves for those things put away last Christmas.—So forearmed, here's to a safe and happy holiday season!

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 82)

1. Wasserloenburg
2. Spent $4,500,000 for memorials
3. Without setting a reassembling date
4. Wagner-Steagall Housing Act
5. Denmark
6. Mike Jacobs
7. A symphony conductor
8. Goodyear tires
9. Is towed by small electric locomotives
10. *America*
11. William Randolph Hearst
12. The wife of the Governor of the State
13. The ridge between the shoulder bones
14. Sodium nitrate is a colorless fertilizer
15. The Army's huge new bombing planes
16. 12,000,000 [11,837,599—1930 census]
17. "Yes, I put it in the dress by myself"
18. New York City's East River urchins
19. Pronounced *mean*
20. Corn-husking
21. Senator Borah
22. A dining-car hostess
23. An educational and charitable trust
24. British Open Golf Championship
25. Wisconsin [23.2 gallons annually per person]
26. Child born of English parents in America
27. "When first she gleamed upon my sight"
28. Driving along a highway in his car
29. Panatomic [a type of film]
30. "I do admire your child-education methods!"
31. The Hague
32. King Carol of Rumania
33. Tallest (1300 feet)
34. Trailers of all kinds
35. The owner of successful race horses
36. Imponderibility [*imponderability*]
37. "The period between 400 and 1400 A.D."
38. Leonardo da Vinci
39. Rochester, Minn.
40. British men to join the Army
41. Act as a labor conciliator
42. The voters opposing Roosevelt in 1936
43. Ballet dancing
44. Automatic tuning and visible dials
45. Discoverer of radium
46. U.S.S. *Augusta*
47. Dorothy Poynton Hill
48. Her shortage of home-grown grains
49. Like to build a new boat and race again
50. Italian-British relations are improving [unless there's been a recent relapse]

and this is how the uninsulated house looks to Old Man Winter



IF *your* home is of typical construction, it is well protected against wind and rain—but it *leaks heat* almost as badly as though riddled with holes. The warm air escapes through plaster, brick, wood or stone almost as though they weren't there; while blasts of bitter-cold air circulate in the hollow spaces of your walls.

What you need to truly insulate that heat-leaking house is a thick blanket of J-M Rock Wool Home Insulation.

FREE BOOK explains how J-M Rock Wool, "blown" into empty wall and attic spaces, helps keep rooms warm and cozy; reduces fuel costs up to 30%. And in summer keeps the house up to 15° cooler on hottest days.

The book shows how important it is to have full thickness, correct density. It explains how J-M approved insulation contractors give you this kind of job. J-M Rock Wool won't rot, corrode, settle or burn. Get the whole fascinating story, mail coupon for *free* book.

You can finance your J-M Rock Wool Home Insulation with convenient monthly payments under the terms of the J-M Million-Dollar-to-Lend Plan.

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MAIL COUPON FOR FASCINATING FREE BOOK

JOHNS-MANVILLE, Dept. S-11, 22 East 40th St., New York.
Send FREE illustrated book telling whole amazing story of J-M HOME INSULATION. I am interested in insulation for my present home ☐; for new construction ☐ (please check).

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

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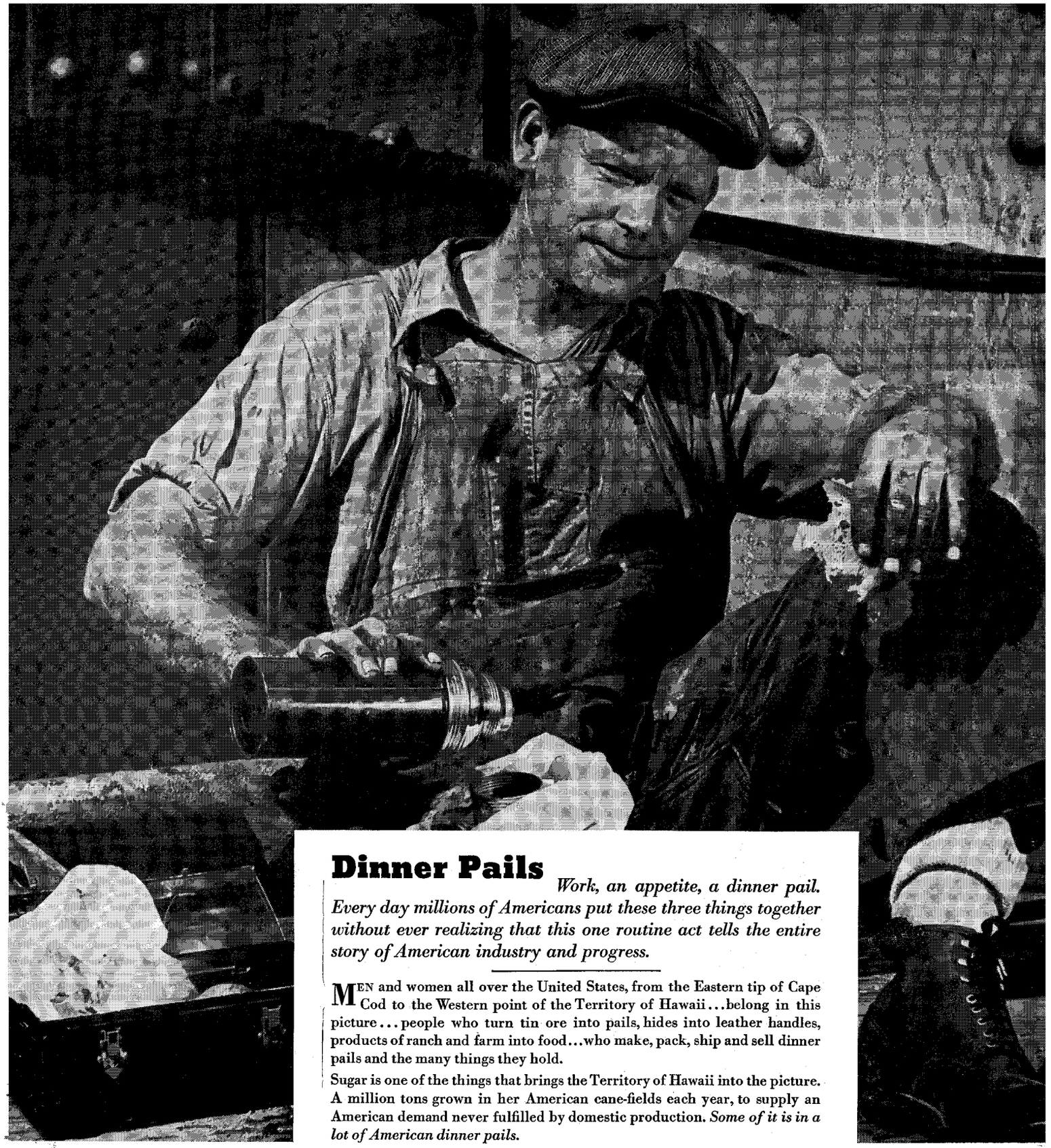

Dinner Pails

Work, an appetite, a dinner pail. Every day millions of Americans put these three things together without ever realizing that this one routine act tells the entire story of American industry and progress.

MEN and women all over the United States, from the Eastern tip of Cape Cod to the Western point of the Territory of Hawaii...belong in this picture...people who turn tin ore into pails, hides into leather handles, products of ranch and farm into food...who make, pack, ship and sell dinner pails and the many things they hold.

Sugar is one of the things that brings the Territory of Hawaii into the picture. A million tons grown in her American cane-fields each year, to supply an American demand never fulfilled by domestic production. *Some of it is in a lot of American dinner pails.*

That enables the American cane sugar industry in the Territory of Hawaii to give jobs to thousands. The dollars these workers get, they spend for the things they need. So those dollars start rolling right back into the pay envelopes of thousands of other workers in every branch of American industry.

That puts Hawaii in the picture twice, once with her sugar in the dinner pail, again with some of her money in the worker's pay envelope. And, thus simply told, we have the story of American industry, a story of accomplishment made possible by the teamwork between America and her industries—a story that shows the vital importance of the part played by the Territory of Hawaii, U.S.A.

*

DO YOU KNOW... The people of the United States are among the world's greatest sugar eaters. Sugar to supply the requirements of twenty million Americans is produced by their own cane-fields in the Territory of Hawaii. This important American industry furnishes the equivalent of nearly 1½ pounds of cane sugar monthly . . . for every man, woman and child in the entire United States.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U. S. A.

A voluntary association of plantations, providing year-round employment for 50,000 people in the production of cane sugar, paying the highest farm wages in the American sugar industry

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